The European Library.

HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

EUROPEAN LIBRARY.

Volumes already Published, 3s. 6d. each.

ROSCOE'S LIFE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI, CALLED THE MAGNIFICENT. Edited by WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ. One Volume.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1640, FROM THE ACCESSION TO THE DEATH OF CHARLES I. One Volume.

DUMAS' MARGUERITE DE VALOIS: an Historical Romance of the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. One Volume.

ROSCOE'S LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF LEO X. Edited by WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ. Two Volumes.

LIFE OF LUTHER: written by Himself. Collected and arranged by M. MICHELET; with Copious Selections from his Table Talk. One Volume.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, FROM THE CLOSE OF THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS TO ITS REVIVAL IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By the REV. JOSEPH BERINGTON. One Volume.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION, FROM THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. BY F. GUIZOT. Three Volumes.

LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY, by JOHN GALT; with copious additions from CAVENDISH and other sources, and a complete Collection of the Cardinal's LETTERS and DESPATCHES. One Volume.

MIGNET'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, from 1789 to 1814, translated from the last Paris Edition. One Volume.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND, for the Re-establishment of Popery, under Charles II. and James II. By ARMAND CARREL. HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF JAMES II. By the RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX. One Volume.

LIVES OF THE ITALIAN PAINTERS.—MICHEL ANGELO, by R. DUPPA, LL.B. RAFFAELLO, by QUATREMERE DE QUINCY. One Volume.

CINQ-MARS: an Historical Romance. By COUNT ALFRED DE VIGNY. One Volume.

HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By J. MICHELET. One Volume.

---

* *The above are the only Editions of* ROSCOE'S HISTORICAL WORKS *in which the Latin, Italian, and Old French Notes are translated.*



Cervantes

HISTORY

OF

SPANISH LITERATURE.

BY

FREDERICK BOUTERWEK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN,

BY

THOMASINA ROSS.

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

TO

LADY MOLESWORTH,

IN CONSIDERATION OF HER LOVE OF LITERATURE,

AND OF THE ESPECIAL INTEREST SHE FEELS IN ALL THAT

RELATES TO THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN,

This Volume is Dedicated,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S VERY SINCERE FRIEND,

THE TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

The growing interest attached to Spanish literature would, perhaps, be thought a sufficient reason for laying the following translation before the public, were the merits of the original work even less conspicuous, and the deficiency it seems fitted to supply in our language less sensibly felt. It is, indeed, extraordinary that no similar work has hitherto appeared in a country, where the subject of which this history treats has, in the instances in which it has been partially explored, invariably been found a rich source of pleasure and instruction. But the information hitherto collected from the literary stores of Spain, however satisfactory on particular points, is, from its nature, detached and incomplete, and seems calculated to increase rather than to diminish the desire for such a connected and comprehensive view of the whole subject, as Bouterwek has exhibited in his General History of Modern Literature.

The following volume is extracted from a work, entitled, *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit seit dem Ende der dreizehnten Jahrhunderts*, (History of Poetry and Eloquence from the close of the thirteenth century,) in which Bouterwek has taken an historical and critical survey of the literature of the principal nations of Europe. The work consists of twelve volumes, published at different periods at Göttingen; the first volume having appeared in 1805, and the last, which contains an index to the whole, in 1819.[1] The volume here translated is the third of the German original.

[1] This, in its turn, is only a small part of a very extensive work, the general title of which is, *Geschichte der Kunst und Wissenschaften seit*

If it be admitted that there remains in English literature a vacant place which ought to be occupied by a work of this kind, it is not apprehended that the means now resorted to for filling up the chasm will be disapproved; at least the translator is not aware that any better source could have been found for supplying the deficiency. In vain, she is persuaded, would any substitute be sought for in French, much as that language abounds in works of criticism. Sismondi, in his *Litterature du Midi de l'Europe*, implicitly adopts the judgments passed by Bouterwek on Spanish and Portuguese literature; and, indeed, with respect to that part of his subject, he says very little of importance that is not directly borrowed from the German critic.[1] The *Essai sur la Litterature Espagnole*, published in Paris in 1810, and which appears to have been well received by the French public, is a gross plagiarism. It is, with some slight additions, merely the translation of an anonymous English work, entitled, *Letters from an English Traveller in Spain*, the epistolary form being dropped, and the materials transposed for the purpose of concealing the theft.[2] The work of Bouterwek belongs, however, to a superior class. To say that the author has treated his subject with great perspicuity and precision, would be to express only a small portion of his merits. Extensive and laborious as his inquiries have evidently been, his judgment in the management of his materials is still more remarkable than the indefatigable research with which they must have been obtained. He

der Wiederherstellung derselben bis an das Ende des achtzenten Jahrhunderts, von einer Gesellschaft gelehrter manner ausgearbeitet. (History of Arts and Learning from their restoration to the end of the eighteenth century, by a society of learned men.) Different authors have each taken a part in this great literary enterprise, which may be said to form an encyclopedia, though not on the usual plan of a dictionary.

[1] There is also a French translation of Bouterwek's volume on Spanish literature, which, as far as it goes, is correct and well executed in point of style; but notwithstanding that the translator appears to have been capable of doing justice to the work, it is greatly mutilated.

[2] *Letters from an English Traveller in Spain, in 1778, on the Origin and Progress of Poetry in that kingdom*, London, 1781.—This book was written by Mr. Dillon, author of "Travels through Spain," "History of Peter the Cruel," &c.

has not confined himself to a mere narrative of the progress, and an exemplification of the beauties and deformities of the literature of which he is the historian.—The philosophic spirit which pervades his criticism was not to be circumscribed within such narrow bounds. He seeks in the structure of society, the habits of the people, and the influence of events, for the causes of the intellectual phenomena he has to describe; and he examines, with great candour and impartiality, the effects of misgovernment and arbitrary institutions on poetic genius and literary taste. Impressed with this favourable opinion of the work, the translator has endeavoured to give a true representation of its contents. In undertaking the translation, her wish was to preserve the character of the original, as far as possible, under an English dress. She began the task with an anticipation of its difficulty, and she ends it with a consciousness of the indulgence of which her labours stand in need; but at the same time with the hope that she may not be found to have altogether failed in the object she had in view.

The subdivisions of the following volume correspond with periods marked out by certain revolutions in taste, produced by the rise of eminent writers, or by other influential circumstances. These epochs in literary cultivation form convenient resting places for the student, and contribute to exhibit, in a clear point of view, the circumstances by which the advancement of polite learning has been accelerated or retarded. The specimens, which are numerous, and a great portion of which are selected from very scarce works, form a valuable collection for the use of the literary student, and cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to the more advanced lovers of Spanish literature. For a general and comprehensive knowledge of that literature, they will be found amply sufficient, and to those who wish to pursue its study more in detail, they will afford most useful assistance. In such a course of study, great advantage may also be derived from the numerous bibliographical notes which the author has introduced, and which are therefore scrupulously retained in the translation.

Frederick Bouterwek, the author of this work, was born on the 15th of April, 1766, at Okr, near Goslar, in Lower Saxony. In early life he devoted himself much to the reading of poetry and works of imagination, and it was not until he had passed through a course of study at the Carolinum, in Brunswick, that his mind took a direction to more serious and solid pursuits. He first turned his attention to jurisprudence, but, in the second year of his academic career, he relinquished that study, at the suggestion of some of his friends, who recommended him to cultivate his talent for poetic composition. He published some poems, and a romance entitled Graf Donemar: the latter was published at Göttingen, in the year 1791.

Bouterwek quitted Göttingen in 1787; but neither in Hanover nor in Berlin, (whither he went, accompanied by Gleim's recommendation) did he meet with the success he had anticipated. He soon after returned to Göttingen, where, having become convinced of the misdirection of his previous efforts, he turned his thoughts to philosophy and the history of literature, subjects which he investigated with unremitting zeal. His active mind led him to take an interest in all questions of philosophic interest, and he became an enthusiastic disciple of Kant, on whose system he delivered lectures at Göttingen, in the year 1791. In 1802 he was appointed ordinary professor of philosophy at the above-named university; and in 1806, he obtained the honorary title of court counsellor. He died on the 9th of August, 1828.

Bouterwek's philosophic speculations may be said to have commenced with Kant, and ended with Jacobi. His work, entitled "Ideen zu einen allgemeinen Apodiktik," was superseded by his "Lehrbuch der Philosophischen Wissenschaften," and his "Religion der Vernunft." These works, together with his "Asthetik," raised against him a host of formidable adversaries. But the work by which he has earned lasting reputation, is his "Geschichte des neueren Poesie und Beredsamkrit," of which the following "History of Spanish Literature" forms a part.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ORIGIN OF ROMANTIC LITERATURE IN THE KINGDOMS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

BOOK I.

FROM THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BOOK II.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH TO THE LATTER HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BOOK III.



INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ORIGIN OF ROMANTIC LITERATURE IN THE KINGDOMS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

When modern refinement began, during the thirteenth century, to emerge from the rudeness of the middle ages, that part of Europe which geographers have called the Pyrenean Peninsula, and which, according to its present political division, forms Spain and Portugal, contained four Christian kingdoms and some Mahometan principalities, also comprehended under the title of kingdom. More than five hundred years had elapsed since the battle of Xerez de la Frontera;[1] and the Moors, who, by the result of that conflict, obtained dominion over the greater part of Spain and Portugal, were, by the repeated victories of the Christians, in their turn driven back to the southern extremity of the country, and were obviously not destined to maintain themselves much longer even in that quarter.

During these five centuries of almost uninterrupted warfare between the race of Moorish Arabs and the Christians of ancient European descent, both parties, notwithstanding that their reciprocal hostility was influenced by fanaticism, had mutually approximated in mind and in manners. The intervals of repose, which formed short links in the chain of their sanguinary conflicts, afforded some opportunities for the interchange of the arts of peace, and they were soon taught to feel for each other that involuntary respect which the brave can never withhold from brave adversaries. Love adventures, in which

[1] Fought in 712.

the Moorish knight and Christian lady, or the Christian knight and Moorish lady, respectively participated, were not of rare occurrence. The Arab, who, in his native deserts, had not been accustomed to impose on women half the despotic restraints to which the sex is subject in the harems of Mahometan cities, was soon disposed to imitate the gallantry of the descendants of the Goths; and still more readily did the imagination of the Christian knight, in a climate which was far from being ungenial, even to African invaders, acquire an oriental loftiness. Thus arose the spirit of Spanish knighthood, which was, in reality, only a particular form of the general chivalrous spirit then prevailing in most of the countries of Europe, but which, under that form, impressed in an equal degree on the old European Spaniard an oriental, and on the Spanish Moor a European character.

In the first period of this long contest, the Arabs carried learning and the arts to a degree of cultivation far beyond anything known in the Christian parts of Spain. Those wild enthusiasts learned, on the European soil, to estimate the value of civilized life with a rapidity as astonishing as that which distinguished the social improvement of their brethren, whom they had left behind in Asia, under the government of the caliphs. Before the era of Mahomet, their language had been cultivated and adapted to poetry and eloquence, according to the laws of oriental taste. In Spain, it soon acquired, even among the conquered Christians, the superiority over the barbarous romance or dialect of the country, which was then governed by no rule; for in the eighth century, when the Moors penetrated into Spain, the Visigoths, who had been masters of the territory since the fifth century, were not yet completely intermixed by matrimonial alliances with the Provincials, or descendants of the Roman subjects; and the new national language, which had grown out of a corrupt Latin, was still the sport of accident. The conquered Christians, in the provinces under Moorish dominion, soon forgot their romance. They became, indeed, so habituated to the Arabic, that, according to the testimony of a bishop of Cordova, who lived in the ninth century, out of a thousand Spanish Christians, scarcely one was to be found

capable of repeating the Latin forms of prayer, while many could express themselves in Arabic with rhetorical elegance, and compose Arabic verses.[1]

But the Christians who had preserved their independence, descending from the mountains of the Asturias, began to repel the invaders, and in proportion as they extended their conquests, a wider field was opened for the Spanish tongue. It remained, nevertheless, long barren and rude, and was destined to receive many additions from the rich and elegant Arabic, before it attained the copiousness requisite for the wants even of common life.

The circumstances, however, under which the dialects of the several provinces existed, did not present those facilities for an improved national language, on the principle of the Italian *Volgare illustre*, of the age of Dante, which would have enabled a poet of Dante's genius, had such then arisen in Spain, to form out of them one general literary language for all the Christian states of the Peninsula. It happened, singularly enough, that about the beginning of the thirteenth century, the three principal idioms spoken from the coast of the Atlantic to the Pyrenees, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, were represented by three kingdoms perfectly independent of each other. The Castilian prevailed exclusively only in the Castiles and Leon, the latter of which was permanently united to the former in the year 1230. The Portuguese was spoken both by the court and the people of Portugal. In the kingdom of Arragon, the language in general use was the Catalonian, a dialect nearly the same as the Provençal or Limosin of the south of France, but differing greatly both from the Castilian and the Portuguese. This language also extended to the little kingdom of Navarre, but it was there spoken only by the nobles,

[1] This remark, from the *Indiculo luminoso* of Bishop Alvaro of Cordova, is noticed in the preface to Du Cange's Glossary, and is repeated by Velasquez in his *History of Spanish Poetry*, Dieze's edition, page 33. See also Eichhorn's *Allgemeine Geschichte der Cultur und Litteratur*, vol. i. p. 121. The details of the history of Arabic poetry in Spain cannot be comprehended in a history of Spanish and Portuguese poetry. The bibliographic erudition on the subject of Arabic poetry, which Dieze has displayed in his remarks on Velasquez, does not belong to the subject of this work.

who were of French or Hispano-Gothic origin. The great body of the population in Navarre spoke the ancient Cantabrian, called Baskian, Vaskian, or Biscayan, which still exists in the Pyrenees and in the Spanish province of Biscay.

The trouble will be repaid if a glance be now cast on the map, in order to distinguish, with somewhat more precision than is usually thought necessary, the respective domains of the three principal dialects of the Spanish tongue; for it is difficult, if not impossible, to form any opinion on the contest maintained between the Spaniards and the Portuguese relative to the value of their respective languages, and the influence these languages have had on the polite literature of both countries, without a knowledge of the geographical boundaries, which, previously to the political divisions, separated the Portuguese from the Castilians, and the latter from the Arragonese. In these questions the Biscayan language is of no consideration, as it has only an accidental and unimportant connexion with the other Spanish dialects, and, besides, bears not the most remote resemblance to them.[1]

The mutilated Latin spoken along the Mediterranean on the Spanish shore, from the Pyrenees as far as Murcia, appears to have resolved itself, before the period of the Arabian invasion, into the same language which extended eastward from the Pyrenees through the whole of the south of France to the Italian frontiers, and which, according to the most remarkable of its provincial forms, was called the CATALONIAN, the VALENCIAN, the LIMOSIN, and the PROVENÇAL. Of all the tongues spoken in modern Europe, this language of the coasts was the first cultivated. In it the Troubadours sang, and their lays had all the same character, whether addressed to the Italians, the French, or the Spaniards. From Catalonia it probably spread along the chain of the Pyrenees. The kingdom of Arragon became, after the restoration of the Spanish romance in that quarter, its second country; for the

[1] Velasquez, Dieze, and other authors, furnish information on the history of the Biscayan language and poetry. This language, with the poetry to which it may have given birth, had no influence on literature beyond its own territory, and appears to have had very little even there.

both it and the poetry of the Troubadours were particularly favoured by the princes and the nobles. But at the very period of the decline of this poetry, the kingdom of Arragon was united to the Castilian dominions. Another kind of poetry, in the Castilian language, then obtained encouragement, and the seat of the government of the united kingdoms was permanently fixed in Castile. The energetic development of literary talent among the Castilians, the bold romantic character of that people, and the ardent spirit of national pride which prompted them to make the most of all their advantages, soon banished the ancient and, in other respects, highly esteemed dialect of Arragon, Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia, from literature, law, and the conversation of the superior classes of society. Finally, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the Castilian became, in the strictest sense of the word, the reigning language of the whole Spanish monarchy.[1]

The Castilian tongue, (*Lengua Castellana,*) now called, by way of distinction, the Spanish, doubtless had its origin before the Moorish conquest, in the northern and midland parts of the Peninsula. How far it had originally spread towards the south, it would not now be easy to determine; but it came down from the Asturian moun-

[1] How sensibly the neglect of the Catalonian or Valencian tongue, after the union of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, was felt in the provinces which belonged to the former, may be seen from the passage quoted by Eichhorn, in his *Allg. Gesch. der Cul. u. Litt.*, vol. i. page 129, from Escolano's *History of Valencia.* But the pleasing language of the Troubadours was doubtless very defective. It would otherwise have been difficult to have made the Catalonian poets so soon proselytes to the Castilian dialects, especially as, besides the difference of language, the natural jealousy between the Arragonian and Castilian provinces was strong enough to manifest itself by political effects even in the eighteenth century. The imperfection of the Troubadour phraseology may have been partly owing to its fluctuations, and the various forms it assumed, in the several dialects. The difference of the dialects appears particularly evident on comparing the real PROVENÇAL of the French Troubadours with the Valencian, called LENGUA VALENCIANA. The dialect of the Provençal Troubadours may, without much difficulty, be translated by conjecture, if the reader be acquainted with French and Italian; but the meaning of the Valencian cannot be so easily guessed at, even with the additional knowledge of Castilian. As a proof of this, it will be sufficient to peruse a passage of the *Libre de les Dones*, of *Mosen* [that is, Monsieur, instead of the Castilian Don,] *Jaume* [James]

tains with the warriors who boldly undertook to recover the country of their fathers. It first resumed its sway in the kingdoms of Leon and old Castile; where it is still spoken in the greatest purity.[1] It then followed, step by step, the fortune of the Castilian arms, until it finally became the established language of the most southern provinces, where its progress had been longest withstood by the Arabic. More recently cultivated than the Catalonian, it cannot be doubted that it owes to that dialect a part of its improvement; but the elevated expression of its long full-toned words, soon stamped on it the character of quite a different kind of romance. The abbreviation of the Latin words, which gave the Catalonian language a striking resemblance to the French, was not agreeable to the genius of the Castilian, which, in consequence of its clear sonorous vowels and the beautiful articulation of its syllables, had, of all the idioms of the Peninsula, the greatest affinity to the Italian. Amidst the euphony of the Castilian syllables, the ear is, however, struck with the sound of the German and Arabic guttural, which is rejected by all the other nations speaking languages in which the Latin predominates.[2]

Roiq, reprinted in Valencia, 1735, in 4to. The author is one of the last poets who wrote in the Valencian dialect, and the whole didactic poem, if so it may be called, is composed in short verses of the following description:

Yo com absent	Mort civilment,
Del mon vivint,	Ja per la gent
Aquell linquint	Desconegut,
Aconortat,	Per tots tengut
Del apartat	Con hom selvatge
Dant hi del peu,	Tenint ostatge, &c. &c
Vell jubileu	

Owing to the difference of the dialects, a foreigner might, by a short residence in Madrid, learn to express himself in Castilian with more fluency than it is spoken by a great part of the inhabitants of the Arragonian provinces.

[1] At least such is the opinion of Gregorio Mayans y Ziscar, given in his work, known under the title of *Origenes de la Lengua Española*, part i. page [illegible]

[2] It has long been a generally received opinion that the forcible aspiration which the Spanish shares in common with the German and Arabic, is solely owing to the mixture of the latter with the Castilian. This opinion is adopted naturally enough by the Spaniards, who are not

The romance, out of which the present Portuguese language has grown, was probably spoken along the coast of the Atlantic long before a kingdom of Portugal was founded. Though far more nearly allied to the Castilian dialect than to the Catalonian, it resembles the latter in the remarkable abbreviation of words, both in grammatical structure and in pronunciation. At the same time it is strikingly distinguished from the Castilian by the total rejection of the guttural, by the great abundance of its hissing sounds, and by a nasal pronunciation common to no people in Europe except the French and the Portuguese. In the Spanish province of Galicia, only politically separated from Portugal, this dialect, known under the name of *Lingoa Gallega* is still as indigenous as in Portugal itself, and was at an early period so highly esteemed, that Alphonso X., king of Castile, surnamed the Wise, (*El Sabio*,) composed verses in it. But the Galician modification of this dialect of the western shores of the Peninsula has sunk, like the Catalonian romance of the opposite coast, into a mere provincial idiom, in consequence of the language of the Castilian court being adopted by the higher classes in Galicia.[1] Indeed, the Portuguese lan-

aware of the influence which the German guttural must have had over their language; but the Germans, who know the nature of their mother tongue, ought to recollect that the same Arabic words which are strongly aspirated by the Spaniards, are pronounced by the Portuguese, though equally naturalized among them, with a hissing sound. Besides, how does it happen that the G before E and I, which is a guttural with the Germans, has the same sound with the Castilians, though it is never so pronounced by any other people whose language appears to have risen on the ruins of that of ancient Rome? The Germanic pronunciation of the Visigoths, which was doubtless preserved in the mountains of Castile, would afterwards be easily confounded with the Arabic. The Castilian conversion of O into UE, also resembles the change which takes place in German of O into OE. Let, for instance, the Spanish CUERPO and PUEBLO be compared with the German KORPER and POBEL.

[1] The Portuguese language would perhaps be less depreciated by the Spaniards, if it did not remind them of the vulgar idiom spoken by the Galician water-carriers in Madrid. On the contrary, the Portuguese think the Castilian language inflated, and at once harsh and affected. Both nations are as little disposed to come to an agreement on the merits of their respective languages as the Danes and Swedes are regarding theirs; for the Castilian and Portuguese are, like the Danish and Swedish, only two conflicting dialects of the same tongue. The Swedes admit that the

guage, which in its present state of improvement must no longer be confounded with the popular idiom of Galicia, would have experienced great difficulty in obtaining a literary cultivation, had not Portugal, which, even in the twelfth century, formed an independent kingdom, constantly vied in arts and in arms with Castile, and during the sixty years of her union with Spain, from 1580 to 1640, zealously maintained her particular national character.[1]

Danish language exceeds their own in softness, though they consider that softness disagreeable, and the harsher Swedish more sonorous on account of the greater abundance and fulness of its vowel sounds; thus, precisely in the same manner, do the Spaniards condemn the softness of the Portuguese tongue. The elision of the letter L in a great number of Portuguese words, as in COR, PAÇO, for *color*, *palacio*, and the remarkable change of L into R, as in *branco*, *brando*, for *blanco*, *blando*, are peculiarities of that language to which foreigners do not easily reconcile themselves.

[1] The first essays towards a history of the Portuguese language, and an introduction to Portuguese orthography, were published in Lisbon at the time when Portugal was a Spanish province.—Duarte Nunez de Liao, the author of both works, was a statesman and magistrate. (*Desembargador da Camara da Supplicaçaõ.*) The former is entitled *Origem da Lingoa Portugueza*, Lisb. 1606, in 8vo. It is dedicated to Philip III. king of Spain, who is, however, on this occasion merely addressed as *Dom Phelipe II. de Portugal.* In the preface the author states his other, but older work (*Orthographia da Lingoa Portugueza*, Lisb. 1576, in 8vo,) to be the first of the kind. The Portuguese have, however, for two centuries laboured with as little success as the Germans, to introduce uniformity of orthography into their language. The convertible M and AÕ appear to have been so early selected to denote the French nasal tone which occurs in numerous final syllables, that Nunez de Liaõ found it necessary to acquiesce in the custom, according to which the same word might be very differently written, as *naçaõ* or *naçam*, *naõ* or *nam*, pronounced nearly as *nassaong* and *naong*, with the French sound of *on*, *bon*. But it surely could not have been very difficult to dispossess the totally unnecessary and barbarous H in *hum* and *huma* (from the Latin *unus* and *una*) of the place it had assumed, as it is now banished from elegant Portuguese orthography. Trifles of this kind present more materials for reflection than a first view gives reason to expect. When the orthography of a country continues to be an object of reform, that nation is deficient in a certain degree of refinement, the attainment of which has either been missed, or the right pursuit of which is but just commenced. Indeed, what necessity is there for the French, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, writing the same sound, occurring in the same word, in four different ways, as for example, *bataille*, *battaglia*, *batalla*, *batalha*?

After accurately distinguishing these three principal idioms of the romance, which formed the early spoken and written language of the Peninsula,[1] it will be more readily perceived why the Catalonian and Limosin poetry could not maintain itself in competition with the Spanish and Portuguese, which were of more recent growth, and why the poetry of Spain and that of Portugal have, from their first rise, preserved nearly the same character and passed through the same periods of splendour and decay. The Catalonian poetry was, from its origin, inseparably united with the language of the Troubadours, throughout its territories, from the Italian to the Castilian frontiers. Whilst the Cours d'Amour, the festal meetings, and various other gallant exhibitions prevailed, in which the Gaya Ciencia, or joyous art, of those bards of love and chivalry flourished, and in which the bards themselves bore a brilliant part as masters of the ceremonies, the language and the poetry gave reciprocal importance to each other. When, however, the romantic spirit had exhausted itself in these modes, when another sort of gallantry came into vogue, and finally, when a more cultivated style of poetry, entirely new to Spain, was introduced from Italy, and propagated with the Castilian language, the poets of Catalonia, Arragon, and Valencia, began to write verses in the new manner, and to disown their mother tongue in their compositions. This literary phenomenon, which has its epoch only in the sixteenth century, cannot be attributed to political dependence alone: for hitherto the ancient national poetry of the Castilians had contined foreign to the inhabitants of the Arragonian provinces, (individual imitators excepted,) even after those provinces were united with the Castiles. But when the Arragonese, in their zeal to vie with the Castilians in the reform of their ancient poetry, began to write verses in the Castilian language, their success was facilitated by the old standing relationship between the old Provençal poetry, the sister

[1] Nothing can be more improper than to follow Du Cange, (*Glossar. praef.* s 31, sq.) in dividing the *vulgare idioma* of the present inhabitants of the Pyrenean Peninsula into the *Castellanum*, *Limosinum*, and *Lusitanicum*.

of the Limosin, and the Italian: the latter in the sixteenth century became the model of the Spanish and Portuguese.[1]

The ancient Castilian poetry was as closely allied to the Portuguese and the Galician, as it was distinctly separated from the Limosin. The Troubadours had, it is true, chaunted their lays at the courts of Castile and Portugal, but the national taste in both kingdoms preferred different accents, and other metrical combinations: in short, it was accustomed to another kind of poetry of its own creation. No Troubadours were needed in these countries; for the common national poetry, which was unknown to the Arragonian provinces, formed a connecting tie for the Castilians, Portuguese, and Galicians, as it was the faithful mirror of their genius and character. However much the Castilians might dislike the Portuguese tongue, and the Portuguese, in their turn, the Castilian, their poetry continued essentially the same; and the languages of both countries deviated, at all times, far more from the Limosin romance, than ever they differed from each other. Besides, the old Galician idiom, scarcely distinguishable from the old Portuguese,[2] was originally a favourite with the Castilians, and when it ceased to be a literary language, the political conflicts of the Spaniards and the Portuguese did not destroy the poetical harmony of the two nations. The Castilians, indeed, constantly maintained the opinion, that the Portuguese language was incapable of giving appropriate expression to heroic sentiments; but the Portuguese con-

[1] A particular account of the Limosin poetry, even in its last period, which is late enough to come into the division of time called the latter ages, does not belong to the history of modern poetry. It ought to be treated as the last part of the chivalrous poetry of the middle ages.—See the notices in Velasquez and Dieze, p. 45, and the still more instructive sketch of the history of Limosin poetry, in Eichhorn's *Gesch. der Cult. u. Litt.* vol. i. p. 123.

[2] That the Portuguese and the Galician were originally not to be distinguished from each other, is expressly stated by that attentive observer of the forms of his native language, Nunez de Liaõ, who says, *As quaes ambas*, (namely, the Portuguese and the Galician tongues) *eraõ antigamente quasi huma mesma nas palavras, e diphthongos, e pronunciação, que as outras partes de Hespanha naõ tem.—Origem da Lingoa Portugueza*, cap. vi.

tradicted this assertion, not merely by words, but by deeds.[1]

The old Castilian, Portuguese, and Galician poetry was, under its own peculiar forms, more popular and strictly national, than was the Provençal, or than the Italian has ever been. It was not destined to be recited in courtly circles, in the presence of lords and ladies. It arose amidst the clang of arms, and was fostered by constantly reiterated relations of warlike feats and love adventures, transmitted from mouth to mouth; while almost every one who either witnessed or shared those feats and adventures, wished to give them traditional circulation in the vehicle of easy verse. So common was the practice of composing verses, among all ranks, particularly in Portugal, that the historian, Manuel de Faria y Sousa. thought himself, at a later period, justified in calling every mountain in that country, a Parnassus, and every fountain, a Hippocrene.[2] The poems, called romances, took their name from the national language; and it is probable that the same name was at first given to all kinds of amatory and heroic ballads, the taste for which, however rapidly those productions increased and supplanted each other, appears to have been insatiable. To mark with critical precision the limits of the different species of poetic composition, was never contemplated by the authors of the romances, but they very carefully distinguished, in their national verse, several kinds of measure and forms of rhyme, which differed widely from the Provençal and Limosin. Having touched on this subject, it will, perhaps, be most convenient here to introduce a brief description of the nature of the verse common to the ancient Castilian, Portuguese, and Galician poetry.

[1] Velasquez, who felt this thought fit when he read the *Lusiade de Camoës*, to pay a particular compliment to the author, at the expense of the Portuguese language; for, after delivering the same opinion on that language which is entertained by most Spaniards, he very elegantly adds: "the muses thought otherwise when they spoke through the mouth of Camoens."

[2] *Cada fuente de Portugal y cada monte son Hippocrenes y Parnassos*, says Manuel de Faria y Sousa, in his *Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas*. Father Sarmiento, a Spanish author, whom national prejudice does not prevent from doing justice to the Portuguese, mentions this observation in his instructive *Memorias para la Poesia Española*.

Of the metrical compositions common to the ancient Castilians and Portuguese, the most peculiarly national were the REDONDILLAS. All verses, consisting of four trochaic feet, appear to have been originally comprehended under the name of *redondillas*,[1] which, however, came at length to be, in preference, usually applied to one particular species of this description of verse. To a people so romantic and chivalrous, and at the same time so fond of their national poetry, as the Spaniards and Portuguese, nothing could be more agreeable than verses of this sort, which, in languages such as theirs, could be composed on the spur of the occasion, and which to the charm of simplicity add the beauty of a sonorous harmony.[2] It is difficult to suppose that the redondillas have been formed in imitation of bisected hexameters, as some Spanish authors have imagined.[3] They may, with more probability, be considered a relic of the songs of the Roman soldiers, which were doubtless often heard in these countries, and which must have left recollections easily communicated by

[1] The word is used in this extensive sense by Sarmiento in his *Memorias*, or as the book is sometimes called, *Obras posthumas*, parte i. p. 168. Authors are far from being agreed respecting the origin of the term *redondillas*, (according to the Portuguese orthography, *redondilhas*.) But is not the word more naturally derived from *redondo* (round), than from a small town called Redondo? Instead of redondillas, these compositions are sometimes named *redondillos*, the word *versos* being understood. In German, they might be called *ringelverse* (circular verses.)

It might not be difficult to find an English name for these verses fully as appropriate as this German one. Our old word *Roundelay* has been used for this purpose, and is found opposite to *Redondilla*, in the earliest Spanish and English dictionaries. It is so given in Minsheu's, "imprinted at London, by Edm. Bollifant, 1599." But for the sake of precision, the Spanish term is preferable, and it has accordingly been adopted in this translation. By the French, Spanish Redondillas are called *Rondelettes*, or *Rondeaux*. See *La Nouvelle Methode Espagnole*, &c.—T. R.

[2] Shall it be said that there is, in the German language, no kind of verse which unites to so much grace a character so truly popular! Let Burger's *Nachtfeier der Venus* be considered, before this be determined. Even the Esthonian serfs, on the coast of the Baltic, chaunt their simple ballads in the same measure. Proof of this may be seen on reference to Petri's *Nachrichten von den Esthen*, vol. ii. p. 69.

[3] Among others, Sarmiento, who, in support of this opinion, quotes some verses from Virgil, for example: *Inter viburna cupressi—Tondenti barba cadebat*, &c. These verses have, it is true, eight syllables, but not four trochaic feet.

the Romanized natives to their conquerors, the Visigoths.[1] In such verses, every individual could, without restraint, pour forth the feelings which love and gallantry dictated, accompanied by his guitar; for no greater attention was paid to correctness in the distinction of long and short syllables than in the rhyme. When one of the poetic narratives, distinguished by the name of romances, was sung, line followed line without constraint, the expression flowing with careless freedom, as feeling gave it birth. When, however, romantic sentiments were to be clothed in a popular lyric dress, to exhibit the playful turns of the ideas under still more pleasing forms, it was found advantageous to introduce divisions and periods, which gave rise to regular strophes (*estancias* and *coplas*). Lines were, for the sake of variety, shortened by halving them; and thus the tender and impressive melody of the rhythm was sometimes considerably heightened. Seduced by the example of the Arabs, something excellent was supposed to be accomplished when a single sonorous and unvarying rhyme was rendered prominent throughout all the verses of a long romance.[2] Through other romances, however,

[1] How does it happen that none of the Spanish authors have taken notice of the ancient songs sung by the Roman soldiers, though they are evidently *redondillas*? Suetonius has preserved some remarkable examples of these songs; and the same measure occurs after the decline of Latin poetry, particularly in some pious verses of Prudentius, which are quoted by Sarmiento.

[2] After examining Arabic verses, written in the European manner, it cannot be difficult, even for persons unacquainted with the language, to form an idea of the influence which the monotonic rhymes of the Moors had on the old Castilian romances. See, for example, the following passage of the Koran:

> Va sciamsi, va dhohàha,
> Val Kamari eda talàha,
> Van nahari, eda giallàha,
> Val Laili eda jagsciàha.

But the Spanish ear required some variety, and accordingly preferred a predominant to a single unchanging rhyme. Thus in the romance:—

> Media noche era por hilo;
> Los gallos querian *cantar*,
> Donde Claros con amores
> No podia *reposar*,
> Quanto muy grandes sospiros
> Que el amor se hazia *dar*, &c. &c.

pairs of rhymeless verses were allowed to glide amidst a variety of rhymed ones. At length, at a later period, it was observed, that, in point of elegance, the *redondilla* was improved, rather than injured by the changes produced, when, instead of perfect, imperfect rhymes, or sounds echoing vowels but not consonants, were heard in the terminating syllables. Hence arose the distinction between *consonant* and *assonant* verses, which has been cultivated into a rhythmical beauty unknown to other nations.[1] Thus varied, and yet ever simple, the redondilla has been still more valuable to Spanish and Portuguese versification, than the hexameter was to the poetry of Greece and Rome. It has even become the prevailing measure of dramatic poetry.

The period of the invention of the redondillas was also nearly that of the dactylic stanzas, called *versos de arte mayor*, because their composition was considered an art of a superior order. They had their origin, according to some authorities, in Galicia and Portugal.[2] This metrical form is, however, found in several of the most ancient Castilian poems. As the inventors of these stanzas were ignorant of the true principles of prosody, the degree of attention paid to purity in the rhythm of the dactyles was even less than in the rhymes of the redondillas. It was thought sufficient to deal out eleven or twelve syllables, and the dactylic measure was left to accident. This may account for these verses falling into disuse, for the progressive improvement of taste, which allowed the redondillas to maintain their original consideration, was not reconcilable with the half dancing, half hobbling rhymed lines of the *versos de arte mayor*.[3]

[1] Such *rimas asonantes* as occur in the words *noble* and *pobre*, *dolor* and *corazon*, are easily recognised. But from some old Spanish romances, it appears that the return of the same consonants sometimes supplies the place of an assonant rhyme; for example, when the words *baxo*, *crucifixo*, *enojo*, &c. follow each other at short intervals.

[2] See what is stated by Sarmiento, p. 191, from an old letter of the marquis of Santillana, of which more particular notice will soon be taken in this work.

[3] The Spanish and Portuguese *versos de arte mayor* very much resemble some of the English popular ballads, with regard to their measure. There is, however, in the rudest of the Spanish and Portu-

Besides the above national modes of rhythm and rhyme, common to Castilians, Galicians, and Portuguese, the form of the sonnet was also known in the west of Spain and Portugal long before the imitation of Italian poetry was thought of in those parts of the Peninsula. It had doubtless been acquired through the intervention of Provençal and Limosin poets. But the character of the sonnet was not sufficiently popular for the old Spaniards and Portuguese, and they were never fond of that kind of poetic composition. Not less adverse to the taste of the country was the long protracted alexandrine. Monkish rhymesters, who forced their imitations of Latin doggrel on the nation, introduced this kind of verse into the Spanish language, in the thirteenth or perhaps even in the twelfth century, but certainly at a period anterior to its appearance in any other modern tongue. It soon, however, sunk into disesteem, and was neglected.

guese strophes of this kind, more real rhythm than even in the modern popular songs of the English. An old political song, by Juan de Mena, commences thus:—

> Como el, que duerme con la pesada,
> Que quiere y no puede jamas acordar,
> Mas si lo puede á la fin desechar,
> Queda la mente con el desvelada, &c.

HISTORY

OF

SPANISH LITERATURE.

BOOK I.

FROM THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PROBABLE PERIOD OF THE FIRST ROMANCES.

THE origin of Castilian poetry is lost in the obscurity of the middle ages. The poetic spirit which then awoke in the north of Spain, was doubtless first manifested in romances and popular songs. *Rodrigo Diaz de Virar*, called *El Campeador*, (the champion,) and still better known by the Arabic title of the *Cid*, (the lord or leader,) assisted in founding the kingdom of Castile for his prince, Ferdinand I. about the year 1036; and the name and the exploits of that favourite hero of the nation were probably celebrated during his own age in imperfect redondillas. That some of the many romances which record anecdotes of the life of the Cid may be the offspring of that period, is a conjecture which, to say the least of it, has never been disproved; and indeed, the whole character impressed upon Spanish poetry from its rise, denotes that the era which gave birth to the first songs of chivalry must be very remote. In the form, however, in which these romances now exist, it does not appear that even the oldest can be referred to the twelfth, far less to the eleventh century.[1]

[1] Sarmiento has written at great length on the origin of the Castilian romances, but the information he gives is more copious than satisfac-

POEMA DEL CID.

Some examples of Old Castilian verse, which are held to be more ancient than any known romance or ballad in that language, have been preserved.[1] Of these, the rhymed chronicle, of the Exile and Return of the Cid, (*Poema del Cid, el Campeador,*) is considered the oldest. This chronicle can scarcely be called a poem; and that it could not have been the result of a poetic essay made in the spirit of the national taste, is evident, from the nature of the verse, which is a kind of rude alexandrine. It is the more difficult to speak with any certainty respecting its age, as there also exists a very old prose account of the Cid, corresponding in all the principal facts with this rhymed chronicle. Though it may be true that the author lived about the middle of the twelfth century, as his editor Sanchez supposes, still it is not with this work that the history of Spanish poetry ought to commence. As a philological curiosity, the rhymed chronicle is highly valuable; but any little poetry there may be in it, must be considered as a consequence of the poetic character of the nation to which its author belonged, and of the intrinsic interest of the subject. The events are narrated in the order in which they succeed each other, and the whole work scarcely exhibits a single mark of invention. The small portion of poetical colouring with which the dryness of the relation is occasionally relieved, is the

---

tory. It would require the most laborious investigation, joined to the highest critical sagacity, to penetrate the obscurity in which this part of the history of literature is involved. How, indeed, can it be ascertained to what age a ballad belongs, the author of which is unknown, and which, in the progressive improvement of the language and the national taste, has been, without scruple, altered by the singers?

[1] These monuments of old Castilian rhyme were little known until rescued from oblivion in 1775 by the publication of the *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas Anteriores al siglo XV.*, by D. Tomas Antonio Sanchez, a work which, in respect to philology, is certainly very meritorious. The collection, however, appears to terminate with the third volume, (Madrid, 1782,) which contains the *Poema de Alexandro Magno.* The first volume contains the celebrated letter of the *Marquis de Santillana* on the ancient Spanish poetry, then for the first time printed, with a commentary by the publisher, full of philological learning.

result of the chivalrous earnestness of the writer's tone, and of a few happy traits in the description of some of the situations.[1]

POEMA DE ALEXANDRO MAGNO.

Still less of the character of poetry belongs to the fabulous chronicle of Alexander the Great (*Poema de Alexandro Magno*), respecting the origin and age of which the Spanish critics are far from being agreed. Whether it be, as some pretend, a Spanish original of the twelfth or thirteenth century, or as others assert, the translation of a French work of the same age, in verse, or, what is still more probable, a versified translation of a Latin legend, with the manufacture of which some monk may have occupied his solitary hours, are questions which a writer of the history of Spanish poetry cannot, with propriety, stop to discuss, even though alexandrine verse should, as some suppose, have taken its name from this chronicle. Next to stringing together his rhymes,[2] the chief object of the author probably was to clothe the biography of Alexander the Great in the costume of chivalry. Accordingly, he relates how the *Infante* Alexander, whose birth was distinguished by numerous prodigies, seemed, while yet a youth, a Hercules; how he was taught to read

[1] For example, in the following passage, which Sarmiento has also quoted; the language, too, differs less from the present Spanish in this, than in many other parts of the work.

> De los sus ojos tan fuertemente llorando,
> Tornaba la cabeça, e estavalos catando.
> Vio puertas abiertas, e uzos sin canados,
> Alcandaras vacias sin pieles e sin mantos
> E sin falcones, e sin azores, mudados.
> Sospirò mio Zid; ca mucho aviè grandes cuidados.
> Fablò mio Zid bien, e tan mejorado:
> Grado á ti, Señor Padre, que estas en alto.
> Esto me han envuelto mis enemigos malos, &c.

[2] He states at the beginning of the work the importance he placed on the labour of the rhyme, which he seems to have particularly valued, because he made four lines always rhyme together in succession:—

> Mester trago fremoso, no es de joglaria,
> Mester es sen pecado, ca es de clerecia.
> *Fablar curso rimado per la quaderna via*
> *Per silabas cantadas, ca es grant maestria.*

in his seventh year; how he then every day learned a lesson in the seven liberal arts, and maintained a daily disputation thereon, and many other wonders of this sort.[1] Alexander's officers are counts and barons. The real history only feebly glimmers through a grotesque compound of puerile fictions and distorted facts. But perhaps this mode of treating the materials is not to be laid to the account of the versifier.

GONZALO BERCEO.

Prayers, monastic rules, and legends were composed in Castilian alexandrines, at a very remote period:—the earliest were probably written by Gonzalo Berceo, a Benedictine, about the middle of the thirteenth century. Spanish authors have made the dates of the birth and death of this monk objects of very minute research, and have exerted great industry in recovering his rude verses.[2] In this field, however, the poetical historian can find nothing worth gleaning.

ALPHONSO X.; HIS LITERARY MERITS—THE ROMANCES OF NICOLAS AND ANTONIO.

The names of several early writers of rude Castilian verse are recorded by different authors. A notice, however, of the literary merits of Alphonso X., surnamed the *Wise*, by which is meant the learned, forms the most

[1] El padre a vii. años metiole a leer,
Diole a maestros ornados de seso e de saber,
Los megores que pudo in Grecia escoger,
Que lo sopiessen en las vii. artes emponer
    Aprend de las vii. artes cada dia licion
De todas cada dia facia disputacion, &c.

[2] Sarmiento and Sanchez may be consulted respecting these inquiries. Some notices on the same topics are also to be found in Velasquez. Had Berceo composed verses on temporal subjects, it is probable that the Spanish writers would not have disputed with so much zeal on the merits of his life. It is curious, that the pious author himself calls his verse prose. The passage runs thus:—

Quiero far *una prosa* in Roman paladino,
En qual suele el pueblo fablar a su vecino,
Ca non so tan letrado a far otro latino.
Bien valdria, como creo, un vaso de bon vino.

suitable commencement for a history of Spanish poetry. This sovereign, who was a very extraordinary man, for the age in which he lived, was ambitious, among his other distinctions, of being a poet. Scarcely any romance or song of true poetic feeling can be attributed to him; but he loved to embody his science and learning in verse. He disclosed his Alchymical Secrets in the dactylic stanzas called *versos de arte mayor*. Alchymy was his favourite study; and if his assertions in verse may be relied on, he several times made gold, and in times of difficulty turned his power of producing that precious metal to his own advantage. His verses are, in some degree, harmonious, and ingeniously constructed; but no trait of poetic description enlivens the dry and uninteresting precepts he details.[1] It is not, therefore, on account of his rhymes that Alphonso the Wise deserves to be placed at the head of the Castilian poets. His claim to occupy that station can only be founded on the attention he devoted to the cultivation of the Castilian language. This attention, which is easily recognised even in his unpoetic verses, could not fail to prove a most powerful incitement to emulation, since the example was set by a king possessing a reputation for learning which was flattering to the national pride. The greater purity and precision thus introduced

[1] Having stated that he learned his art from an Egyptian, whom he invited from Alexandria, Alphonso adds:—

> La piedra que llaman philosophal
> Sabia facer, e me la enseñó,
> Fizimoslo juntos, despues solo yo;
> Con que muchas veces creció mi caudal.

The chemical prescriptions have a very quaint effect, as delivered in the dancing measure of these verses, viz.—

> Tomad el mercurio assi como sale
> De minas de tierra con limpia pureza.
> Purgadlo con cueros par la su maleza,
> Porque mas limpieza en esto mi cale.
> E porque su peso tan solo se iguale,
> Con doze onzas del dicho compuesto,
> En vaso de vidro despues de ser-puesto.
> Otra materia en esto non vale.

This extract may also serve as an example of the rhythmical facility displayed in the verses of Alphonso.

into the dialect of Castile and Leon, enabled the poetic genius of the nation to unfold itself with increasing vigour and freedom. But the benefits which Alphonso conferred on the Spanish language and literature did not stop here. The Bible was, by his command, rendered into Castilian; and a paraphrase of Scripture History accompanied the translation. A general Chronicle of Spain, and a History of the Conquest of the Holy Land, founded on the work of William of Tyre, were also written by order of Alphonso. Finally, he introduced the use of the national language into legal and judicial proceedings. No direct interest was, however, taken by that sovereign in the improvement of the popular Castilian poetry. He probably thought it too destitute of art and learning to deserve much consideration. It appears to have been on this account, and not from vanity, that he favoured the Troubadours assembled at his court, in whose more elegant verse his praises were unceasingly proclaimed.[1] His influence had an extensive operation; but his death, which happened in the year 1284, was no loss to the national bards of Castile, who still sung their romances in obscurity.

The history of Spanish poetry continues barren of names until towards the end of the fourteenth century; and yet, according to all literary probability, the greater part of the ancient Castilian romances, which have, in the progress of time, been collected, and have undergone more or less improvement, were composed at a much earlier period. One Nicolas, and an abbot named Antonio, are mentioned as celebrated writers of romances in the thirteenth century, anterior to the reign of Alphonso X.[2] But until the period of the invention of printing, no regard was paid by the learned, or by those who wished to be considered learned, to popular ballads; and when the attention of men of letters began at last to be directed to the old

[1] *Histoire générale des Troubadours*, tom. ii. p. 255; tom. iii. p. 329, &c.

[2] Sarmiento refers the oldest Castilian romances to the thirteenth century, but only hypothetically, and with the explicit declaration, that certainly none were to be found in the form in which they then existed. Respecting the *Nicolas* and the *Antonio de los Romances*, see the notes of Dieze on Velasquez, p. 116.

romances, the authors were either forgotten, or no trouble was taken to preserve or recover their names. With a view, therefore, to the convenience of historical arrangement, a particular account of the ancient romance poetry of Castile may be postponed until the period must be recorded when the first instance of literary publicity was given to it. In the meanwhile, some little known though not unimportant memorials of the state of poetical and rhetorical culture in the fourteenth century, may here be brought to recollection.

ALPHONSO XI.

That the example of Alphonso X. operated powerfully among the grandees of Castile, cannot be doubted; and to its influence must, in a great measure, be attributed the encouragement given to the cultivation of knowledge by Alphonso XI. That prince, amidst all the troubles of his busy reign, maintained the character of a protector of learning, and endeavoured to distinguish himself as a writer in his native tongue. In the accounts of his labours given by Spanish authors, he is stated to have composed a General Chronicle in Redondillas,[1] which is either lost, or still remains buried in some of the old archives of Spain. However slight may be the merits of this work, in a poetical point of view, it is rendered interesting by the circumstance, that the king chose for the rhythmic structure of his narrative, the easy flowing verse of the romances, instead of the stiff monkish alexandrines, and the ungraceful dactylic stanzas. This brought the redondillas more into favour. Alphonso XI. also caused books to be written in Castilian prose, among which were a kind of peerage, or register of the noble families of Castile, with an account of their hereditary estates and possessions, and a hunting book, (*Libro de Monteria,*) in the composition of which several persons assisted. Though rhetorical art might derive no advantage from these books, they contributed to give consideration to the national dialect, and to incite persons of rank to engage in literary pursuits.

[1] See the *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus* of Nicolas Antonio, under the head of Alphonso XI. and Sarmiento, p. 305.

EARLY CULTIVATION OF CASTILIAN PROSE — DON JUAN MANUEL; HIS CONDE LUCANOR; HIS ROMANCES.

But the most valuable monument of the cultivation of Spanish literature in the fourteenth century is *El Conde Lucanor*, a book of moral and political maxims, written by Don Juan Manuel, a Castilian prince. This Don Juan was one of the most distinguished men of his age.[1] He was descended, in a collateral line with the reigning family of Castile, from king Ferdinand III., usually called the SAINT. He served his sovereign, Alphonso XI., with chivalrous fidelity, and, by the judicious policy of his conduct, retained the favour of that prince, who certainly had reason to regard him with jealousy. After he had distinguished himself by a number of honourable and gallant deeds, Alphonso appointed him governor (*adelentado mayor*) of the country bordering on the Moorish kingdom of Grenada. In this station he became the terror of the hereditary enemy of Castile. He made an irruption into Grenada, and defeated the Moorish king in a great battle. After this brilliant victory, he always acted one of the first parts in the internal troubles of Castile, and during twenty years conducted the war against the Moors. He died in 1362, leaving behind him some of the ripest fruits of his experience in his Count Lucanor. A Spanish book, so full of sound practical good sense, of a character so truly unostentatious, and clothed in a simple, homely, but far from inanimate garb, could scarcely be expected to belong to the fourteenth century. In estimating the merit of this work, it ought also to be recollected that, at the period in which it appeared, the taste for the wild tales of chivalry, called romances, had begun to prevail. Amadis de Gaul, the prototype of all subsequent knight-errantry romances, had then obtained general circulation. There

[1] A sensible and well digested biography of this prince, by Gonzalo de Argote y Molina, a writer of the sixteenth century, is prefixed to *El Conde Lucanor*, the first edition of which Argote superintended. The work is not easily procured even in Spain. *No es de los mas commune*, says Sarmiento. In the library of the university of Gottingen there is a copy of the edition: Madrid, 1642, 4to. The first edition of *El Conde Lucanor* was printed at Seville, in 1575.

is, however, in the Count Lucanor, no trace of romantic extravagance, none of the dreamy flights of an irregular imagination; for in every passage of the book the author shows himself a man of the world, and an observer of human nature. In the course of his long experience, he had formed maxims for the conduct of life which he was desirous of pursuing. He gave to many of these axioms a laconic expression in verse; and, to impress them the more forcibly, invented his Count Lucanor, a prince conscious of too limited an understanding to trust to his own judgment in cases of difficulty. He gives the count a minister, (*consejero*,) whose wisdom fortunately supplies the deficiency of his master's shrewdness. When the count asks advice of his minister, the latter relates a story, or sometimes a fable. The application comes at the close, and the narrative is the commentary of the verse or couplet with which it terminates. In this manner forty-nine moral and political tales are told. They are not of equal merit; but though some are inferior to others, the difference is not great, and they have all the same rhetorical form. Sometimes it is the idea that gives the chief interest, sometimes the execution. Among the versified maxims are the following:—

"If you have done something good in little, do it also in great, as the good will never die."[1]

"He who advises you to be reserved to your friends, wishes to betray you without witnesses."[2]

"Hazard not your wealth on a poor man's advice."[3]

"He who has got a good seat should not leave it."[4]

"He who praises you for what you have not, wishes to take from you what you have."[5]

This last axiom is deduced from the well-known fable

[1] Si algun bien fizieres, que chico assaz fuere,
Fazlo granado; que el bien nunca muere.

[2] Quien te conseja encobrir de tus amigos,
Engañar te quiere assaz, y sin testigos.

[3] No aventures mucho tu riqueza
Por consejo de ome que ha pobreza.

[4] Quien bien see, non se lieve.

[5] Quien te alabare con lo que non has en ti,
Sabe, que quiere relever lo que has de ti

of the fox and the raven. It is curious to observe the resemblance between the unconscious artless simplicity with which Don Juan Manuel relates his fable, and the finely-studied simplicity with which the elegant La Fontaine tells the same story. Who would expect to find in an old Spanish book of the fourteenth century, the same knowledge of the world and mankind as distinguished the refined age of Louis XIV.?[1]

This work appears to have been preserved without alteration, as it was originally written. It is only occa-

[1] As this work is as scarce as it is curious, to extract the whole of the first tale may perhaps be agreeable to the reader.

"Fablava un dia el Conde Lucanor con Patronio su Consejero, en esta manera. Patronio, vos sabedes que yo soy muy caçador, y he fecho muchas caças nuevas, que nunca fizo otro ome, y aun he fecho y añadido en los capillos y en las piguelas algunas cosas muy aprovechosas, que nunca fueron fechas, y aora los que quieren dezir mal de mi fablan en escarnio en alguna manera, y quando loan al Cid Ruydias, o al Conde Ferrand Gonzalez, de quantas lides que fizieron, o al santo y bienaventurado Rey don Ferrando, quantas buenas conquistas fizo, loan a mi, diziendo que fiz muy buen fecho, porque añadi aquello en los capillos y en las piguelas. Y porque yo entiendo, que este alabamiento mas se me torna en denuesto, que en alabamiento, ruego vos que me aconsejedes en que manera faré, porque no me escarnezcan por la buena obra que fiz. Señor Conde, dixo Patronio, para que vos sepades lo que vos cumple de fazer en esto, plazeme ya que sopiessedes lo que contescio a un moro, que fue Rey de Cordova. El Conde la preguntó como fuera aquello; Patronio le dixo assi.

"Huvo en Cordova un Rey Moro, que huvo nombre Alhaquime, y como quier que mantenia bien assaz su Reyno, no se trabajó de fazer otra cosa honrada, nin de gran fama, de las que suelen y deven fazer los Reyes. Ca non tan solamente son los Reyes tenudos de guardar sus Reynos, mas los que buenos quierer ser, conviene que tales obras fagan, porque con derecho acrecienten sus Reynos, y fagan en guisa, que en su vida sean muy mas loados de las gentes, y despues de su muerte finqueen buenas fazañas de las obras que ellos ovieren fecho. E este Rey non se trabajava de esto, si non de comer, y de folgar, y de estar en su casa vicioso; y acaescio, que estando un dia que tañian ante el un estormento de que se pagavan mucho los moros, que há nombre Albogon, e el Rey paro mientes, y entendio que non fazia tan buen son como era menester, y tomó el Albogon, y añadio en el un forado a la parte de yuso, en derecho de los otros forados, y dende en adelante fazia el Albogon muy mejor son que fasta entonces fazia. E comoquiera que aquello era bien fecho para en aquella cosa, pero que non era tan gran fecho como convenia de fazer al Rey. E las gentes en manera de escarnio començaron a loar aquel fecho, y dezian quando llamavan a alguno en Arabigo, *Vahedezut Alhaquime*, que quiere dezir: este es el añadimiento del Rey Alhaquime. Esta palabra fue sonada

sionally that the difference of the language in single words[1] betrays the officious industry of some transcriber. In a short preface, the author gives a candid explanation of the object of this collection of tales.

Don Juan Manuel was also the author of a Chronicle (*Chronica de España*); the Book of the Sages (*Libro de los Sabios*); a Book of Chivalry (*Libro del Caballero*); and several other works in prose of a similar nature.[2] It appears that these works are now lost, though they were preserved in manuscript in the sixteenth century. A col-

tanto por la tierra, fasta que lo ovo de oir el Rey, y preguntò, porque dezian las gentes aqueste palabra. E comoquier que ge lo quisieran negar y encubrir, tanto los afincó, que ge lo ovieron a dezir. E desque esto oyó tomó ende gran peçar, pero como era muy buen Rey, non quiso fazer mal a los que dezian aquesta palabra, mas puso en su coraçon de facer otro añadimiento, de que por fuerza oviessen las gentes a loar el su fecho. E entonce porque la su mezquita de Cordova non era acabada, añadio en ella aquel Rey toda la labor que hi menguava, y acabola. Y esto fue la mejor, y mas complida, y mas noble mesquita que los moros avian en España. E loado Dios es agora Iglesia, y llamanla Santa Maria de Cordova, y ofresciola el santo Rey don Fernando a Santa Maria quando ganó a Cordova de los Moros. E desque aquel Rey ovo acabado la mesquita, y fecho aquel tan buen añadimiento, dixo, que pues fasta entonces lo avian a escarnio, retrayendole del añadimiento que fiziera en el Albogon, que tenia que de alli adelante le avrian a loar con razon del añadimiento que fiziera en la mezquita de Cordova, y fue despues muy loado: y el loamiento que fasta entonces le fazian escarnesciendole, fincò despues por loa, y oy dia dizen los Moros quando quieren loar algun buen hecho:—Este es el añadimiento del Rey Alhaquime. E vos, Señor Conde, si tomades pesar, o cuidades que vos loan por escarnescer del añadimiento, que fezistes, en los capillos, y en las piguelas, y en las otras cosas de caça que vos fezistes, guisad de fazer algunos fechos granados e nobles que les pertenesce de facer a los grandes omes. E por fuerça las gentes avran de loar los vuestros buenos fechos, assi como loan aora por escarnio en el añadimiento que fezistes de la caça. E el Conde tovo este por buen consejo y fizolo assi, e fallose dello muy bien. E porque don Juan entendio que esta era buen exemplo, fizolo escrivir en este libro, y fizo estos versos, que dizen assi:

"Si algun bien fizieres, que chico asaz fuere,
Fazlo granado, que el bien nunca muere."

[1] Thus in the first stories the old word *ome* stands for *hombre*, but in those towards the end of the collection it is changed to *hombre*.

[2] Argote y Molina enumerates the prose works of Don Juan in the before-mentioned biography. He notices the poems in an appendix to his edition of *El Conde Lucanor*, entitled *Discurso sobre la poesia Española*. Though the appendix occupies only a few pages, it contains many interesting observations.

lection of Don Juan Manuel's poems also existed at that time, according to the express testimony of Argote y Molina, who published *El Conde Lucanor* in the sixteenth century, and intended likewise to publish the poems. He calls them coplas; and they certainly were not alexandrines. After this testimony, it can scarcely be doubted that some of the romances and songs attributed, in the *Cancionero general*, to a Don Juan Manuel, have that prince for their author.[1] But if such be the fact, then

[1] The following romance, which is inserted without interpunctuation, as it appears in the original, may serve for a specimen of those to which the name of Don Juan Manuel is attached. It is certainly not the worst of its kind; and must have found its way by some lucky accident into the *Cancionero general*, which contains scarcely any narrative romances. It is also found in another *Cancionero de Romances*, under the title of *Romance de Don Juan Manuel.*

Gritando va el cavallero
publicando su gran mal
vestidas ropas de luto
aforrados en sayal
por los montes sin camino
con dolor y sospirar
llorando a pie descalço
jurando de no tornar
adonde viesse mugeres
por nunca se consolar
con otro nuevo cuydado
que le hiziesse olvidar
la memoria de sua amiga
que murio sin la gozar
va buscar las tierras solas
para en ellas habitar
en una montaña espesa
no cercana de lugar
hizo casa de tristura
qu'es dolor de la nombrar
d'una madera amarilla
que llaman desesperar
paredes de canto negro
y tambien negra la cal
las tejas puso leonadas
sobre tablas de besar
el suelo hizo de plomo
porque es pardillo metal
las puertas chapadas dello
por su trabajo mostrar
y sembro por cima el suelo

how many of the similar romances still preserved may, considering the greater antiquity of their form, be yet more ancient!

SATIRICAL POEM OF JUAN RUIZ, ARCH-PRIEST OF HITA.

Don Juan Manuel had for his contemporary the author of an allegorical satire, written in Castilian alexandrines, or in a kind of verse which may be called doggerel. The result of the researches of the Spanish critics ascribes this very singular work to Juan Ruiz, arch-priest of Hita, in

secas hojas deparral
cado no se esperan bienes
esperança no ha destar
en aquesta casa escura
que hizo para penar
haze mas estrecha vida
que los frayles del paular
que duermen sobre sarmientos
y aquellos son su maniar
lo que llora es lo que beve
aquello torna a llorar
no mas d'una vez al dia
por mas se debilitar
del color de la madera
mando una pared pintar
un dosel de blanca seda
en alla mando parar
y de muy blanco alabastro
hizo labrar un altar
con canfora betunado
de raso blanco el frontal
puso el bulto de su amiga
en el para le adorar
el cuerpo de plata fina
el rostro era de cristal
un brial vestido blanco
de damasco singular
mongil de blanco brocado
forrado en blanco cendal
sembrado de lunas llenas
señal de casta final
en la cabeça le puso
una corona real
guarnecida de castañas
cogidas del castañal
lo que dize la castaña

Castile.[1] This writer evidently possessed a lively imagination. He has personified, with great drollery, Lent, the Carnival, and Breakfast, under the titles of *Doña Quaresma*, *Don Carnal*, and *Don Almuerzo;* and these and other personages are placed in a very edifying connexion with *Don Amor*. The object of the satire is thus appa-

---

es cosa muy de notar
las cinco letras primeras
el nombre de la sin par
murio de veynte y dos años
por mas lastima dexar
la su gentil hermosura
quien quel sepa loar
qu'es mayor que la tristura
del que la mando pintar
en lo qu' el passa su vida
es en la siempre mirar
cerro la puerta al plazer
abrio la puerta al pesar
abrio la para quedarse
pero no para tornar.

All the songs attributed to Don Juan Manuel in the *Cancionera* have a form and structure, which render it probable that they belong to the age in which *El Conde Lucanor* was written; one, for example, begins thus:

Quien por bien servir alcanza
Vivir triste y desamado,
Este tal
Deve tener confianza,
Que le traera este cuydado
A mayor mal.

Another, which belongs to the class called *Villancicos*, possesses more poetical merit. It commences thus:—

Muerto es ya, muerto, Señora,
El triste que en ley de Amor
Era vuestro servitor.
  La muerte pudo matalle,
Pues le distes ocasion,
Pero no pudo quitalle
De teneros aficion.
O pena sin redencion,
Que pena el triste amador
En los infiernos de Amor.

[1] Sarmiento only briefly notices Juan Ruiz, and Nicolas Antonio has entirely overlooked him. But Velasquez gives a long extract from his work.

rent, but the execution is as unskilful as the language is rude. Only a part of the work has been preserved.[1]

He, however, who has to record the development of true poetic genius, must hasten from this and other examples of monastic humour and rugged versification, in order to speak with something like historical precision of the romances and other lyric compositions which form the real commencement of Spanish poetry.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH POETIC ROMANCES AND SONGS—RISE OF THE PROSE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY — ORIGINAL RELATIONSHIP OF POETIC AND PROSE ROMANCES.

The history of the Spanish romances and songs, the unknown authors of which live only in their verses, begins to acquire some degree of certainty about the latter half of the fourteenth century.[2] In the absence, however, of that particular information which would be desirable, it becomes necessary to take a view of the tone of thinking of the Spaniards of that age, so as to connect a general idea of their literary culture with those scattered notices which must supply the place of a more systematic account. It will here be recollected that the cultivation of Spanish literature received at its commencement a national poetic impulse. In constant conflict with the Moors, and acquainted with oriental manners and compositions, the Spaniards felt the proper distinction between poetry and

[1] As a specimen by which justice will be rendered to the author, it may be sufficient to quote the following passage, which is printed by Velasquez. Don Amor says:—

> Entrada de quaresma vinme para Toledo;
> Cuide estar vicioso, plasentero e ledo.
> Falle y gran santidad, e fisome estar quedo.
> Pocos me recibieron, nin me ficieron del dedo.
> Estaba en un palacio pintado de Almagra.
> Vino a me mucho Dueña de mucho ayuno magra
> Con muchos paternostres e con oracion agria, &c.

[2] The celebrated letter of the Marquis de Santillana, which must be more particularly noticed hereafter, contributes its part in illustrating the history of this period. Much, however, is not to be learned from the letter itself. The commentary on it by Sanchez, in the first volume of the before mentioned *Coleccion*, is far more instructive.

prose less readily than that distinction was perceived by any other people on the first attempt to give a determinate form to their literature. Popular songs of every kind were probably indigenous in the Peninsula. The patriotic Spaniards, like many other ancient nations, were fond of preserving the memory of remarkable events in ballads. They also began, at a very early period, to consider it of importance to record public transactions in prose. The example of their learned king, Alphonso X., who caused a collection of old national chronicles to be made, gave birth to many similar compilations of the history of the country. But historical criticism, and the historical art, were then equally unknown. As the giving to an accredited fact a poetical dress, in a song fit to be sung to a guitar, was not thought inconsistent with the spirit of genuine national history, still less could the narration of a fictitious story as a real event in history seem hostile to the spirit of poetry. Thus the *historical romance* in verse, and the *chivalric romance* in prose, derived their origin from the blending of the limits of epic and historical composition. The history of the Spanish poetical romance is therefore intimately interwoven with the history of the prose chivalric romance.

Whoever may have been the author of *Amadis de Gaul*, his genius lives in his invention. That work soon obscured, even in France, all the other histories of knights-errant written in Latin or French, by many of which it had been preceded. From the very careful researches of various Spanish and Portuguese writers, it appears that the name of the real author of the first or genuine Amadis was Vasco Lobeira, or, according to the Spanish orthography and pronunciation, Lobera, a native of Portugal, who flourished about the end of the thirteenth century, and lived to 1325. But it is probable that, before the period at which the work obtained its highest celebrity both in Spain and France, it had passed through the hands of several emendators, and it is therefore impossible to know how much of the book, as it now exists, belongs to the original author, and how far it is indebted to the labours of Spanish or French editors.[1] From these cir-

[1] Whoever wishes to become acquainted with the controversies on the early literature of knight-errantry, should resort to Nicolas Antonio, and

cumstances too, it appears that the work could scarcely be generally known in Spain before the middle of the fourteenth century; and its influence on the national literature must, on that account, have been the greater; for it would be operating with all the force of novelty, precisely at the time when the poetic genius of the nation was rising into youthful vigour. What other book could have produced an effect so fascinating on the minds of the Spanish nobles, as Amadis de Gaul? Its monstrous perversions of history and geography did not disturb the illusion of readers who knew little or nothing of either of those subjects. The prolixity of the narrative gave as little offence as the stiff formality of the style. Indeed, the virtues of Gothic chivalry appear more pure as they shine through the formal stateliness of the narration. The author has borrowed nothing from the Arabian tale-tellers, except the attraction of fairy machinery. This was, however, a powerful charm, and it gave an epic colouring to the Amadis, which, joined to the pathetic descriptions of romantic heroism, produced an influence over the imagination and feelings of the age which no former work had possessed. The moral character of the plan and execution is strangely blended with a peculiar kind of delicately veiled licence, which appears to have very well accorded with the spirit of Spanish chivalry. While the gentle knights, amidst innumerable adventures of love and heroism, observe as the chief law of chivalry the most inviolable fidelity in all situations to females as well as to men, they and the ladies with whom they have pledged their faith, by a secret betrothing, live together without scruple before marriage, as husband and wife. But a picture, so true and glowing, of the noblest heroic feelings and the most unshaken fidelity,—circumscribing with no anxious care the boundaries of love's dominion, yet admitting no offensively indecorous or immoral trait,—displaying the enthusiastic flights of an imagination often exalted beyond nature, but redeemed by an ingenuous

compare what he says with Eichhorn's learned view of the subject, including the necessary references, in his *Allg. Gesch. der Cult. u. Litt.*, theil i. p. 136, &c. Nunez de Liaõ, in his *Origem da Lingoa Portugueza*, also mentions Lobeira as the author of *Amadis de Gaul.*

simplicity of description with which even a refined taste must be delighted,—well deserved at the time of its appearance that favour which it continued for ages to enjoy. It is obvious that more of Spanish than of French features enter into the character of the chivalry exhibited in this work. The romantic self-torment of Amadis on the *Peña pobre* (barren rock) is one of the striking Spanish traits. Even the name Beltenebros, given on this occasion by a pious hermit to the disconsolate knight, contributes to prove that the work is not of French origin; for the French paraphrastic translation, *Le beau tenebreux*, is not only in itself very insipid, but poor Amadis appears quite ridiculous when made to pronounce it from his own mouth as his name.[1]

When the Amadis, after being widely circulated, became the object of numerous imitations, the particular account of which may be left to the explorers of literary curiosities, it was no longer possible for the prose romance of knight-errantry and the ballad romance to disown their relationship. At that period the romance poetry obtained a consideration which it had not previously enjoyed. Songs formerly disregarded were now carefully noted down. Those poetic romances, the materials for which are taken from histories of knights-errant, are among the oldest of the Spanish ballads preserved in the ancient language and form. Some are imitations from the Spanish Amadis, others are translations from the French; and it may here be observed, that the Spaniards and the French possessed at this period a body of romantic literature, which was throughout its whole extent nearly the same to both countries. With the old poetic romances, derived

[1] The merit of the Amadis was not overlooked by Cervantes. In the judgment passed on Don Quixote's library, the curate wishes to condemn this work first of all to the flames, because, being the parent of all the books of knight-errantry in Spain, it was therefore the great cause of Don Quixote's malady: but the barber, or rather Cervantes, speaking in that character, says, "No, friend; for I have heard it remarked that the Amadis is the *best book* of the kind ever written; it ought therefore to be spared as a *peculiar specimen* of art." Whoever may be desirous of making the Amadis re-appear in a state capable of being relished in the present times, must, above all things, take care to preserve the ingenuous simplicity of the style, or the work will be wholly disfigured.

from books of chivalry, are closely connected the most ancient of the historical ballads founded on the history of the country. The latter, it may be presumed, soon transfused their national tone and character into the former. But it was not until after they had given to each other reciprocal support, that the historical romance found a place in Spanish literature. Subsequently, they mutually declined from the height of their common celebrity, and finally sunk again into the obscurity attached to pieces of mere popular recreation. In this way, however, they have retained an oral currency among the common people down to the present age. Spanish critics notice them briefly, as if afraid of depreciating the dignity of their literature by dwelling on the antiquated and homely effusions of the poetic genius of their unlettered ancestors. But a people free from this prejudice, capable of admiring simple and natural, as well as learned and artificial poetry, and who set little or no value on the latter, when it entirely separates itself from the former, will be disposed to render justice more impartially to the old Spanish romances.[1]

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF POETIC ROMANCE.

The romances composed on subjects derived from the fictions of chivalry, which have been preserved in the collections, differ in the old forms of the language, and in the primitive mode of repeating a single rhyme, often a mere assonance, from the romances of a later date, though even these have long since been called old. Amadis de Gaul appears to have contributed very little to this kind of

[1] The titles of all the collections of romances need not be given here. A considerable part of them may be found in Velasquez, with additions by Dieze, (p. 442, &c.) and Blankenburg's *Zusatzen zu Sulzer's Worterbuche*. I have before me several collections, which contain some of the oldest romances I am acquainted with. The best of these collections is entitled: *Cancionero de Romances, en que estan recopilados la mayor parte de los Romances Castellanos, que hasta agora se han compuesto.* Nuevamente corregido *y añadido en muchos partes.* Anveres, 1555, 8vo. In the well known *Romancero general*, none of the pieces which derive their materials from knight-errantry romances are to be found.

ballad.[1] The greater number and the longest of the romances are taken from the fabulous adventures of Charlemagne and his Paladins. In them we again meet with the twelve peers of France, who figure in the poems of Boyardo and Ariosto, with the addition of Don Gayferos, the Moor Calaynos, and other poetic characters, to whom the Spanish public were the more ready to grant an historical existence, inasmuch as the chivalric history of Charlemagne's Paladins (who are represented to have fought like the Spaniards against the Moors) was held in great respect as a supplemental part of Spanish national history. In progress of time, however, the romance of the Moor Calaynos gave rise to a proverb, employed to denote

[1] The following romance, derived from that work, gives an artless description of the sufferings of Amadis on the barren rock.—

En la selva esta Amadis
el *leal enamorado*
tal vida estava haziendo
qual nunca hizo Christiano
cilicio trae vestido
a sus carnes apretado
con diciplinas destruye
su cuerpo muy delicado
llagado de las heridas
y en su señora pensando
no se conoce en su gesto
segun lo trae delgado
de ayunos y d' abstinencias
andava debilitado
la barva trae crecida
deste mundo se ha apartado
las rodillas tiene en tierra
y en su coraçon echado
con gran humildad os pide
perdon si avia errado
al alto dios poderoso
por testigo ha publicado
y acordado se le avia
del amor suyo passado
que assi le derribo
de su sentido y estado
con estas grandes passiones
amortecido ha quedado
el mas leal amador
que en el mundo fue hallado.

verses in an old exploded and vulgar style.[1] The ballad of the *Conde Alarcos*, who with his own hands strangled his lady in satisfaction to the honour, and in obedience to the commands of his king, appears to have had its origin in some romantic work of chivalry. This and two other romances which relate how the youthful Don Gayferos avenged the death of his father, are among the best to which knight-errantry has given birth; though, in the remaining specimens of this kind of ballad, the poetic genius of the age occasionally displays itself in all its energetic simplicity. The authors of these romances paid little regard to ingenuity of invention, and still less to correctness of execution. When an impressive story of poetical character was found, the subject and the interest belonging to it were seized with so much truth and feeling, that the parts of the little piece, the brief labour of untutored art, linked themselves together as it were spontaneously, and the imagination of the bard had no higher office than to give to the situations a suitable colouring and effect. This task was performed without study or effort, and the situations painted more or less successfully, according to the inspiration, good or bad, of the moment. These antique racy effusions of a fertile poetic imagination, scarcely conscious of its own productive power, are nature's genuine offspring. To recount their easily recognised defects and faults is as superfluous, as it would be impossible, by any critical study, to imitate a single trait of the noble simplicity which constitutes their highest charm.[2]

[1] According to Sarmiento (p. 228), it is usual to say, *Este no vale las coplas de Calainos.* But it is not therefore to be inferred that the ancient romance of that name is the worst of its kind.

[2] It will be sufficient to cite, in support of this opinion, the romance of the *Conde Alarcos*, which is, besides, distinguished from most of the other romances by greater richness of composition. It opens in a very simple manner with a description of the sorrow of the Infanta Solesa, who, after being secretly betrothed to count Alarcos, has been abandoned by him.

Retraida està la Infanta
Bien assi como salia,
Viviendo muy descontènta
De la vida que tenia,

The simplicity of the old historical romances is still more remarkable. They form altogether a mere collection of anecdotes of Spanish history, from the invasion of the Moors to the period when the authors of the romances flourished. Neither the materials nor the interest of the situations owe anything to the invention of those simple bards. They never ventured to embellish with fictitious circumstances, stories which were in themselves interesting, lest they should deprive their ballads of historical

> Vienda ya que se pasava
> Toda la flor de su vida.

At length, after count Alarcos has been long married, the forsaken princess discloses her seduction to her father. This scene is strongly painted, but not overcharged: the king is transported by rage and indignation; his honour appears to him so wounded, that nothing but the *death of the countess can be a sufficient satisfaction.* He has an interview with the count, addresses him courteously, represents the case to him with chivalrous dignity as a point of justice and honour, and concludes by categorically demanding the death of his lady. Thus the development of the story commences in a manner which, though most singular, is perhaps not unnatural, when the ideas of the age to which the composition belongs are considered. The count conceives himself bound, as a man of honour, to give the king the satisfaction he desires. He promises to comply with his demand, and proceeds on his way home. There is a touching simplicity in the picture which is here drawn:—

> Llorando se parte el Conde,
> Llorando, sin alegria,
> Llorando a la Condessa,
> Que mas que a si la queria.
> Lloraba tambien el Conde
> Por tres hijos que tenia,
> El uno era de teta,
> Que la Condessa lo cria,
> Que no queria mamar,
> De tres amas, que tenia,
> Sino era de su madre.

The pathetic interest now rises gradually to the highest pitch of tragic horror. The countess, who receives her husband with the wonted marks of affection, in vain inquires the cause of his melancholy. He sits down to supper with his family, and again we have a situation painted with genuine feeling, though with little art:—

> Sentose el Conde a la mesa,
> No cenava, ni podia,
> Con sus hijos al costado,
> Que muy mucho los queria.

credit. In the historical romances, the story displays none of those entanglements and developments which distinguish some of the longer romances of chivalry. They are simple pictures of single situations. The poetic representation of the details which give effect to the situation, is almost the only merit belonging to the narrators, and they employed no critical study to obtain it. In this way were thousands of these romances composed, and they are partly preserved, partly forgotten, without one of their authors

---

> Echo se sobre los hombros,
> Hizo, como se dormia,
> De lagrimas de sus ojos
> Toda la mesa cubria.

The apparent fatigue of the count induces the countess to accompany him to his apartment. When they enter, the count fastens the door, relates what has passed, and desires his lady to prepare for death.

> De morir aveis, Condessa,
> Antes que amenesca el dia.

She begs him to spare her only for her children's sake. The count desires her to embrace for the last time the youngest, whom she has brought with her into the room asleep in her arms.

> Abrazad este chiquito,
> Que aquesto es el que os perdia.
> Beso me de vos, Condessa,
> Quanto pesar me podia.

She submits to her hard fate, and only asks for time to say an *ave maria*. The count desires her to be quick. She falls on her knees, and pours forth a brief but fervent prayer; she then requests a few moments more delay, that she may once more give suck to her infant son. What modern poet would have thought of introducing so exquisite a touch of nature? The count forbids her to wake the child. The unfortunate lady forgives her husband, but predicts that, within thirty days, the king and his daughter will be summoned before the tribunal of the Almighty. The count strangles her.

> Echole por la garganta
> Una toca que tenia,
> Apreto con los dos manos,
> Con la fuerza que podia.
> No le afloxo la garganta,
> Mentre que vida tenia.

In the conclusion, the fulfilment of the unfortunate countess's prophecy is briefly related. On the twelfth day the princess died, on the twentieth the king, and on the thirtieth the count himself expired.

acquiring the reputation of a great poet. It was regarded rather as an instance of good fortune than a proof of talent, when the author of a romance was particularly successful in painting an interesting situation. In general, the efforts of these writers did not carry them beyond mediocrity, but mediocrity was not discouraged, for it depended entirely on accident, or, perhaps, some secondary causes, whether a romance became popular or sunk into oblivion. It would require a separate treatise to discuss in a satisfactory manner, the degree of merit belonging to these national ballads, the immense number of which defies calculation. Many little, and upon the whole, very unimportant specimens are still worthy of preservation, on account of some one single trait which each exhibits. Others, on the contrary, excite attention by the happy combination of a number of traits in themselves minute, and of little value. A third class, again, is distinguished by a sonorous rhythm not to be found in the rest. Unfortunately, no literary critic has yet taken the trouble to arrange these pieces in anything like chronological order. Until this be done, it cannot be discovered how the historical romance gradually advanced from its original rudeness to the degree of relative beauty it ultimately attained. It could not, however, rise to classic perfection, as that kind of composition never acquired the rank or consideration of classic poetry in Spain.

Among the most ancient historical romances are several, the subjects of which have been taken from the earliest periods of Spanish history, anterior to the age of the Cid. Like the romances derived from the prose works of chivalry, they have only a single rhyme which interchanges with blank verse, and which is frequently lost in a simple assonance.[1] The romances of the Cid, of which more than a hundred still exist, are either of a more recent date, or have, at least, been in a great measure modernized.[2] In some, a series of regularly arranged assonances may be

[1] Those in the *Cancionero de Romances* are of this kind. (See p. 22.)

[2] Sarmiento counted one hundred and two romances relative to the Cid, in one collection. Only some of them are inserted in the *Romancero general*, interspersed among others.

perceived.[1] Others are divided into stanzas, with a burden

[1] In the following romance, for instance, the assonance is very skilfully managed.

Fizo hazer al Rey Alfonso
el Cid un solene juro,
delante de muchos Grandes,
que se hallaron en Burgos.
Mandò que con el viniessen
doze cavalleros juntos,
para que con el jurassen,
cada qual uno por uno.
Por la muerte de su Rey,
que le mataron seguro,
en el cerco de Zamora,
a traycion junto del muro.
Y quando en el templo santo
estuvieron todos juntos
levantose de su escaño,
y el Cid aquesto propuso.
Por aquesta santa casa
donde estamos en de ayuso,
que fabledes la verdad,
de aquesto que aqui os pregunto
Si fuystes vos Rey la causa,
o de los vuestros alguno,
en la muerte de don Sancho
tengays la muerte que tuvo!
Todos responden Amen,
mas el Rey quedò confuso,
pero por cumplir el voto,
respondio, lo mismo juro.
Y con la rodilla en tierra
por fazer su cortes uso,
el Cid delante del Rey,
assi le fablò sañudo.
Si ayer no os besa la mano,
sabed Rey que non me plugo,
y si aora os la besare
sera de mi grado, y gusto.
Aquesto que aqui he fablado
no ha fecho agravio a ninguno,
porque lo devo a don Sancho
como buen vassallo suyo.
Pero sino lo fiziera
que dara yo por injusto,
y no por buen cavallero,
me tuvieran en el mundo.
Y si ha parecido mal
a los de vuesso consulto,
en el campo los aguardo,
con mi espada, y lança en puño

repeated at the close of each.[1] In the greater part, however, the rhyme almost wholly disappears, and only an accidental assonance occasionally occurs. This form also prevails in most of the romances founded on the history of the Moors. Their number is very great; possibly they are more numerous than those derived from events of Spanish history; and this abundance might well excite as much astonishment in the critic as it has given offence to

[1] Of this kind is the following romance, in which the Cid takes leave of Ximena. It is obviously one of the more modern.

> Al arma, al arma sonavan
> los pifaros y atambores,
> guerra, fuego, sangre dizen
> sus espantosos clamores:
> el Cid apresta su gente,
> todos se ponen en orden
> quando llorosa y humilde,
> le dize Ximena Gomez:
> Rey de mi alma, y desta tierra Conde,
> porque me dexas? donde vas, a donde?
>
> Que si eres Marte en la guerra,
> eres Apolo en la Corte,
> donde matas bellas damas,
> como alla Moros feroces.
> Ante tus ojos se postran,
> y de rodillas se ponen
> los Reyes Moros, y hijas,
> de Reyes Christianos nobles,
> Rey de mi alma, &c.
>
> Ya truecan todos los guerras,
> por luzidos morriones,
> por arneses de Milan,
> los blandos pechos de Londres,
> las calças por duras grevas,
> por mallas guantes de flores;
> mas nos otros trocaremos
> las almas y coraçones.
> Rey de mi alma, &c.
>
> Viendo las duras querellas,
> de su querida consorte,
> no puede sufrir el Cid,
> que no la consuele y llore.
> Enxugad señora, dize,
> los ojos hasta que torne:
> ella mirando los suyos,
> supena publica a vozes.
> Rey de mi alma, &c.

some orthodox Spaniards.[1] But even the Spaniards of old Castilian origin found a certain poetic charm in the oriental manners of the Moors. On the other hand, the European chivalry, in so far as it was adopted by the Moors, became more imposing from its union with oriental luxury, which favoured the display of splendid armour, waving plumes; and emblematical ornaments of every kind. The Moorish principalities or kingdoms were even more agitated by internal troubles and acts of violence than the Christian states; and in the former, particularly, when different races powerfully opposed each other, the lives of celebrated warriors were most fertile in interesting anecdotes. The Christian warriors, it also appears, had sufficient generosity to allow justice to be done, at least to the distinguished leaders of their enemies, who are described in an old romance as *gentlemen, though infidels.*[2] Besides, all these romances, whether of Moorish or Spanish history, whether more ancient or more modern, present nearly the same unsophisticated character and the same artless style of composition. The subject is generally founded on a single fact. Thus, for example, Roderick, or Don Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, before the Moorish invasion, takes flight after his total overthrow, and bewails his own and his country's fate. This was sufficient for a romance.[3] The Cid returns victorious

[1] A zealous orthodox author speaks with much warmth on this subject in a romance which commences, "Tanta Zayda, y Adalifa." Among other things he says:

> Renegaron a su ley
> Los romancistes de España,
> Y ofrecieron a Mahoma
> Los primicios de sus gracias.

[2] Caballeros Granadinos,
> Aunque moros, hijos d'álgo.

[3] Las huestes de don Rodrigo
> desmayavan y huyan,
> quando en la octava batalla
> sus enemigos vencian,
> Rodrigo dexa sus tierras
> y del real se salia,
> solo va el desventurado
> que non lleva compañia
> el cavallo de cansado

from his exile, alights from his horse before a church, and delivers a short energetic soliloquy; this again forms the

> ndar no se podia,
> camina por donde quiere
> que no le estorva la via
> el rey va tan desmayado
> que sentido no tenía,
> muerto va de sed y hambre
> que de vella era manzilla
> yva tan tinto de sangre
> que una brasa parecia
> las armas lleva abolladas
> que eran de gran pedreria,
> la espada lleva hecha sierra
> de los golpes que tenia.
> el almete de abollado
> en la cabeça se hundia
> la cara llevava hinchada
> del trabajo que sufria,
> subiose encima de un cerro
> al mas alto que veya,
> dende alli mira su gente
> como yva de vencida
> d'alli mira sus vanderas
> y estandartes que tenia,
> como estan todos pisados
> que la tierra los cubria,
> mira por los capitanes
> que ninguno parescia,
> mira el campo tinto en sangre
> la qual arroyos corria
> el triste de ver aquesto
> gran manzilla en si tenia
> llorando de los sus ojos
> desta manera dezia,
> Ayer era Rey d'España
> oy no lo soy de una villa,
> ayer villas y castillos
> oy ninguno posseya,
> ayer tenia criados
> y gente que me servia
> oy no tengo una almena
> que pueda dezir que es mia,
> desdichada fue la hora
> desdichado fue aquel dia
> en que naci y herede
> la tan grande señoria
> pues lo avia de perder
> todo junto y en un dia

whole subject of a romance.[1] In others, with equal simplicity of story, the king joins the hands of the Cid and

o muerte porque no vienes,
y llevas esta alma mia
de aqueste cuerpo mezquino
pues se te agradeceria?

[1] This is one of the best compositions of the kind.

Vitorioso buelve el Cid
a san Pedro de Cadeña,
de las guerras que ha tenido
con los Moros de Valencia.
Las trompetas van sonando,
por dar aviso que llega,
y entre todos se señalan
los relinchos de Babieca
El Abad, y monjes salen
a recebirlo a la puerta,
dando alabanças a Dios,
y al Cid mil enorabuenas.
Apeose del calvallo,
y antes de entrar en la Iglesia,
tomó el pendon en sus manos,
y dize desta manera.
Sali de ti templo santo
desterrado de mi tierra,
mas ya buelvo a visitarte
acogido en las agenas.
Desterrome el Rey Alphonso,
porque alla en Santagadea
le tome el juramento
con mas rigor que el quisiera.
Las leyes eran del pueblo,
que no excedi un punto dellas,
pues como leal vassallo
saque a mi rey desospecha.
O embidiosos Castellanos,
quan mal pagays la defensa
que tuvistes en mi espada,
ensanchando vuestra cerca.
Veys aqui os traygo ganado
otro reyno, y mil fronteras,
que os quiero dar tierras mas
aunque me echeys de las vuestras.
Pudiera dezirlo a estraños,
mas para cosas tan feas
soy Rodrigo de Bivar
Castellano a las derechas.

The concluding line:—*Castellano a las derechas*, (the Castilian as he ought to be,) is a description of the Cid, which was well adapted to produce an impression on the hearts of the people to whom it was addressed.

Ximena, invests him with fiefs of castles and territories, the names of which are all recorded, and thus makes preparation for the marriage of the lovers —The Cid lays aside his armour and puts on his wedding garments, which are minutely described from the hat to the boots.—At a tournament, the Moorish knight Ganzul enters the lists on a fiery steed; the beautiful Zayda, who has been unfaithful to him, once more yields up her heart to her lover and confesses to the Moorish ladies who surround her the emotion which she experiences.[1] — The Moorish hero Abenzulema, who has filled the prisons with Christian knights,[2] being exiled by his jealous prince, takes leave of his beloved Balaja.[3] Such is the nature of a countless

[1] The following is the commencement of this romance:—

De los trofeos de amor
ya coronadas sus sienes,
muy gallardo entra Ganzul
a jugar cañas a Gelves,
en un hovero furioso,
que el ayre en su curso excede,
y en su pujança y rigor
un leve freno detiene.
La librea de los pajes
es roxa, morada, y verde,
divisa cierta y colores
de la que en su alma tiene:
todos con lanças leonadas
en corredores ginetes,
adornados de penachos,
y de costosos jaezes:
el mismo se trae la adarga,
en quien un fenix parece,
que en vivas llamas se abrasa,
y en ceniza se resuelve;
la letra si bien me acuerdo,
dize: Es inconveniente
poderse dissimular
el fuego que amor enciende, &c.

[2] El que poblò las masmorras
De Christianos Caballeros.

[3] The subjoined passage forms the latter part of this romance.

La hermosissima Balaja,
que llorosa en su aposento
las sinrazones del Rey
le pagavan sus cabellos
como tanto estruendo oyò

number of these ballads. In general, the ornaments of the armour, and the device of the knight, which must harmonize with these ornaments, are minutely described. Were an artist of genius to study these interesting situations, he would open to himself a new field for historical painting.

There is a kind of mythological romance in which the heroes of Greece appear in Spanish costume, which may be regarded as an imitation of the species already described. The history of the siege of Troy, having been clothed in the garb of a chivalric romance, it followed, as a matter of course, that the Grecian heroes should be exhibited as knights-errant in the poetic romances. It is obvious, on examination, that most of these mythological romances are very old.[1] Even Christianity is made to

a un valcon salio corriendo,
y enmudecida le dixo,
dando vozes con silencio:
Vete en paz, que no vas solo,
y en mi ausencia ten consuelo,
que quien te echo de Xerez,
no te echara de mi pecho:
El con la vista responde,
yo me voy, y no te dexo.
De los agravios de Rey
para tu firmeza a pelo,
Con esto passo la calle,
los ojos atras bolviendo
dos mil vezes: y de Andujar
tomo el camino derecho.

[1] Such, for example, is the following ludicrous description of Hector's funeral.—

En las obsequias de Hector
esta la reyna Troyana
con la linda Policena
y con otras muchas damas
tambien estavan los Griegos
sino Achiles que faltava
que fue a la postre de todos
y en el tempo se assentava
frontero la reyna Elena
que por Hector lamentava
loando su hermosura
con gran cuydado pensava
si Menelao no fuera
rey Griego la conquistara
para casarse con ella

contribute to this kind of composition, and anecdotes from the Bible are related in the favourite romance form; as, for example, the lamentation of King David on the death of his son Absalom.[1]

CASTILIAN POETRY IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES.

In ancient Spanish poetry the strictly lyric romance does not form a different class from the narrative romance. On the contrary, these two kinds are inseparably confounded. In like manner, no essential distinction between what was called a *cancion* (song) and a lyric romance was established either in theory or in practice. A custom prevailed of classing, without distinction, under the general name of romance, any lyric expression of the feelings flowing, in the popular manner, in a string of redondillas, without distinct strophes, and in that respect resembling the greater part of the narrative romances. When, how-

segun era muy loçana
y assí triste y pensativo
no podia echar la habla
quando miro a Policena
en la coraçon le pesara, &c.

[1] Con ravia esta el rey David
rasgando su coraçon
sabiendo que alli en la lid
le mataron a Absalon
cubriose la su cabeça
y subiose a un mirador
con lagrimas de sus ojos
sus canas regadas son
hablando de la su boca
dize esta lamentacion
o fili mi fili mi
o fili mi Absalon
que es de la tu hermosura
tu estremada perficion
los tus cabellos dorados
parecian rayos de sol
tus ojos lindos azules
que jacinta de Sion
o manos que tal hizieron
enemigos de razon, &c.

Any person who in those times was capable of making redondilla verses, must have found it very easy to produce such romances as this.

ever, the composition was divided into little strophes, or coplas, it was usually called a *cancion*, a term employed in nearly the same indeterminate sense as the word *song* in English, or *lied* in German, but not corresponding with the Italian *canzone.* The same name, however, came afterwards to be applied to lyric pieces of greater research and more elevated character, if they were divided into strophes. Compositions in coplas must have been common in Spain about the middle of the fourteenth century; for the traces of their origin lead back to the ancient Spanish custom of accompanying such songs, in the true style of national poetry, with dances. The saraband is one of those old national dances, during the performance of which coplas were sung. Hence there is a Spanish proverb denoting antiquated and trivial poetry; and it is said of verses that "they are not worth as much as the coplas of the saraband," in the same way as the romance of Calainos is quoted proverbially.[1] But many lyric compositions, preserved in the collections of the most ancient of the pieces known by the general name of romances, are probably of older date than those in coplas which appear in the *Cancioneros.* They have, like the older romances, only a single rhyme, alternating with assonances and blank verse; but, independently of this proof, their old language, which corresponds so naturally with the ingenuous simplicity of their character, is sufficient to mark their antiquity.[2]

[1] *No vale las coplas de la Sarabanda*, is a proverb of precisely the same signification as—*No vale las coplas de Calainos*, according to Sarmiento. See the remark, page 37. The two proverbs have probably been confounded, for the romance of Calainos is not in coplas.

[2] The following is one of those pieces which may be regarded as untranslatable :—

Rosafresca Rosafresca
tan garrida y con amor
quando y'os tuve en mis braços
no os sabia servir no
y agora que os serviria
no os puedo yo averno.
Vuestra fue la culpa amigo
vuestra fue que mia no
embiastes me una carta
con un vuestro servidor

The Castilian lyric poetry seems to have begun to confer reputation on those who cultivated it in the latter half of the fourteenth century. The marquis of Santillana, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, relates that his grandfather composed very good songs, and, among others, some, the first lines of which he quotes.[1] According to the statement of the marquis, a Spanish Jew, named Rabbi Santo, celebrated as the author of maxims in verse, flourished about the same time. He also informs us, that during the reign of John I., from 1379 to 1390, Alfonso Gonzales de Castro, and some other poets, were esteemed for their lyric compositions. But all these names, so honoured in their own age, were forgotten in the commencement of the fifteenth century, when, under the reign of John II., there arose a new race of poets, who outshone all their predecessors.

POETICAL COURT OF JOHN II.

Spanish authors make the reign of John II. the commencement of an epoch in their poetry. But though

y en lugar de recaudar
el dixera otra razon
qu' erades casado amigo
alla en tierras de Leon
que teneys muger hermosa
y hijos como una flor.
Quien os lo dixo señora
no os dixera verdad no
que yo nunca entre en Castilla
ni alla en tierras de Leon
sino quando era pequeño
que no sabio de amor.

A piece, which is a companion to the above, commences thus:

Fontefrida, Fontefrida,
Fontefrida, y con amor,
Do todas las avecicas
Van tomar consolacion, &c.

The fiction on which this second song is founded, notwithstanding its native beauty, appears a very absurd fancy to the naturalist, as it describes a nightingale wooing a turtle dove.

[1] "*Fizo assaz buenas* canciones," says the marquis of Santillana, in his antiquated Spanish, speaking of his grandfather. The remaining notices which he gives of the origin of Spanish poetry communicate nothing, in addition to what has been already mentioned, on those points respecting which information is desirable.

some poetic essays of greater magnitude than had previously been undertaken, were then produced, still this period ought really to be regarded only as that in which the ancient poetry received its last improvement, and not as constituting a new era. The old national muse of Castile continued the favourite of many of the grandees of the kingdom, who, in imitation of Alphonso X., were ambitious of uniting the reputation of learning to the fame of their poetry, but who had more true poetic feeling than that monarch. These noble authors thought they could acquire little honour by devoting attention to the composition of romances, properly so called, but preferred distinguishing themselves by imparting to lyric poetry a higher degree of art in its forms, and more ingenuity of invention. As a consequence of this taste, they evinced a partiality for allegory; and ingenious difficulties and subtilties of every kind were the great objects of their labours. Their best works are some compositions in which they seem unconsciously to have allowed nature to speak, and these specimens possess about the same value as the anonymous romances. They brought the dactylic stanzas (*versos de arte mayor*) again into vogue, because such artificial strophes had a more learned air than the easy flowing redondillas. Mythological allusions and moral sentences were, with these authors, the usual substitutes for true poetic dignity. But barbarous as was their taste, nature, which they wished to renounce, sometimes wrought so powerfully within them, that she triumphed over the pedantic refinement to which they had surrendered their understandings—and the graceful facility of the popular manner occasionally peeped out in their writings. In this way the ancient national poetry became amalgamated with works distinguished for laborious efforts of art, and ultimately attained a higher degree of consideration. There resulted, however, no revolution in the literature of Spain; and it cannot be said that the authors of the age of John II. formed an epoch, unless it be for having introduced, with more success than Alphonso X., learning and philosophy into the sphere of poetry, and for having, besides, by their united endeavours, given to the ancient lyric forms of their native language, the improvement which,

consistently with the spirit of the age, they were capable of receiving, and which finally brought them to their highest state of perfection.

But this period of brilliant improvement in the ancient national poetry of Spain is, in another respect, more memorable than the writers on Spanish literature appear to have regarded it. During the whole interval, the Castilian monarchy was convulsed by internal troubles. Even in the last ten years of the fourteenth century, the powerful barons of the kingdom had almost wrested the sceptre from the hands of John I. and Henry III. Under John II., the celebrated patron of poetry, who reigned from 1407 to 1454, the monarchy was more than once menaced with destruction. The grandees sported with the royal prerogatives, and John II. had not sufficient firmness of character to render his authority respected. In the difficult situations in which he was involved, he derived, in a certain measure, his security from his love of literature, which yielded a valuable return for the favours he had bestowed. It won and preserved for him the attachment of many of the most considerable noblemen of the country, who formed around him a poetical court, which was not without its influence on public affairs. It would not be easy to find, in the history of states and of literature, another instance of a similar court, with the members composing it, at once poets, warriors, and statesmen, surrounding and supporting a learned sovereign, in spite of his feebleness of character, during a period of civil commotion. This phenomenon proves the supremacy of the poetic spirit at that time in Spain, since it was not to be subdued even by the spirit of political faction, always adverse to poetry, and at that time particularly powerful.

THE MARQUIS OF VILLENA.

Previously to the period when the poets had rendered the court of John II. the most brilliant society of the age, an eminent nobleman, the marquis Enrique de Villena, was distinguished for his literary efforts. He sought to adorn his erudition with the lyric graces of the Limosin Troubadours, who had then attained their highest and final

celebrity at the court of Arragon; and by uniting learning and poetry, he endeavoured to adapt both to the Castilian taste. He seemed called by birth to the performance of this task; for he was descended on the paternal side from the kings of Arragon, and on the maternal from those of Castile. His reputation for metaphysical and natural knowledge was so great, that he came at last, in that ignorant age, to be regarded as a magician, and on that account he and his books were never mentioned but with horror. His talent for poetic invention, however, won the admiration of many of the poets of the age of John II., and, among others, of the marquis de Santillana and Juan de Mena.

The marquis of Villena was the author of an allegorical drama, which was performed at the court of Arragon in celebration of a marriage, and which may, therefore, be supposed to have been written in the Limosin rather than in the Castilian language. Among the characters stated to have been introduced in this drama, are *Justice*, *Truth*, *Peace*, and *Clemency*.[1] Rhetorical and poetical competitions were instituted at Toulouse, in the year 1324, under the name of the *Floral Games*, to foster, by prizes and gallant ceremonies, the troubadour spirit. This institution, which was soon after imitated in Arragon, was transplanted by the marquis of Villena to Castile, but the result of that enterprise was not successful.[2] The marquis died at Madrid in 1434. A work supposed to have been printed at Burgos in 1499, under the title of *Los trabajos de Hercules* (The Labours of Hercules), used formerly to be quoted as one of his poems; but from more recent investigations, it appears that this supposed poem was a mythological tale in prose.[3] A translation of the Æneid by the marquis, is besides mentioned, but that work appears also to be lost. A kind of art of poetry, which he wrote under the title of *La Gaya Ciencia*, has been more fortunate; for it has been partially preserved, and is still regarded with respect as the oldest

[1] See Velasquez, page 302.
[2] See Sarmiento, page 345.
[3] See the observations of Sarmiento, page 352.

work of the kind in the Spanish language.[1] This treatise, however, does not deserve to be called an Art of Poetry, except in a very limited sense. It must have been intended as a work of instruction, in the first place, for the marquis of Santillana, to whom it is directly addressed, and in the next, for the other members of the Institute of the Gay Science, (*El Consistorio de la gaya Ciencia,*) which the marquis of Villena had formed in Castile. In conformity with this object, the author relates the history of the Institute; endeavours to prove its utility; takes that opportunity of expressing his opinion on the object of poetry in general, and concludes with laying down the principles of Castilian prosody. These principles appear to have been particularly useful with reference to the conflict then subsisting between the Castilian and Limosin tongues. Among his general observations on poetry, the marquis of Villena says—"Great are the benefits which this science confers on civil society, by banishing indolence, and employing noble minds in laudable pursuits: other nations have, accordingly, wished for and established among themselves schools of this science, by which it has been diffused over different parts of the world."[2] It is obvious that this active nobleman was full of zeal for the improvement of the poetry of his country, and for the honour of that art which was cultivated with method and dignity in the Arragonian provinces, but which in Castile, where it was left to itself, appeared to stand in need of direction and encouragement. The difference between science and art was not more clearly perceived by the marquis of Villena than by the other poets and men of learning of his age; and to distinguish the Castilian forms of romantic poetry from the Limosin did not appear to him necessary. Thus, while his labours contributed to

[1] An extract made from this treatise of the marquis of Villena, by Gregorio Mayans, may be found in the *Origines de la lengua Española*, tom. ii. p. 321. The whole work probably exists in manuscript in Spanish libraries.

[2] Tanto es el provecho, que viene desta dotrina a la vida civil, quitando ocio y ocupando los generosos ingenios en tan honesta investigacion. que las otras naciones desearon. y procuraron haver entre si escuela desta dotrina, y por esso fue ampliada por el mundo en diversas partes.—The measure of this sonorous period must not be overlooked.

heighten the respect in which the poetic art and liberal pursuits were held, they had only an indirect influence on the improvement of Castilian poetry.

THE MARQUIS OF SANTILLANA; HIS POETICAL WORKS; HIS HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL LETTER.

After the death of the marquis of Villena, his pupil, Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, marquis of Santa Juliana, or Santillana, appeared at the head of the brilliant society of poets who adorned the court of John II. Whenever a marquis of Santillana is mentioned in the history of Spanish literature, without any more particular description, this nobleman is meant. He was born in the year 1398. His elevated rank, and great fortune, joined to the military and political talents which distinguished him from youth upwards, placed him in a situation in which he was called upon to perform a principal part among the nobles of Castile. His intellectual culture was based on the philosophy of Socrates; and his strict morality procured him no less celebrity than his sound understanding and love of science.[1] This uncommon union of rank, influence, character, talent, and learning, could not fail to render the marquis of Santillana highly respected; and he was indeed regarded as so extraordinary a man, that foreigners are said to have undertaken journies to Castile for the sole purpose of seeing him. He was greatly esteemed by king John, who, during the civil wars, constantly received from him, in return, the homage due to a protector of learning, though the marquis was not always of that prince's party. After the death of John II., in the latter years of his life, this eminent man assisted with his counsels Henry IV., under whom the regal authority in Castile was subsequently almost annihilated. He died in the year 1458.

The marquis of Santillana possessed no uncommon share of poetic talent; but he studied to give to the poetry of his

[1] Temporum iniquitate sublimi virtute superata, honorem vitæ ac bonum nomen fallacibus delinimentis omnibus, quæ magnam quamque fortunam velut pedissequi comitantur, præferebat, says Nicolas Antonio, who at the same time refers to the Chronicles, from which he had drawn his information respecting the marquis of Santillana

age a moral tendency, to extend its sphere by allegorical invention, and to adorn poetic description with the stores of learning. Two poems, in which he has best succeeded in realizing these objects, are also the most celebrated of his works. The first is an elegy on the death of the marquis of Villena;[1] a lyric allegory in twenty-five dactylic stanzas, constructed according to the ancient form. The idea is very simple, and the commencement of the piece brings to recollection the *Inferno* of Dante, of which it is probably an imitation.[2] The poet loses himself in a desert, and is surrounded by wild and frightful animals; as he advances, hears dismal tones of lamentation, and finally discovers some nymphs in mourning, who bewail the loss and chaunt the merits of the deceased marquis of Villena. On this poem, which does not discover much ingenuity of invention, the marquis of Santillana probably expended all his stock of learning. He cites as many deities and ancient authors as the nature of his work will permit him to notice.[3] Such a display of erudition had never before

[1] This elegy is inserted, along with other poems by the marquis, in all the editions of the *Cancionero general*, immediately after the spiritual poems. No complete collection of the works of this celebrated man has yet been printed.

[2] That the marquis had read Dante can scarcely be doubted, for he quotes him in this poem:—

> Assi conseguimos de aquella manera,
> Hasta que llegamos en somo del monte,
> No menos cansados que Dante Acheronte.

[3] Thus the two following stanzas are crowded with the names of authors, ancient and modern, with the view of showing the loss which Spanish literature sustained by the death of Villena:—

> Perdimos a *Homero* que mucho honorava
> este sacro monte do nos habitamos
> perdimos a *Ovidio* el que coronamos
> del arbol laureo que muchos amava
> Perdimos *Horacio* que nos invocava
> en todos exordios de su poesia
> assi disminuye la nuestra valia
> que antiguos tiempos tanto prosperava.
> Perdimos a *Livio* y a Mantuano
> *Macrobio*, *Valerio*, *Salustio*, *Magneo*
> pues no olvidemos al moral *Agneo*
> de quien se loava el pueblo Romano

been seen in the Castilian language. No genial poetic spirit is to be traced in this lyric allegory, except in the descriptions and in some other scattered passages, but the verse is not destitute of harmony.[1] The other considerable poem of the marquis consists of a series of moral reflections, occasioned by the unfortunate fate of Don Alvaro de Luna, the favourite of John II. The marquis called this work *El doctrinal de Privados*, (the Manual of Favourites.) It must be regarded as the earliest didactic poem in the Spanish language, unless that title is to be given to any series of moral maxims in verse. The work, which is divided into fifty-three stanzas in redondillas, receives a poetic colouring from the manner in which the shade of Don Alvaro is introduced confessing his faults,

Perdimos a *Julio* y a *Casaluano*
Alano, *Boecio*, *Petrarcha*, *Fulgencio*
Perdimos a *Dante*, *Gaufre*, *Terencio*
Juvenal, *Estacio*, *y Quintiliano*.

[1] Stanzas like the following show what might have been expected of the marquis of Santillana had he cultivated his talent for poetry under more favourable circumstances:—

Mas yo a ti sola me plaze llamar,
ô cithara dulce, mas que la d' Orfeo;
que tu sola ayuda, no dudo, mas creo
mi rustica mano podia ministrar.
O Bibliotheca de mortal cantar,
fuente meliflua de magna eloquencia,
infunde tu grande y sacra prudencia
en mi, porque yo pueda tu planto esplicar.
A tiempo a la hora suso memorado,
assi como niño que sacan de cuna,
no se falsamente, o si por fortuna,
me vi todo solo al pie de un collado,
Salvatico, espesso lexano a poblado
agreste desierto y tan espantable,
que temo verguenza, no siendo culpable,
quando por extenso lo aure recontado.
No vi la carrera de gentes cursada,
ni rastro exercido por do me guiasse,
ni persona alguna a quien demandasse
consejo a mi cuyta tan desmesurada;
Mas sola una senda poco visitada
al medio de aquella tan gran espessura,
bien como alarmento subiente a l'altura
de rayo Dianéo me fue demostrada.

and uttering those moral truths which the author wished to impress on the hearts of the restless Castilians.[1] He was less successful in his love songs composed in the Castilian manner, to which he unfortunately thought a new dignity would be given by rendering them the vehicles of learned allusions. He possessed, however, the art of reconciling this pedantry with a pleasing style of versification.[2] A kind of hymn which he composed under the title of *Los Gozos de nuestra Señora*, (the Joys of our Lady,) has been preserved, but it possesses no poetic

[1] Don Alvaro de Luna begins to speak in the first stanza:—

Vi tesoros ayuntados
por gran daño de su dueño.
Assi como sombra o sueño
son nuestros dias contados:—
Y si fueron prorogados
por sus lagrimas algunos
desto no vemos ningunos
por nuestros negros pecados.
Abrid abrid vuestros ojos,
gentios, mirad a mi,
quanto vistes, quanto vi,
fantasmas fueron y antojos.
Con trabajos con enojos
usurpe tal señoria,
que si fue no era mia
mas endevidos despojos.
Casa, casa, guay de mi!
campo a campo allegué
casa agena no dexè,
tanto quise quanto vi.
Agora pues ved aqui,
quanto valen mis riquezas
tierras villas fortalezas
tras quien mi tiempo perdi.

[2] An example of this occurs in a song commencing as follows:—

Antes el rodante cielo
tornara manso y quieto,
y sera piadoso *Aleto*,
y pavoroso *Metello*.
Que yo jamas olvidasse
tu virtud,
vida mia y mi salud,
ni te dexasse.
Cesar afortunado
cessara de combatir,
y hauian desdezir

merit.[1] He also wrote a collection of proverbs and maxims in verse, for the use of the prince royal of Castile, who afterwards ascended a tottering throne under the title of Henry IV.[2] However low a critical examination might reduce the value of these works, still the marquis of Santillana deserves to retain the place assigned to him in the history of Spanish literature by his contemporaries, by whom he was generally admired, as the "representative of the honour of poetry."

Among the literary remains of the marquis of Santillana, the critical and historical letter is particularly remarkable. This letter, which is frequently mentioned in the early accounts of Spanish poetry,[3] is instructive in various respects. It affords the means of accurately observing the infancy of Spanish criticism in that age, for

---

al *Priamides* armado—
Quando yo te dexarè,
ydola mia,
ni la tu philosomia
olvidare; &c.

[1] It commences thus.

Gozate, gozosa, madre,
gozo de la humanidad,
templo de la Trinidad,
elegida por dios padre,
Virgen que por el oydo
concebiste,
gaude, virgen, *mater Christi*,
y nuestro gozo infinido!
Gozate, luz reverida,
segun el Evangelista
por la madre del Baptista
anunciado la venida,
de nuestro gozo Señora
que trayas
vaso de nuestro mexias
gozate pulchra y decora, &c.

In this way the *Gozate* is repeated through a series of stanzas.

[2] Dieze, in his remarks on Velasquez, erroneously refers to the publication of Gregorio Mayans, for the proverbs in verse; but only the original proverbs, without versification, (refranes que dicen las viejas tras el huego,) as collected by the marquis, are given in the second volume of that work, p. 179. The greater part deserve to be better known, but many of them are unintelligible to foreigners.

[3] See the note, page 14.

the marquis has added to the letter a collection of his ingenious maxims, (*decires*,) and of his poems for Don Pedro, a Portuguese prince. From the embarrassment evinced by the marquis when he attempts to give the prince an account of the rise of Castilian poetry, it is obvious that, with respect to the real origin of that poetry, less was understood at that time than is known at the present day. Poetry, or the gay science, is, according to the marquis of Santillana, "an invention of useful things, which being enveloped in a beautiful veil, are arranged, exposed, and concealed according to a certain calculation. measurement, and weight."[1] Thus, allegory appeared to him to belong to the essence of poetry. He could scarcely have imbibed this opinion from Dante. In Spain, as well as in Italy and France, the idea seems to have emanated from the monkish cells, when endeavours were made to unite poetry with philosophy, and to make the poetic art the symbol of knowledge, in order to ensure to it estimation among the learned. The allegorical spirit which pervades the half Gothic poetry of that period, is therefore inseparably connected with the characteristic origin of modern poetry. The marquis of Santillana would have come to a totally different conclusion had he taken an unprejudiced view of the genuine national poetry of his country. But he imagined he was laying down a principle which would ennoble that poetry when, according to his theory, he held allegory to be indispensable. Without scruple, therefore, he confounded the Castilian and Limosin poetry together in one mass. Respecting the origin of the former, he entered into no investigation. He commences the history of poetry with Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, and Job,[2] gives a copious account of the changes which the art of the troubadours had undergone in the Arragonian

[1] E que cosa es la poesia, que *en nuestra vulgar* (there is something equivocal here, for the term referred to was not vernacular in the Castilian language) llamamos Gaya Sciencia, sino un fingimiento de cosas utiles, è veladas con muy fermosa cobertura, compuestas, distinguidas, escondidas, por certo cuento, peso, è medida.

[2] He appeals to St. Isidore, whom he cites as a guarantee for this origin of poetry:—Isidro Cartaginès, santo Arzobispo Hispalense, assi lo prueba y testifica, e quiere, que el primero que fizo rythmos y cantó en metro hay sido Moysen, y despues Josue, David, Salomon, y Job.

provinces, and adds a notice of some of the earliest Galician and Portuguese poets. Among the Castilian poets, he mentions king Alphonso and some others, without saying a syllable on the subject of the ancient romances.

JUAN DE MENA.

Juan de Mena, who is by some writers styled the Spanish Ennius, ranks as a poet in a somewhat higher scale than the marquis of Santillana, though he was less favoured by fortune, and was not distinguished by so many various merits as the latter. He was born in Cordova, about the year 1412. In that southern district of Spain, which but a short time before had been recovered from the Moors, the Castilian genius was doubtless very rapidly naturalized. Juan de Mena, though not descended from a family of rank,[1] was not of mean origin, and at the early age of three-and-twenty he was invested with a civil appointment in his native city. His own inclination, however, prompted him to the pursuit of philosophy, and particularly to the study of ancient literature and history. From Cordova he went to the university of Salamanca. But in order more nearly to approach the source of ancient literature, he undertook a journey to Rome, where he zealously prosecuted his studies. Enriched with knowledge, he returned to his native country, and immediately attracted the notice of the marquis of Santillana, and shortly after of king John. Both received him into their literary circles with distinguished approbation. The marquis of Santillana attached himself with more friendship to Juan de Mena than to any other poet who enjoyed the favour of the king, although their political opinions did not always coincide. The king nominated him one of the historiographers, who, according to the custom which had been kept up since the time of Alphonso X., were appointed to continue the national chronicles. Juan de Mena lived in high favour at the court of John II., and was a constant adherent of the king. He died in 1456, at Guadalaxara, in New Castile, being then about forty-five years of

[1] *Honestæ conditionis*, says Nicolas Antonio, speaking of his family.

age. The marquis of Santillana erected a monument to his memory.

From the history of Juan de Mena's life, it might be expected that his endeavours to extend the boundaries of Castilian poetry would be made under the influence of Italian taste, more or less of which he may be presumed to have adopted, and on his return introduced into his native country. But no Italian poet, save Dante, appears to have produced any remarkable impression on him. Indeed, with the exception of Dante and Petrarch, there was at that period no Italian poet of classic consideration; and in the first half of the fifteenth century, Italian poetry suddenly declined. Sonnets were still in favour throughout the whole of Italy, but Juan de Mena continued faithful to the old forms of the Castilian poetry, perhaps from a feeling of national pride. He certainly did not imitate the sonnet; and even from Dante himself he copied neither metrical form nor style. In allegory alone he followed the footsteps of the Florentine poet. His most celebrated poem is, the Labyrinth (*el Labyrintho*), or, the Three Hundred Stanzas (*las Trecientas*), an allegorical historical didactic work, in old dactylic verse (*versos de arte mayor*).[1] Had the Labyrinth proved what, according to the idea of the author, it was intended to be, it would have been proper, merely on account of that single work, to commence a new epoch of Spanish poetry with the reign of John II. But with all its merits, which have been highly extolled by some authors, and which are certainly by no means trivial, it can only be regarded as a mere specimen of Gothic art.[2] It belongs to the period which gave it birth, and it bears no traces of the superiority of a genius

[1] Only the supplement to this poem is contained in the *Cancionero general*. The poem itself was probably too long to be included in that collection. However, in the editions of the collected works of Mena (for instance, that which I have now before me, intitled—*Todas las obras del famosissimo poeta Juan de Mena, &c.* Anveres, 1552, 8vo.) which Dieze notices, it fills the greater portion of the volume, and is accompanied by a copious commentary by Fernan Nuñez.

[2] The emphatic praise bestowed on this poem in Dieze's observations on Velasquez, (page 168,) according to which Juan de Mena "maintains, *to his advantage* a comparison with all the poets of all ages," is sufficient to prove Dieze's deficiency in sound criticism.

which might have ruled the spirit of the age. Juan de Mena formed the grand design of executing in this work an allegorical picture of the whole course of human life. His intention was, to embrace every age, to immortalize great virtues, to stigmatize with opprobrium great vices, and to represent in striking colours the irresistible power of destiny.[1] But the poetical invention of Juan de Mena was subordinate to his false learning. The three hundred stanzas of which the poem consists, are divided into seven orders (*ordenes*), in imitation of the seven planets, the influence of which, according to Juan de Mena's doctrine, is wisely prescribed by Providence. To represent this influence figuratively, Mena resorted to a most insipid and grotesque invention: After invoking Apollo and Calliope, and earnestly apostrophising Fortune,[2] he loses himself, in imitation of Dante, in an allegorical world, where a lady of marvellous beauty appears to him, and becomes his guide. This lady is Providence:[3] she conducts him to three wheels, two of which are motionless, while the third is in a state of continual movement. These wheels, as may readily be conjectured, represent the past, the present, and the future. Human beings drop down through this mill of time. The centre wheel turns them round. Each has his name and destiny inscribed on his forehead. While

[1] The second stanza contains the theme, but it is very imperfectly expressed:—

Tus casos fallaces, Fortuna, cantamos,
Estados de gentes que giras y trocas,
Tus muchas mudanzas, tus firmezas pocas,
Y las que en tu rueda quexosos hallamos.

[2] Mena asks leave of Fortune to give her a reproof:

Dame licencia, mudable Fortuna,
Porque yo blasme de ti lo que devo.

Then, in well turned antitheses, he allows her a sort of regularity which contradicts itself:—

Que tu firmeza es, no ser constante,
Tu temperamento es destemplanza,
Tu mas cierto orden es desordenanza, &c.

[3] Providence appears as a beautiful young damsel:—

Una donzella tan mucho hermosa,
Que ante su gesto es loco quien osa
Otras beldades loar de mayores.

the wheel of the present is revolving with all the existing human race, it is controlled astrologically in its motion by the seven orders, or circles of the seven planets, under the influence of which men are born. Whether or not these circles are perceptible on the wheel itself, is not clearly stated. To this description succeeds, in the order of the seven planets, a long gallery of mythological and historical pictures, presenting abundant fruits of the poet's extensive reading. This grotesque composition is interspersed with individual passages of great interest and beauty, though none of the traits call to mind similar traits in Dante. The most glowing passages of the lyric, didactic, and narrative class, are those in which Juan de Mena gives utterance to the language of Spanish patriotism.[1] He is particularly successful in the description of the death of the count de Niebla, a Spanish naval hero, who attempted to recover Gibraltar from the Moors; but through ignorance of the return of the tide, fell a sacrifice to the waves, because he preferred perishing with his men to saving himself singly.[2] But particular attention is be-

[1] In the fourth stanza a patriotic flight seems to promise the recurrence of similar passages:

> Como que creo, que fossen menores,
> Que los Africanos, los hechos del Cid?
> Ni que feroces menos en la lid
> Entrassen los nuestros que los Agenores? &c.

On another occasion the author addresses an invocation to his native city Cordova:

> O flor de saber y caballeria,
> Cordova madre, tu hijo perdona,
> Si en los cantares, que agora pregona,
> No divulgarè tu sabiduria, &c.

[2] From the following stanzas, the degree of talent possessed by Juan de Mena for the poetical description of natural objects, without allegory, may be fairly estimated:

> Bien como medico mucho famoso
> Que trae el estilo por mano seguido
> En cuerpo de golpes diversos herido
> Luego socorre alo mas peligroso,
> Assi aquel pueblo maldito sañoso
> Sintiendo mas daño de parte del Conde
> Con todas sus fuerças juntando responde
> Alli do el peligro mas era dañoso.

stowed on Don Alvaro de Luna, the favourite of the king, who is introduced in this poem with great pomp, under the constellation of Saturn.[1] When Juan de Mena wrote this poem, and thus proclaimed the glory of De Luna, the latter had not yet fallen, and the energy of his character seemed to promise, as the poet prophesied, that he would ultimately triumph over all the Castilian nobles who had excited the hostility of the country against him. King John, as may naturally be supposed, is in Juan de Mena's Labyrinth complimented on every suitable occasion. A genealogy of the kings of Spain forms the conclusion of the poem; and thus were the Spaniards made to feel a

---

Alli disparavan bombardas y truenos
Y los trabucos tiravan ya luego
Piedras y dardos y hachas de fuego
Con que los nuestros hazian ser menos.
Algunos de Moros tenidos por buenos
Lançan temblando las sus azagayas,
Passan las lindes palenques y rayas,
Doblan sus fuerças con miedos agenos.

Mientra morian y mientra matavan
De parte del agua ya crecen las ondas
Y cobran las mares sobervias y hondas
Los campos que ante los muros estavan,
Tanto que los que de alli peleavan
A los navios si se retrayan,
Las aguas crescidas les ya defendian
Tornar a las fustas que dentro dexavan.

[1] When the poet, in his ideal world, sees Don Alvaro, by a singular fancy he pretends not to know him, in order that he may question his guide (Providence) respecting him, in imitation of a similar passage in Homer:—

Tu, Providencia, declara de nuevo,
Quien es aquel Caballero, que veo,
Que mucho en el cuerpo parece a Tydeo,
E en consejo a Nestor el longevo.

Among other things, Providence replies:—

Este cavalga sobre la Fortuna
Y doma su cuello con asperas riendas,
Y aunque del tenga tan muchas deprendas,
Ella no le osa tocar de ninguna.
Miralo, miralo en platica alguna,
Con ojos humildes, no tanto feroces!
Como, indiscreto, y tu no conoces
Al condestable Alvaro de Luna?

kind of national interest for the whole work, which in some measure subsists, at least among their writers, at the present day. Even in Juan de Mena's time, the learned solecisms with which he endeavoured to elevate his poetic language were uncommon.[1] But other essential faults, such, for instance, as Aristotelian definitions in verse, were then esteemed great beauties; and the Gothic and fantastic hyperboles in praise of king John, with which the poem opens, and which almost dismay the reader at the outset, were not at that period considered unpoetic.[2]

King John, however, was not satisfied with the torrent of praise poured upon him from De Mena's Labyrinth. The king, with critical gravity, signified his wish that the poet should add sixty-five stanzas to the three hundred he had already written, so that by making the number of stanzas correspond with the number of days in the year, the beauty of the composition might be heightened. The sixty-five new stanzas were also to have a political tendency, with the view of recalling the rebellious nobles to their allegiance. Juan de Mena proceeded to the prescribed task; but he could produce no more than twenty-four additional stanzas, (*coplas añadidas.*) They are contained in the *Cancionero general.*

Another work of Juan de Mena, very celebrated at the period when the poet flourished, is his Ode for the Poetical Coronation of the marquis of Santillana.[3] That Mecænas

[1] For instance, the word *longevo* in the verses quoted above.

[2] The opening stanzas may be regarded as a poetic preface or dedication; but they gain nothing by that.

> *Al muy prepotente* Don Juan el Segundo,
> Aquel, *con quien Jupiter tuvo tal zelo,*
> *Que tanta de parte le haze del mundo,*
> *Quanta a si misme se haze en el cielo;*
> Al gran d'España, al *Cesar novelo,*
> Al que e con fortuna bien afortunado
> Aquel, con quien cabe virtud y reynado,
> A el *las rodillas hincadas por suelo.*

[3] This poem is not to be found in the *Cancionero general,* but it is included in the *Obras,* mentioned in the note, page 62. Juan de Mena gave it the absurd title of *Calamicleos,* compounded from the Latin *calamitas* and the Greek κλέος. It was afterwards called, simply, *La Coronacion.*

sometimes vied with him in the composition of ingenious questions, or enigmas and their answers, which were versified by both in dactylic stanzas.[1] His other poems are, for the most part, love songs, in the style of the age, and, according to the perverted taste of the poet, loaded with mythological learning. In the course of this work, further notice will be taken of these songs, together with other amatory poems of the same period. During the last year of his life, Juan de Mena was engaged in a moral allegorical poem, which, however, he did not complete. It was entitled a Treatise on Vices and Virtues, (*Tractado de Vicios y Virtudes.*) The author intended in an epic poem to represent the "more than civil war" which the will, instigated by the passions, wages against reason.[2] The will and reason are in the end personified.

To collect biographical notices of the other poets and writers of verse who enjoyed the favour of king John II., and whose works are partly contained in the *Cancionero general*, or to give an extensive account of their productions, is a task which must be resigned to the author who

[1] Most of these questions were not very difficult to answer; for instance, the following, which is preceded by three introductory stanzas in a very courtly style:—

> Mostradme qual es aquel animal,
> que luego se mueve en los quatro pies,
> despues de sostiene en solos los tres,
> despues en los dos va muy mas ygual.
> Sin ser del especie quadrupedal
> el curso que hizo despues reytera
> assi que en los quatro d'aquesta manera
> fenece el que nace de su natural.
>
> Del hombre se halla ser gran enemigo,
> porque lo hiere do nunca sospecha,
> y donde mas plaze menos aprovecha
> tanta ponçoña derrama consigo.
> Dad vos Señor pues un tal castigo,
> o de virtudes tal arma que vista,
> porque alomenos punando resista
> contra quien tiene tal guerra comigo.

[2] The poem commences thus:—

> Canta tu, Christiana musa,
> *La mas que civil batalla,*
> Que entre voluntad se halla
> Y razon, que nos accusa.

has made this department of Spanish literature his particular study. As to poetic value, the writings of all those authors are in the main similar; and it may therefore be presumed that it will prove more instructive to consider works so nearly related to each other under the comprehensive view of general criticism. A few notices, however, of men worthy of more particular remembrance, may precede the critical comparison of their works.[1]

PEREZ DE GUZMAN, RODRIGUEZ DEL PADRON, AND OTHER SPANISH LYRIC POETS OF THE AGE OF JOHN II.

Fernan Perez de Guzman was held in no trifling consideration at the court of John II. His family, one of the most distinguished in Castile, was related to most of the other great families in the country. As a poet, he studied to combine the peculiar tone of moral and spiritual poetry with that of the old romances. His "Representation of the Four Cardinal Virtues," dedicated to the marquis of Santillana, which consists of sixty-four strophes or couplets, is versified in redondillas, as are also his *Ave Maria*, his *Pater-noster*, and his other spiritual songs.

Rodriguez del Padron seems likewise to have been held in some esteem at the court of John II. His family name is not known, neither are the dates of his birth and death, but he is named El Padron after the place of his nativity, a little town in Galicia. It is remarkable that in his poetry he dropped his Galician idiom and adopted the Castilian. Besides the reputation he obtained by his poetic productions, which are chiefly love songs, he is celebrated for his friendship with the Galician poet, Macias, whose name properly belongs to the history of Portuguese poetry. The tragical death of Macias, who fell a sacrifice to his romantic susceptibility, made such an impression on Rodriguez del Padron, that he shut himself up in a Dominican cloister, which he had erected at his own expense. He became a monk, and terminated his life in that convent.

Alonzo de Santa Maria, called also Alonzo de Cartagena, wrote love songs, probably in his youth, and then

[1] Nicolas Antonio, whom Dieze follows in his remarks on Velasquez, is the authority for these notices.

devoted himself to spiritual affairs. He died archbishop of Burgos, in the year 1456.

Several other poets, whose works help to fill the *Cancionero general*, also lived in the reign, or rather under the anticipated domination of queen Isabella, who, in the year 1465, vouchsafed to her almost dethroned brother, Henry IV., the little authority which, as a nominal king, he retained till his death in 1474. At that troubled period, Garci Sanchez de Badajoz sang his impassioned and glowing songs of love; and at the same time flourished Gomez Manrique and Jorge Manrique; the latter was nephew to the former. Both owed the consideration they enjoyed no less to their poetical works than to their high and pure Castilian descent. A Bachelor de la Torre, of whom nothing further is known than what his own songs express, lived at the same period.

OF THE CANCIONERO GENERAL, AND THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF ANCIENT SPANISH SONG.

Between the works of the above poets, all of which are to be found in the *Cancionero general*, and the other poems contained in the same collection, whether their authors lived in the first or in the second half of the fifteenth century, there is a very striking resemblance. This collection, so remarkable in its kind, may therefore be regarded as a single work, which, together with a portion of the General Romance Book (*Romancero general*), embraces nearly all the Castilian poetry of the fifteenth century. No other remains of Spanish poetry, belonging to the same age, are sufficiently important to be brought into comparison with this national treasure. It may not, then, be improper to introduce here a few particulars respecting the history of the *Cancionero general*. Of the *Romancero general* some further account must hereafter be given.

The bibliographic notices relating to the collections of Spanish poetry, to be found in the works of various authors, readily explain why many old Spanish poems and names of poets have been either totally lost, or are still only preserved in manuscript, in a way which renders

them foreign to literature. It appears that, having been withheld from the press, on the introduction of printing into Spain,[1] they were forgotten as soon as other collections were made known by means of that art. In the reign of John II., Alphonso de Baena, who himself wrote in verse, prepared a collection of old lyric pieces, under the title of *Cancionero de Poetas Antiguos*. This collection, though still preserved in the library of the Escurial, was never printed;[2] but a list of the poets whose works are contained in it has appeared, and includes names which do not occur elsewhere. Alvarez de Villapandino is mentioned as a particularly excellent "master and patron of the said art," namely, poetry. Sanchez Calavera, Ruy Paez de Ribera, and others, of whom, besides their names, nothing else is known, are also cited. It is not very probable that Alphonso de Baena's collection was the origin of that which subsequently appeared under the title of the *Cancionero general*. Of this celebrated collection it is merely known that it was originally produced by Fernando del Castillo, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and within a short period frequently augmented and reprinted. Fernando del Castillo began his collection with the poets of the age of John II. He did not, however, take the trouble to carry on the series in chronological order through the fifteenth century. He places the spiritual poems before the rest, and he then gives the works of several poets of the reign of John II., mingled with others of more recent date, but so arranged, that the productions of each author seem to be kept distinct. Other poems, however, follow under particular heads, partly by the same and partly by different authors, whose names are sometimes mentioned and sometimes not: there are also a few Italian sonnets, and some coplas in the Valencian language. In proportion as the

[1] In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Spanish books were printed in Seville by German printers. At the end of an edition, probably the first, of the proverbs collected by the marquis of Santillana, (see page 59,) are the following words, which Mayans y Siscar has reprinted :—Aqui se acaben los refranes—imprimido en la muy noble y leal civdad de Sevilla por Jacobo Cromberger, Aleman, año 1508.

[2] On this subject Nicolas Antonio's Bib. Hisp. Vet., lib. x. cap. 6, may be compared with Velasquez and Dieze, p. 165.

collection extended, the additions were always inserted at the end of the book. In the oldest editions, the number of poets mentioned amounts to one hundred and thirty-six.[1]

A nation which can enumerate one hundred and thirty-six song writers in a single century, and which also possesses a great number of songs by unknown authors, produced within the same period, may well boast of lyric genius; and the literary historian, before he proceeds to a closer review of this collection, may reasonably expect to find in it a full and true representation of the national character. Thus the old Spanish *Cancionero* is even more interesting to the philosophic observer of human nature than to the critic.

The Spiritual Songs, (*Obras de Devocion,*) at the head of the collection, probably will not fulfil the expectations which may be formed respecting them. It is natural to presume that in a nation so poetically inclined, and in an age when, for the most part, nature was followed without reference to the rules of art, poets could not fail to view Christianity on its poetic side. But the scholastic forms of the existing theology crushed the genius of poetry; and the unpoetic side of Christianity, because it was the most learned, was alone deemed worthy the strains of the Spanish poets of the fifteenth century. They likewise seldom ventured to give scope to their fancy in devotional verses, because the nation was accustomed to the most implicit faith in every dogma of the church, and the recognition of the sacredness of literal interpretation was identified with orthodoxy, long before the terrors of the Inquisition and its burning piles were known. This rigid orthodoxy of the Spanish Christians was a consequence of their war of five hundred years duration with the Moors. Throughout that long period the Spanish knight invariably fought for religion and his country; and from the constant hostility that prevailed between the Christian and

[1] To this number they amount in the old folio edition, printed with gothic characters, which forms one of the literary curiosities of the library of Göttingen. Dieze, in his observations on Velasquez, p. 177, gives a particular account of this, as well as of the succeeding editions of the *Cancionero general.*

Mahometan faiths, the Spanish Christians were wont to make a parade of their creed, as the Christians of the East are accustomed to do at the present day. Hence the strictest formality was observed in all matters connected with religion; and great as was the enthusiasm of the Spaniards in the fifteenth century, it produced few, if any, lyric compositions containing more poetry than a common hymn. Whether reference be made to the Twenty Perfections of the Holy Virgin,[1] (*Obra en loor de veinte excellencias de nuestra Señora,*) by Juan Tallante, who is the author of most of the spiritual songs in the *Cancionero general;* to the play on the five letters of the name Maria,[2] by the Visconde de Altamira; or to Fernan Perez de Guzman's versions of the *Ave Maria* and *Paternoster,*[3] which could not have been more dryly and formally written in prose; we find in all the same monotony without any poetic adaptation of the materials.

The moral poems of this collection do not weigh heavier in the scale of poetic merit. The art which the ancients possessed of introducing moral ideas into the region of poetry, was not attainable by the pupils of the monastic schools. They allegorized either virtues or vices according to the catalogue and definitions of the scholastic philosophy; or they made common-place observations on human life, sometimes with declamatory pomp, sometimes with real warmth of feeling, and occasionally in agreeable verse, though destitute of any poetic spirit. Gomez

[1] With this spiritual composition, the *Cancionera general* commences. The reader will have enough in the first stanza:—

> Enantes, que culpa fuesso cansada,
> Tu, Virgen benigna, ya yves delante,
> Tan lexos del crimen y del semejante,
> Que sola quedaste daquel libertada, &c.

[2] This silly conceit, which consists only of eight lines, commences thus:—

> La M madre te muestra,
> La A te manda adorar, &c.

[3] The *Ave* begins thus:—

> Ave, preciosa Maria,
> Que se deve interpretar
> Trasmontana de la mar,
> Que los mareantes guia.

Manrique with commendable spirit addressed a didactic poem on the Duties of Sovereigns, (*Regimiento de Principes,*) in redondillas, to queen Isabella and her husband Ferdinand of Arragon; but however valuable the truths which he wished to impart to the royal pair, he could express them only in versified prose.[1] The moral coplas of his nephew, Jorge Manrique, present somewhat stronger claims to poetic merit; they were subsequently glossed as a National Book of Devotion, and were held in high estimation up to a recent period.[2] In the moral as well as

[1] In the third strophe he thus addresses king Ferdinand :—

> Gran señor, los, que creyeron
> Estas consejeros tales,
> De sus culmines reales
> En lo mas hondo cayeron.
> Si esto contradiran
> Algunos con ambicion,
> Testigos se les daran.
> Uno sera *Roboan*,
> Hijo del rey Solomon.

[2] A new edition of Jorge Manrique's Coplas, with glosses or poetic paraphrases by various authors, appeared at Madrid in 1779. The following are the two first strophes, and the rhythmic structure of the rest is not less beautiful.

> Recuerde el alma dormida,
> avive el seso y despierte
> contemplando
> come se pasa la vida,
> come se viene la muerte
> tan callando:
> quan presto se va el placer,
> como despues de acordado
> da dolor,
> como a nuestro parescer
> qualquiera tiempo pasado
> fue mejor.
> Pues que vemos lo presente
> quan en un punto se es ido
> y acabado,
> si juzgamos sabiamente,
> daremos lo no venido
> por pasado.
> No se engañe nadie, no,
> pensando que ha de durar
> lo que espera,
> mas que duro lo que vió
> pues que todo ha de pasar
> por tal manera.

in the spiritual songs, the character of the nation is manifest. With equal warmth of feeling, with the same disposition for light and sportive gaiety, the Spaniards were invariably distinguished from the Italians by moral gravity. Hence, they have in all times set a high value on rules of conduct, sentences, and useful proverbs, and have never regarded the principles of genuine rectitude as less important than maxims of worldly wisdom.

But love songs form by far the principal part of the contents of the old Spanish *Cancioneros*. To read them regularly through, would require a strong taste for compositions of this class, for the monotony of the authors is interminable. To extend and spin out a theme as long as possible, though only to seize a new modification of the old ideas or phrases, was deemed essential to the truth and sincerity of poetic effusions of the heart. That verbosity which is an hereditary fault of the Italian canzone, must also be endured in perusing the amatory flights of the Spanish redondillas, while in them Italian correctness of expression would be looked for in vain. The desire, perhaps, of relieving their monotony by some sort of variety, has betrayed the authors into even more conceits and plays of words than the Italians, but they also sought to infuse a more emphatic spirit into their compositions than the latter.[1] The Spanish poems of this class exhibit, in general, all the poverty of the compositions of the troubadours, but blend with the simplicity of those bards the pomp of the Spanish national style in its utmost vigour. This resemblance to the troubadour songs was not, however, produced by imitation: it

[1] For instance, the following passage from a song by Juan de Mena:—

> Ya *dolor* del *dolorido*,
> Que con *olvido* cuydado,
> Pues que antes *olvidado*
> Me veo, que *fallecido*.
> Ya *fallece* mi sentido, &c.

Or:—

> *Cuydar* me [illegible] *cuydado*
> Lo que *cuydar* no devria,
> Y *cuydando* en lo passado
> Por mi no passa alegria.

Such plays of words are to be found throughout the whole *Cancionero*.

arose out of the spirit of romantic love, which, at that period, and for several preceding centuries, diffused over the south of Europe the same feelings and tastes. Since the age of Petrarch, this spirit had appeared in classical perfection in Italy. But the Spanish amatory poets of the fifteenth century had not reached an equal degree of cultivation; and the whole turn of their ideas required an impassioned rather than a tender expression. The sighs of the languishing Italians became exclamations in Spain. Glowing passion, despair, and violent ecstacy, were the soul of the Spanish love songs. The continually recurring picture of the contest between reason and passion is a peculiar characteristic of these songs. The Italian poets did not place so much importance on the triumph of reason. The rigidly moral Spaniard was, however, anxious to be wise, even in the midst of his folly. But this obtrusion of wisdom in its improper place, frequently gives an unpoetic harshness to the lyric poetry of Spain, in spite of all the softness of its melody. It would be no unprofitable or useless task to pursue this comparison still further. But the limited extent of this work can afford space for only a few notices and examples.

The success of the Spanish poets of the fifteenth century in gay and graceful love songs, when guided only by their own feelings, is manifest in some of the compositions of Juan de Mena; but the charm vanishes the instant the poet begins to display his skill and erudition.[1] In a love

[1] The commencement of one of his songs, the two first strophes of which are subjoined, is exceedingly beautiful; but in the sequel the lyric spark is extinguished by pedantry.

> Muy mas clara que la luna
> sola una
> en el mundo vos nacistes,
> tan gentil, que no vecistes
> ni tuvistes
> competidora ninguna,
> Desde niñez en la cuna
> cobrastes fama y beldad,
> con tanta graciosidad,
> que vos doto la fortuna.
>
> Que assi vos organizo
> y formò
> la composicion humana,

song by Diego Lopez de Haro, reason and the mind enter into a prolix conversation on the value to be attached to affections of the heart; and the thinking faculty admits reason at the expense of poetry.[1] In the other songs of the same author, in which the mind obeys only the heart, he is poetic in all the simplicity of passion, though in search of wit he sometimes involves himself in obscure subtilties.[2] The fire of passion is excellently painted, even

que vos soys la mas loçana,
soberana
que la natura criò.
Quien sino vos mereciò
de virtudes ser monarcha?
Quanto bien dixo Petrarcha,
por vos lo profetizo.

It would be absurd to attempt the translation of many of the specimens which are necessary to the illustration of this work; and with respect to these lines, the tender breathing of the poetry would be entirely lost in a literal version.

[1] Reason commences the dialogue, and has also the last word, she thus addresses her opponent:—

Pensamiento, pues mostrays
en vos misma claro el daño,
pregunt'os, que me digays
camino de tanto engaño,
do venis o donde vays
a tierra, que desconoce
muy presto la gente della
donde nace una querella,
y quien bien no le conoce
vive en ella.
Porque en ella ay una suerte,
d'una engañosa esparança
que el plazer nos da muerte,
por do el fin de su holgura
en trabajo se convierte.
Do sus glorias alcançadas,
puesto ya que sean seguras,
o con quantas amarguras
hallaras que son mezcladas
sus dulçuras!

[2] He is successful in expressing the emotions of passion with the emphatic truthfulness of the old Spanish writers; as for instance in the following concluding strophes of a farewell song.—

De vos me parto, quexando,
y de mi, muy descontento
de mi triste pensamiento.

amidst sports of wit, in several songs by Alonzo de Cartagena, afterwards archbishop of Burgos;[1] and it seems to rage incessantly in the love songs of Guivara, to one of which he has given the emphatic title of *El Infierno de Amores*, or, the Hell of Love.[2] Sanchez de Badajoz,

---

Mi vivir lo va llorando
vuestro mal conocimiento.
Assi que por solo vos
yo de todos yo enemigo,
pues me parto, como digo,
mal con vos y mal con Dios,
y mal conmigo.
  Aunque desto en la verdad
poca culpa tengo yo,
que mi fe no se mudo,
vuestra mala voluntad
me a traido en lo que esto.
Por do mis cuytas agora
vuestras seran desde aqui,
pues por vos a vos perdi
y por vos a Dios, senora,
y mas a mi.

[1] What a picturesque storm of passion appears under the antiquated garb of the following stanzas! and with what a fantastic play of words they are interspersed.

  La fuerça del fuego, que alumbra, que ciega
mi cuerpo, mi alma, mi muerte, mi vida,
do entra lo hiere, do toca, do llega,
mata y no muere su llama encendida.
Pues que haré, triste, que todo me ofende?
Lo bueno y lo malo me causan congoxa,
quemandome el fuego que mata, que enciende,
su fuerça, que fuerça que ata, que prende,
que prende, que suelta, que tira, que afloxa.
  A do yré triste, que alegre me halle,
pues tantos peligros me tienen en medio,
que llore, que ria, que grite, que calle,
ni tengo, ni quiero, ni espero remedio?
Ni quiero que quiera, ni quiero querer,
pues tanto me quiere tan rabiosa plaga,
ni ser yo vencido, ni quiero vencer,
ni quiero pesar, ni quiero plazer,
ni se que me diga, ni se que me haga.

[2] The following are the first and second strophes of this song. Love is pictured as a hell in which the thoughts burn.

  Que tu beldad fue querer
Mas a ti que a mi me quiero.
Tu beldad fue mensagero
de morir en tu poder.

when, like a despairing lover, he wrote his will in poetry, thought he might avail himself of some passages from the book of Job to express his suffering. He divided this strange kind of will into nine lessons, (*leciones.*) The ideas are very extravagant, but the execution is vigorous, and in many parts not unpoetic.[1] It might be presumed that profane applications of the doctrines and language of the Bible would have given offence to the Spanish public, or at least alarmed the guardians of catholic orthodoxy. But such was not the case. Rodriguez del Padron chose the Seven Joys of Love as the subject of one of his songs,

> Tu nubloso disfavor
> me cerco sin fin eterno
> d'unos fuegos qu'es amor
> cuyo nombre es el infierno.
> Qu'en su encendida casa
> se queman mis pensamientos,
> alli montan los tormentos
> mis entrañas hazen brasa.
> Alli sospiro los dias,
> que morir no puede luego
> alli las lagrimas mias
> fortalezen mas en fuego.

[1] This curious composition begins like a testamentary arrangement, and then immediately takes a poetic turn:—

> Pues Amor quiere que muera,
> y de tan penada muerte,
> en tal edad,
> pues que yo en tiempo tan [illegible]uerte,
> quiero ordenar mi postrer
> voluntad.
> Pero ya que tal me siento,
> que no lo podre hazer,
> la que causa mi tormento
> pues que tiene mi poder
> ordene mi testamento.
> Y pues por ventura quiso
> mis pensamientos tornar
> ciegos, vanos,
> no quiero otro paraiso,
> *sino mi alma* [illegible]
> *en sus manos.*
> Pero que lleve de claro
> la misma forma y tenor,
> d'aquel que hizo d'amor
> don Diego Lopez de Haro,
> pues que yo muero amador.

the title of which calls to mind the marquis of Santillana's Joys of the Holy Virgin; he also versified Love's Ten Commandments (*Los diez Madamientos de Amor.*)

The other kinds of lyric compositions, for example, the laudatory poems, which are dispersed through the *Cancionero general*, are not distinguished by any peculiar features; but the poems under miscellaneous titles in this collection deserve particular attention. They exhibit the amalgamation of a natural with a conventional style, and thus form the model of a species of national poetry, which has descended to the present age. Certain short lyric poems, usually called songs, (*canciones*,) in the more strict sense of the term, are distinguished by a peculiar character and a decided metrical form. They have always a sententious or an epigramatic turn. The number of lines is generally twelve, which are divided into two parts. The first four lines comprehend the idea on which the song is founded; and this idea is developed or applied in the eight following lines. The *Cancionero general* contains one hundred and fifty-six of these little songs, some of which are the best poems in the whole book. For this advantage they are probably indebted to their conventional form, which confined the romantic verbosity within narrow bounds. These little songs were to the Spaniards of the fifteenth century, what the epigram had been to the Greeks, and what the madrigal was to the Italians and French. Like the latter, they are generally devoted to some theme of gallantry; and though they do not possess so high a polish, yet the interest excited by the truth with which they paint the character of the age, and their ingenuous simplicity, entitles them to be ranked among the sweetest blossoms of the ancient spirit of romance.[1]

[1] The following is by a poet named T[illegible].

> Gran congoxa es esperar,
> quando tarda el esperança,
> mas quien tiene confiança
> por tardar,
> no deve desesperar.
>
> Assi que vos, pensamiento,
> que passays pena esperando,
> galardon se va negando,
> bien lo siento,
> mas tened vos sufrimiento.

The Villancicos bear an immediate affinity to these little songs. The idea which forms the subject of the Villancico is sometimes contained in two, but more commonly in three lines. The development, or application, may be completed in one short stanza, but often extends to several similar stanzas. These stanzas always include seven lines. It was, perhaps, by way of irony, that the name Villancico was originally applied to productions of this kind; for the spiritual mottets, which are sung during high mass on Christmas eve, are also called Villancicos. At least, no satisfactory etymology has yet been found for the name. The *Cancionero general* contains fifty-four Villancicos, and among them are some which possess inimitable grace and delicacy.[1]

These remarkable compositions, whose origin appears to be lost in the early periods of the formation of the Spanish language, doubtless gave rise to the poetic gloss, (*glosa*,) a kind of poem scarcely known, even by name, on this side of the Pyrenees, but to which the Spaniards and Portuguese of the fifteenth century were particularly attached, and which subsequently, even after the introduc-

Y quiça podreys ganar
con firmeza sin dudança
lo cierto del esparança
que el tardar
no lo puede desviar.

[1] The author of the following Villancico is named Escriva.

Que sentis, coraçon mio,
no dezis,
que mal es el que sentis.
Que sentistes aquel dia,
quando mi señora vistes,
que perdistes alegria,
y descanso despedistes,
como a mi nunca bolvistes.
no dezis,
donde estays que no venis.
Qu' es de vos qu' en mi nos fallo,
coraçon, quien os agena?
Qu' es de vos, que aunque callo,
vuestro mal tambien me pena?
Quien os atò tal cadena,
no dezis,
que mal es el que sentis.

tion of the Italian forms, continued to be preserved as national poetry in Spain and Portugal.

The poetic glosses may, in some measure, be compared to musical variations. The musician selects as his theme some well known melody, which he paraphrases or modifies into variations: in like manner in Spain and Portugal, well known songs and romances were paraphrased or modified into new productions, but in such a manner that the original composition was, without any alteration of the words, intertwined line after line, at certain intervals, into the new one. A poem of this kind was called a gloss. By this operation the connexion of the glossed poem was broken, and the comparison of the poetic glosses to musical variations is therefore not in all respects exactly just. But the distinction between them arises out of the different nature of the arts of music and poetry; and it is indeed more surprising that these compositions have not flourished beyond the boundaries of Spain and Portugal, than that they should have been peculiar favourites in those two countries. At first, the old romances were glossed;[1] then, as it appears, mottos, or sentiments, (*motes*,)

[1] These glosses, which certainly belong to the fifteenth century, prove the still higher antiquity of the glossed romances. As a proof of this, we may quote the commencement of a gloss of the *Rosa fresca*, (see p. 49,) though it is not one of the most successful productions of its class.

GLOSA DE PINAR.

Quan[illegible]o y os quise querida,
si supiera [illegible]onoceros,
n'os tuviera [illegible]o perdida
ni acuciara yo [illegible] vida
agora para que
Y porqu' es bien qu[illegible] padezca
desta causa mi dolo
llam'os yo sin qu' os [illegible]arezca,
Rosa fresca, rosa fres
tan garrida y con a
Llam'os yo con vo[illegible]plañida,
llena de gran con[illegible]ssion,
con el alma entris[illegible]ecida
del angustia dolorida,
que ha sufrido el coraçon.
Que le haze mil pedaços,
yo muero do quier que vô
pues que por mis embaraços.

in the style of gallantry peculiar to the age,[1] and, at length, everything that was capable of being glossed. There is a particular class of *jeux d'esprit* in the *Cancionero general*, namely, versified questions and answers, and versified interpretations of devices (*letras*), which, together with corresponding emblems, lords and ladies drew by lot at festivals, tourneys, bull fights, &c. But these questions, answers, and devices, are in general more whimsical than ingenious.

OF THE ROMANCERO GENERAL.

The latter half of the fifteenth century seems also to have given birth to the greater portion of those Spanish romances

Quando y'os tuve en mis braços
no vos supe servir, no.
No porque os uviesse errado,
con pensamiento de errar,
mas si me days por culpado,
pues publico mi pecado
deveys me de perdonar.
No porque quando os servia
mi querer os desirvio,
mas porque passo solia,
Y agora que os serviria,
no vos puedo yo aver, no.

[1] The device of an enamoured knight in the true Spanish style - WITHOUT THEE I AM WITHOUT GOD, AND WITHOUT MYSELF, was thus glossed :—

Mote.

Sin vos, y sin Dios y mi.

GLOSA DE DON JORGE MANRIQUE.

Yo soy quien libre me vi,
yo quien pudiera olvidaros,
yo so el que por amaros
estoy desque os conoci
sin Dios y sin vos y mi.
Sin Dios, porque en vos adoro
sin vos, pues no me quereys,
pues *sin mi* [illegible]oro,
que vos soys quien me teneys.
Assi que triste naci,
pues que pudiera olvidaros,
yo soy el que por amaros
esto desque os conoci
sin Dios y sin vos y mi.

which wrested the approbation of criticism and public favour from the older productions of the same class; and which, therefore, in the sequel, form the bulk of the *Romancero general*, or general romance book. This Romancero of the Spaniards is so closely related to their *Cancionero general*, that some account of it may not be out of place here, though it was not printed as a complete collection until the close of the sixteenth century. With the exception of the narrative romances, the Romancero may be considered merely as a continuation of the Cancionero. The poetry of the lyric pieces contained in it, which are extremely numerous, is, both in spirit and metrical form, precisely the same as that which appears in the Cancionero, but more polished in manner and language. The title of romance indicates no essential difference. The narrative romances, which occupy the greater portion of the Romancero, have, in some measure, been characterized in this history in treating of the old romances of the same class; for most of them, particularly those of the historical kind, differ little from the more ancient. But a considerable portion of compositions of every class have been contributed to the Romancero by poets of the sixteenth century. The collectors have mingled these romances and the older ones together, without any attention to critical arrangement or chronological order; and in no instance is there any mention or indication of an author. In a history of literature, it therefore becomes necessary to speak of the Romancero as a whole; and for this purpose, the present is, perhaps, the most convenient opportunity; for, even at the period when this collection was produced, the poets who wrote romances in the old national style, merely improved that style without essentially altering it.

Among the historical romances contained in the Romancero, those in which anecdotes of the Moorish war, or the heroic and gallant adventures of Moorish knights, are poetically treated, seem, for the most part, to belong to the latter half of the fifteenth century. All these romances relate to the civil wars of Granada, the last Moorish principality in Spain. The civil dissensions of Castile retarded for upwards of half a century the conquest of

Granada, which was at length effected in the year 1492, by the united power of Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Arragon. During this last period of the conflict between the Christians and the Mahometans of Spain, the former became more intimately acquainted with the history of the latter. As the last blow for the deliverance of the peninsula was now about to be struck, all that related to the Moors was doubly interesting to the Castilians. The two rival factions, the Zegris and the Abencerrages, whose mutual enmity accelerated the fall of Granada, were especial objects of attention to their adversaries.

About this period it seems to have become a fashion among the Spanish romance writers, to select from the events of Moorish history materials for their songs; and in these romances the heroes of the Zegri and Abencerrage tribes sustain the principal characters. Even after the conquest of Granada, the interest excited throughout Spain by that great national event still continued; and, doubtless, many romances, the subjects of which are borrowed from Moorish history, were produced in the sixteenth century.[1]

The first Spanish pastoral romances were probably produced during the last ten years of the fifteenth century. But no distinct traces exist of the rise of this species of

[1] An accurate idea of all the romances of this class may be derived from the *Historia de los Vandos de los Zegris y Abencerrages, Caballeros Moros de Granada*, a work well known to those who are acquainted with Spanish literature. It has been several times printed. The edition which I have now before me (Lisboa 1616,) seems to be one of the latest. On the title page, the author styles himself Ginez Perez de Hita, and on that page also appear the words, *Aora nuevamente sacado de un libro Arabigo*. The German critic, Blankenburg, is of opinion that there is no more reason for supposing this work to be a translation from the Arabic, than that Don Quixote was derived from a similar source. The word *sacado*, on the title page, by no means indicates that it is a translation. The author has evidently derived much of his information, such, for instance, as the genealogical register of the families, from Moorish sources. He has probably availed himself of an Arabic work to write a half true and half fabulous history of Granada, and to intersperse it with favourite romances. There is a counterfeit edition of this work, entitled, *Historia de las guerras civiles de Granada*, Paris, 1660. From the French words on the margin, it is obvious that the book must have been used in Paris in the seventeenth century, by learners of the Spanish language

poetry in Spain. In the poetry of the age of John II., neither pastoral names nor ideas appear, except in the satirical poem, entitled, *Mingo Rebulgo*, which will be hereafter noticed. Pastoral dramas are, however, to be found in the works of Juan de la Enzina, who flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century, and of whom we shall also have occasion to speak more at large. The Spanish pastoral poetry seems, shortly after its rise, to have been blended with the romantic poetry. Many of the most beautiful narrative pieces in the *Romancero general* are properly pastoral romances. It is quite impossible to ascertain correctly to what age these bucolics belong;[1] and it has, hitherto, proved equally impossible to

[1] It will be sufficient to transcribe here one of these pastoral romances, which presents a fair specimen of the better part of the rest.

> Olvidada del sucesso,
> del engañado Narciso,
> mirando està en una fuente
> Filis su rostro divino,
> el negro cabello suelto,
> al ayre vano esparzido,
> ceñida la blanca frente
> con un liston amarillo.
> Mira los hermosos ojos,
> y el labio en sangre teñido
> de los cristalinos dientes
> adornado y ofendido :
> no se mira el bello rostro,
> por presuncion que ha tenido,
> mas porque le mueve a ello
> el desprecio de su amigo.
> Hala dexado el cruel,
> sin averlo mereciendo,
> por quien vale menos que ella,
> y es della menos querido.
> Pareciole que enturbiava
> con las perlas que ha vertido
> las corrientes amorosas,
> y solloçando, les dixo:
> Turbias van las aguas madre,
> turbias van,
> mas ellas se aclararàn.
> Si el agua de mi alegria
> enturbia la de mis ojos,
> y le ofrecén mis despojos
> al alma en mi fantasia,
> sospechas son, que algun dia
> tiempo y amor acabaran.

obtain any positive information respecting the origin of the facetious and satirical romances and songs, dispersed through the *Romancero general.*[1]

Finally, the history of the *Romancero general* itself still waits for bibliographic illustration; and in order to throw any light on this subject, it would be necessary to have the opportunity of examining the Spanish libraries and old collections of manuscripts, and to be able to bestow

Turbias van las aguas madre,
turbias van,
mas ellas se aclararàn.
Si fatiga el pensamiento,
y se enturbia la memoria,
juntar la passada gloria
con el presente tormento,
si esparzidos por el viento
mis tristes suspiros van.
Turbias van las aguas madre
turbias van,
mas ellas se aclararàn.

[1] The following is written in a style which was, at a later period, much admired in France, and frequently imitated in Germany in the days of Hagedorn and Gleim.

Que se case un don Pelote
con una dama sin dote,
Bien puede ser.
Mas que no de algunos di[illegible]
por un pan sus dame[illegible]as,
No puede ser.
Que pida a un galan Minguilla,
cinco puntos de servilla.
Bien puede ser.
Mas que calçando diez Menga,
quiera que justo la venga,
No puede ser.
Que la biuda en el sermon
[illegible]l suspiros sin son,
Bien puede ser.
Mas que no los de a mi cuenta,
porque sepan do se assienta,
No puede ser.
Que ande la bella casada
bien vestida, y mal zelada,
Bien puede ser.
Mas que el bueno del marido
no sepa quien da el vestido,
No puede ser, &c.

on them indefatigable attention. Of all the collections, bearing the common title of *Romancero general*, only two are quoted by authors; one was edited by Miguel de Madrigal, in the year 1604, and the other by Pedro de Flores, in 1614.[1] Another publication, however, under the same title, also appeared in 1604, and contains upwards of a thousand romances and songs. It professes to be a new and augmented collection of this kind.[2] At what time, then, was the first collection made or published?

But those who may think it unimportant to inquire how many of these anonymous poems, which have for ages delighted the Spanish public, were produced in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and who may merely wish to see a selection of the best Spanish poems in the old national style, have only to turn to the *Romancero general.* Many of the narrative romances which it contains rival in romantic simplicity those of apparently older date in other collections, and exceed them in elegance; and still more do a number of the songs in the *Romancero* surpass those in the *Cancionero general.* Thus, the historian of literature has additional cause to lament that, through the absence of all chronological and bibliographical notices, he is deprived of even the slight satisfaction of paying a just tribute to the memory of the authors of the best of those romances and songs. Several of their writers well deserve immortality, though they seem not to have attached much value to fame. If their songs, accompanied by the guitar, interested the hearts and charmed the ears of their auditors, they sought no laurels in addition to that true reward of the poet. Yet, for this very reason, in an age when the

[1] See the notices of Nicolas Antonio, Sarmiento, Velasquez, and others.

[2] It is entitled *Romancero general, en que se contienen todos los romances, que andan impresos, aora nuevamente añadido y enmendado*, Madrid, 1604, a quarto volume containing about seventy sheets. The preface is subscribed by the bookseller, who seems to have compiled this work himself. The *todos* on the title page must not be literally understood. Not one of the romances contained in the old *Cancionero de Romances*, (see note, page 35,) appears in this *Romancero general*, which is, in other respects, extremely copious. But the Spanish booksellers began at an early period to give boasting titles to their publications.

lowest degree of poetic merit presumptuously claims literary distinction, the task would be the more pleasing to do honour to those venerable authors, by raising the veil beneath which their names have too long been concealed.

FIRST TRACES OF THE ORIGIN OF SPANISH DRAMATIC POETRY IN THE MINGO REBULGO—JUAN DEL ENZINA —CALLISTUS AND MELIBŒA, A DRAMATIC TALE.

All that now remains to be stated respecting the poetic literature of the Spaniards during the fifteenth century, must be comprehended in a notice of their first essays in dramatic poetry.

In lieu of those poetic works which are styled dramatic in the true sense of the word, and which afterwards formed the most brilliant portion of Spanish poetry, the Spaniards of the fifteenth century possessed merely spiritual or temporal farces, written in the style which prevailed in the middle ages, and which can scarcely be said to belong to literature. At Saragossa, the residence of the court of Arragon, attempts towards the improvement of dramatic amusements were earlier made than in the Castilian court. There, as has already been observed, the marquis de Villena devoted his learning and inventive talents to the drama. Allegorical dramas, indeed, do not seem to have been in favour at the court of Castile, notwithstanding the taste for allegory which distinguished the poets of the reign of John II. A singular union of pastoral and satirical poetry first gave birth to a species of dramatic poem in the Castilian language.

In the reign of John II. an anonymous poet amused himself by describing the court of that monarch in satirical coplas. It is impossible to account for the whim which induced him to throw his rhymes into the form of a dialogue, and to select shepherds for his interlocutors. The work extends to thirty-two coplas, and critics have sometimes classed it among the eclogues, and sometimes among the first satirical productions of the Spanish poets. Some make Rodrigo de Cota the author of these coplas; and others, who ascribe them to Juan de Mena, seem to

forget that the latter was zealously devoted to the court party. This singular composition is usually mentioned under the title of Mingo Rebulgo, from the names of the two shepherds who carry on the dialogue. Supposing pastoral poetry to have been in vogue at that period in Spain, and particularly at the court of John II., it would be easy to explain how a witty author might conceive the bold thought of converting a pastoral dialogue into a satire; but in that case the ideas of a poetic pastoral existence must have been diffused through Spain, as they were through Italy. It is probable, however, that in both countries the revived study of classical literature, and particularly of Virgil's eclogues, gave rise to the practice of clothing modern ideas in a garb imitated from the ancient bucolic poetry; and it seems the effect of mere accident, that a Spaniard should have been the first to devote a work of this kind to the purposes of satire.[1]

Doubtless, neither the eclogue of Mingo Rebulgo, nor the colloquial stanzas in the *Cancionero*, can properly be regarded as the commencement of dramatic poetry in Spain. But all these preliminary essays in dialogue are, in a literary point of view, connected together; and about the close of the fifteenth century, pastoral dialogues were converted into real dramas, by a musical composer, named Juan de la Enzina, or del Enzina, as he is styled in the old collections of his works. This ingenious man, who was born in Salamanca during the reign of queen Isabella, though in what year is not precisely known, was equally celebrated as a poet and a musician. He travelled to Jerusalem in company with the marquis de Tarifa, and that journey could not fail to store his mind with many new ideas. He lived for some time in Rome in the quality of chapel-master, or musical director to pope Leo X., who, it is well known, afforded great encouragement to dramatic amusements. But in Rome, as well as in Palestine, Juan de la Enzina still remained a Spaniard. His poetry imbibed no tinge of the Italian taste, and he continued to write songs and lyric romances in the old Cas-

[1] More copious information, together with bibliographic notices respecting the pastoral dialogue of Mingo Rebulgo, are given by Velasquez and Dieze, page 162.

tilian style. He also exercised his fancy in making jests, consisting of ridiculous combinations or heterogeneous conceits, called *disparates,* which he wrote in the form of romances. These oddities rendered his name a proverb in Spain. He converted Virgil's eclogues into romances, in a style of sweet and graceful simplicity, and he applied to his patrons, Ferdinand and Isabella, the duke and duchess of Alba, and others, the compliments which Virgil addressed to the emperor Augustus. Accident had introduced into Spain a mixture of pastoral poetry with the drama, and Juan de la Enzina wrote sacred and profane eclogues, in the form of dialogues, which were represented before distinguished audiences on Christmas eve in carnival time, and during other festivals. They are, however, entirely lost to literature.[1]

[1] Nicolas Antonio, Sarmiento, and Velasquez, give accounts of Juan de la Enzina. Some of his romances and songs, which, however, possess no remarkable merit, are also contained in the *Cancionero general* and the *Cancionero de romances.* One of his compositions, styled an *echo,* or a song in which the rhyme is repeated in the following word, with the effect of an echo, is inserted in the *Cancionero general,* as being something peculiar. The old collection, entitled, *Cancionero de todas las obras de Juan del Enzina,* certainly contains poems far superior to any already mentioned, though perhaps they do not rise above the poetry of his age. Velasquez quotes an edition published in 1516, which Dieze regards as a curiosity. Indeed, one of the greatest literary curiosities in existence is an old folio edition (probably the first) of the *Cancionero* of Juan de la Enzina, printed at Seville, in gothic characters, in the year 1501, by two Germans named Pegnitzer and Herbst, at the expense of two merchants. The copy to which I have referred, which is probably the only one in Germany, is also mentioned in Dieze's supplement to Velasquez; it belongs to the ducal library at Wolfenbuttel. Notwithstanding the gothic characters, the print is so clear and neat, that in this respect alone it is highly interesting to bibliographists. Juan de la Enzina's songs occupy the greater part of the volume. One of them, namely—an Apology for Women, (*Contra los que dicen mal de Mugeres*) is remarkable for poetic truth and pleasing versification. In this Apology for the fair sex, the author, among other things, says:

Piadosas en dolerse
De todo ageno dolor,
Con muy sana fe y amor,
Sin su fama escurecerse,
Ellas nos hacen hacer
De nuestros bienes franquezas;

The dramatic romance of *Callistus* and *Melibœa* is, however, more celebrated than Juan de la Enzina's eclogues. It was probably commenced in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; though some authors assign this remarkable specimen of popular descriptive talent and moral feeling to the age of John II. The author is supposed to be Rodrigo de Cota, to whom the pastoral dialogue of Mingo Rebulgo is also attributed. This dramatic romance was continued and completed at the commencement of the fifteenth century by Fernando de Roxas, who has recorded

Ellas nos hacen poner
A procurar y querer
Las virtudes y noblezas.
Ellas nos dan ocasion,
Que nos hagomas discretos,
Esmerados y perfetos,
Y de mucho presuncion.
Ellas nos hacen andar
Las vestiduras polidas,
Los pundonores guardar,
Y, por honra procurar,
Tener en poco las vidas.

His imitations of Virgil's eclogues have the same metrical form as many of his other poems. The first eclogue commences with the following graceful strophe:—

Tityro, tu sin cuidado
Que te estas so aqueste haya,
Bien tendido y rellanado.
Yo triste y descarriado
Yo no sè, por do me vaya.
Ay, carillo!
Tañes tu tu caramillo,
No hay que en cordoja te trayga.

His pastoral dramas, both sacred and temporal, are merely eclogues in a style similar to the above, only that they are written in the dialogue form, and with remarkable lightness. The last, which is of the temporal class, commences thus:—

Gil. Ha, Mingo, que das de atràs?
Pasa, pasa, acà delante!
A horas que no se espante,
Como tu, tu primo Bras.
Asmo, que tu pavor has.
Entra! No estes revellado!
Mingo. Dò me a Dios, que estoy asmado.
No me mandes entrar mas.

his own name in the initials of the introductory stanzas.[1] Fernando de Roxas did not possess the forcible descriptive powers of the unknown author, though he appears to have fully entered into the plan traced out by the latter. Either he or his precursor entitled the work a tragi-comedy. It consists of twenty-one acts, and consequently its vast length renders it unfit for theatrical representation. This production may be regarded as original in a certain sense, for there existed no work of the same kind which the author could have chosen as his model. But in a higher and truly critical point of view, it possesses as little originality as real poetic merit. Natural description and moral precept seem to have been the great objects of both authors. They both aimed at exhibiting a series of dramatic lessons to warn youth against the seductive arts of base agents employed to promote intrigues. In order to attain this moral end, the authors deemed it necessary to paint in glowing colours disgusting pictures of vice, and through a series of scenes, unconnected by the unities of time or place, to exhibit in the most striking point of view the tragical end of an intrigue conducted by a woman of the most odious character. Owing to its moral object, the book has found admirers in all ages, though many have not unreasonably conceived it more advisable to withdraw such scenes from the eye of youth, than to paint them with the minuteness and vivid colouring of truth. But even allowing that an inconsiderate young person may have occasionally been deterred from an intrigue by the sad history of Callistus and Meliboea, yet the whole dramatic tale, both in the subject and execution, is nevertheless revolting to good taste. The story is as follows:—Callistus, a young man of noble family, entertains a romantic passion for Meliboea. The young lady is also attached to him; but her own prudence, as well as the strict observation to which she is subject in the house of her parents, prevents all communication between the lovers. In this difficulty,

[1] In the edition of 1590, which I have consulted, the work is entitled *Celestina, tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea.* The first letter of each of the introductory stanzas being put together, the following words are formed:—El bachiler Fernando de Rojas *acabò* la comedia de Calisto y Melibea, e fue nacido en la puebla de Montalvan.

Callistus applies to an artful and abandoned woman, to whom the author has given the elegant name of Celestina. She easily devises a pretence for insinuating herself into the house of Melibœa's parents, where she succeeds in bribing the servants. The intrigue then proceeds in the most common manner, though the author thinks it necessary to call in the aid of witchcraft and magic. Callistus at length attains his object, and Melibœa's parents discover the mischief when it is too late. Murder is committed among the servants of Melibœa; Celestina's house likewise becomes the scene of bloodshed; the profligate woman is herself murdered in the most horrible manner; Callistus is stabbed, and Melibœa closes the tragedy by throwing herself from the top of a lofty tower. Such is the groundwork of the twenty-one acts of this tragi-comedy. It must be admitted that the authors have painted the scenes in the house of Celestina in as decorous a manner as the nature of the subject would permit. The profligate personages, particularly Celestina, are drawn with great truth; and in the list of the characters their description is unreservedly added to their names. The first act, which is by the unknown author, is distinguished above the rest by the easy flow of the dialogue.[1] Considered in this point

[1] The following specimens may be cited. Callistus is discoursing with his servant, concerning his passion for Melibœa.

Ca. Mayor es mi fuego, y menor la piedad de quien agora digo.—*Sem.* No me engaño yo que loco està aste mi amo.—*Ca.* Que estàs murmurando Sempronio?—*Sem.* No digo nada.—*Ca.* Di lo que dizes: no temas.—*Sem.* Digo que como pueda ser mayor el fuego que atormenta un bivo, que el que quemò tal ciudad y tanta multitud de gente?—*Ca.* Como? yo telo dire: mayor es la llama que dura ochenta años que la que en un dia passa; y mayor la que quema un anima, que la que quemó cien mil cuerpos. Como de la aparencia a la existencia, como de lo vivo a lo pintado; como de la sombra a lo real: tanta differencia ay del fuego que dizes al que me quema. Por cierto si el del purgatorio es tal, mas querria que mi espiritu fuesse con los de los brutos animales, que por medio de aquel yr a la gloria de los santos.—*Sem.* Algo es lo que digo, a mas ha de yr este hecho: no basta loco, sino hereje.—*Ca.* No te digo que hables alto quando hablares? Que dizes?—*Sem.* Digo que nunca Dios quiera tal: que es especie de herejia lo que agora dixiste.—*Ca.* Porque?—*Sem.* Porque lo que dizes contradize la Christiana religion.—*Ca.* Que a mi?—*Sem.* Tu no eres Christiano?—*Ca.* Yo Melibieo soy, e a Melibea adoro, e en Melibea creo, e a Melibea amo.

of view alone, the work is extremely interesting. It affords a fair proof that the fluent and natural style of conversation which the dramatic poets of the north only attained after much labour and repeated failures, arose spontaneously in Spain, on the first attempt of a writer of talent to make dramatic characters speak in prose.[1] This tragi-comedy, as it is styled, has, however, but little relation to poetry.[2]

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF SPANISH PROSE.

RISE OF THE HISTORICAL ART — EARLY PROGRESS OF THE EPISTOLARY STYLE.

In a history of Spanish prose of the fifteenth century, it would be improper to omit a brief notice of the chronicles, which, in Spain, at this period, were not written by monks, as in other parts of Europe, but by knights, many of whom were at the same time poets. The custom instituted by Alphonso X. of appointing historiographers to record the most remarkable events of national history, was maintained by his successors throughout the fourteenth century; and, in addition to those historians, who were regularly appointed and paid, there arose others in the fifteenth century, who wrote of their own accord from the love of fame, or for the sake of doing honour to the parties to which they were respectively attached. Historians were never held in such high estimation in modern Europe as they were at this time in Castile.

But notwithstanding the fortunate circumstances which combined to revive the taste for historical composition in

[1] About the same period, the dramatic prose dialogue of Italy was formed in a similar style, but with more histrionic refinement. See vol. ii. of my *History of Italian Literature*.

[2] The dramatic romance of Callistus and Melibœa has been translated into several languages as a book of moral instruction. There is an old German translation, which appeared at Nurnberg in 1520, entitled the *Hurenspiegel*. The German philologist, Caspar Barth, translated it into Latin under the title of *Pornoboscodidascalus*, and styles it *Liber plane divinus*. It was published at Frankfort on the Oder, in 1624.

Spain, the noble authors of the Spanish chronicles in very few instances rose above the vulgar chronicle style. They faithfully adhered to the language of the historical books of the Bible. In nothing is their poetic talent disclosed, except in a better choice of expression, than is to be found in the common chronicles, which were in general written by monks. Spirited and adequate historical description was totally unknown to them. They all wrote in nearly the same manner. Facts were heaped on facts, in long monotonous sentences, which uniformly commenced with the conjunction *and*. Occasionally, indeed, the writers of these chronicles seem to have made attempts to imitate the ancient historians; at every favourable opportunity, little speeches are put into the mouths of the characters they record; but these speeches are given either in the language of scripture or the law. Thus wrote the illustrious Perez de Guzman, who was celebrated among the poets of his age; and thus wrote the grand chancellor of Castile, Pedro Lopez de Ayala, who is better known than the former as an historian, in consequence of having compiled from ancient chronicles a connected history of the kings of Castile of the fourteenth century.[1]

An agreeable surprise is, however, excited in discovering among these chronicles some biographical works, one of which was probably written in the last years of the fourteenth century, and another, doubtless, belongs to the fifteenth. These two productions deserve to be noticed, but in a rhetorical point of view neither can be very highly estimated. The first is the history of count Pedro Niño de Buelna, one of the bravest knights of the reign of Henry III. The author is Gutierre Diez de Games, who was the count's standard bearer.[2] The gothic taste of the age, it

[1] There is more facility now than formerly for becoming acquainted with these old Spanish chronicles; for during the last thirty years the greater part of them have been reprinted. A folio edition of the copious chronicle of Perez de Guzman was printed at Valencia, in the year 1779, with an elegance which proves the patriotic zeal of the editors: the chronicle of Ayala was printed at Madrid in the same year. Literature is indebted for this revival of the fathers of Spanish History, to the efforts of the Historical Academy of Madrid.

[2] It is not many years since this history was first published from the manuscript. It is entitled, *Cronica de Don Pedro Niño Conde de Buelna, por Gutierre Diez de Games, su Aferes. La publica D. Eugenio de Llaguno Amirola*, &c. Madrid, 1782, in quarto.

must be confessed, is sufficiently apparent in this history. The chivalrous author begins by apostrophizing the Trinity and the holy virgin. He then reasons methodically on virtue and vice, according to the scholastic notions of morality. It is, however, easy to perceive that the author has taken great pains to avoid the dry chronicle style. He evidently wished to give to the history of his hero the interest of a romance. He did not, therefore, confine himself very scrupulously to historical truth, and he has even blended fabulous stories with his narrative. But on the other hand he paints real events with a degree of spirit of which no example is to be found in the chronicles; and some of his descriptions are so remarkable for precision and accuracy of expression, that they might be mistaken for the production of a modern writer, if the simplicity of the ideas did not betray the age to which the chivalrous author belonged.[1]

The second of these biographical works is the history of count Alvaro de Luna. The author, whose name is not known, appears to have been in the count's service, and to have taken up the pen soon after the execution of that extraordinary man, to raise a monument to his memory in defiance of his enemies.[2] The work is in fact an apology, in which the enthusiasm of the anonymous author for his hero carries him beyond the bounds of historical calmness and of impartiality. But this very enthu-

[1] He gives the following description of the national character of the French, which derives additional attraction from its antiquated language:—

Los Franceses son noble nacion de gente: son sabios é muy entendidos, é discretos en todas las cosas que pertenescen á buena crianza en cortesia é gentileza. Son muy gentiles en sus traeres, é guarnidos ricamente: traense mucho á lo propio: son francos é dadivosos: aman facer placer á todas las gentes: honran mucho los estrangeros: saben loar, é loan mucho los buenos echos: non son maliciosos: dan pasada á los enojos: non calonan á ome de voz nin fecho, salvo si los vá alli mucho de sus honras: son muy corteses é graciosos en su fablar: son muy alegres, toman placer de buena mente, é buscanle. Asi ellos como ellas son muy enamorados, é precianso dello.

[2] That this biographical chronicle was written between the years 1453 and 1460, is proved in the preface to the latest edition, which is entitled, *Cronica de Don Alvaro de Luna, &c. La publica con varios apendices Don Josef Miguel de Flores, Secretario perpetuo de la real Academia de la Histori.* Madrid, 1784, 4to.

siasm gives the work a degree of rhetorical interest, which is wanting in the chronicles. Alvaro de Luna is regarded by his apologist in his real character; namely, as the greatest, if not the most disinterested man of his age in Spain; and it was the author's intention that the animated picture he drew should mortify and shame the powerful party which overthrew his hero. His zeal frequently betrays him into declamatory pomp. But what other Spanish writer of that age could declaim with so much eloquence?[1] He is not, however, always declamatory. His introduction, notwithstanding the lofty elevation of the ideas, possesses real dignity of expression, combined with the true harmony of prose.[2] His apostrophe to truth, at the close of this introduction, is a genuine overflowing of the heart.[3] It is true that the narrative itself somewhat inclines to the manner of the chronicles; but the spirit pervading the whole work is perceptible even in the style, which, considered with reference to the period

[1] The following is one of his declamatory passages: it is certainly more suited to a philippic than to a biographic work, but it is sufficiently oratorical for the age in which it was produced:—

Oh traycion! oh traycion! oh traycion! Maldito sea el ser tuyo: maldito sea el poder tuyo: é maldito el tu obrar, que á tanto se estiende, é tantas fuerzas alcanza. Oh enemiga de toda bondad, é adversaria de toda virtud, é contraria de todos bienes! Por tì han seido destruidos Reynos: por tì han seido asoladas grandes é nobles, é populosas cibdades: e por tì son cometidas en Emperadores, é Reyes, é Principes, e altos señores, crueles, bravas é miserables muertes? Quien pudiera pensar? Quien pudiera creer? O qu'al juicio pudiera abastar á considerar, que un tanto señor, é de tan alto ser, un tan grand, á tan familiar amigo de virtudes, como era el inclito Maestre de Sanctiago é insigne Condestable de la gran Castilla, viniesse al passo que agora aqui contaremos?

[2] Entre los otros frutos abundosos que la España en otro tiempo de si solia dar, fallo yo que el mas precioso de aquellos fué criar é nudrir en si varones muy virtuosos notables é dispuestos para enseñorear, sabios para regir, duros é fuertes para guerrear. De los quales unos fueron subidos á la cumbre imperial, otros á la relumbrante catedra del saber. E muchos otros merescieron por victoria corona del triunfo resplandesciente.

[3] E tentando entrar la presente obra donde pues tú, Verdad, eres una de las principales virtudes que en aqueste nuestro muy buen Maestre siempre fecistes morada, á tí solo llamo é invoco que adiestres la mi mano, alumbres el mi ingenio, abundes la mi memoria, porque yo pueda confirmar é sellar la comenzada obra con el tu precioso nombre.

when it was written, is remarkable for precision and facility.[1] In short this biographical chronicle, estimated by its rhetorical merit, has, in spite of all its gothic ornaments and declamatory excrescences, no parallel among the chronicles of the age to which it belongs.

Los Claros Varones, the Celebrated Men, is a work which claims particular attention. The author is Fernando del Pulgar, who filled the office of historiographer in the reign of Isabella and Ferdinand. This ingenious man was ambitious to be thought the Plutarch of his nation. In his twenty-six short biographical sketches, he has, however, confined himself within limits too narrow to effect all that he was capable of; but the precision of his descriptions, and the purity of his style, are nevertheless remarkable for the age in which he flourished.[2]

Fernando del Pulgar is also the oldest Castilian author in the epistolary style; and upon the whole he may be regarded as the first who, in the character of a statesman and public functionary, formed his correspondence in a modern language on the model of Cicero and Pliny.[3]

[1] The author thus relates how Don Alvaro de Luna, in his youth, by the irresistible grace of his manners, had gained the love of the king, (who was then also very young,) and the favour of the fair sex:—

Ca si Rey salia á danzar, non queria que otro caballero ninguno, nin grande nin Rico ome danzase con el, salvo Don Alvaro de Luna, nin queria con otro cantar, nin facer cosa, salvo con Don Alvaro, nin se apartaba con otro á aver sus consejos é fablas secretas tanto como con él. De la otra parte que todas las dueñas é doncellas lo favorescian mucho. Don Alvaro era mas mirado é preciado entre todos aquellos que en las fiestas se ayuntaron. E despues quando el Rey se retraìa á su cámara á burlar ó aver placer, Don Alvaro burlaba tan cortés é graciosamente, que el Rey é todos los otros que con él eran avian muy grand placer. E si fablaban en fechos de caballeria, aunque Don Alvaro era mozo, él fablaba en ellos, assi bien é atentamente que todos se maravillaban. E aquel fué desde niño su mayor estudio, atender en los fechos de armas é de caballeria, é darse á ellos, é saber en ellos mas facer que decir.

[2] The library of the university of Göttingen contains a copy of this scarce book, printed in Gothic characters, but the title page is wanting. It commences with the table of contents: *Comiença la tabla de los claros varones, ordenada por Fernando del Pulgar, &c.* The biographical sketches are followed by a collection of letters; and the whole forms a volume with which every author who writes on Spanish history ought to be acquainted.

[3] The following specimen is the commencement of a jocular letter, in which Fernando del Pulgar begs of his physician to prescribe to him

Those who have time and opportunity to peruse Spanish manuscripts of the fifteenth century, will doubtless find many more documents to prove the high degree of cultivation which Spanish prose had attained at that period. In spite of the lofty poetic flight which then characterized the genius of Spain, and the powerful charm of the poetic prose of the chivalrous romances, the national gravity of the Spaniards, when their minds were directed to facts, and not to sports of the imagination, made them incline to what may be termed a plain matter of fact style, in the same degree as the genius of the Italians, which attached itself exclusively to beautiful forms, had been accustomed to manifest an indifference to true prose. The philosophic writings of Aristotle were, in the same age, translated into Spanish by a scholar whose name as well as his work have fallen into oblivion.[1]

JUAN DE LA ENZINA'S ART OF CASTILIAN POETRY.

The literature of this period possesses, however, not the slightest trace of true criticism. Though the poetical and

---

a remedy for the sciatica, as the consolation which Cicero offers in his book *de Senectute* had no effect on him:—

Señor dotor Francisco Nuñes fisico: yo Fernando de Pulgar escrivano paresco ante vos: y digo que padesciendo grand dolor de la yjada: y otros males que asoman con la vejez quise leer a Julio de senetute para aver del para ellos algun remedio. Y no le de dios mas salud al alma de lo que yo falle en el para mi yjada. Verdad es que da muchas consolaciones: y cuenta muchos loores de la vejez. Pero no provee de remedio para sus males. Quisiere yo fallar un remedio solo, mas por cierto Señor fisico que todas sus consolaciones por que el conorte quando no quita dolor, no pone consolacion. Quise ver essomismo el segundo libro que fizo de las quistiones Tosculanas. Do quiere provar que el sabio no deve haver dolor: y si lo hoviere lo puede desechar con virtud. E yo Señor dotor como no soy sabio senti el dolor. Y como no soy virtuoso no le puede desechar. Ni lo desechara el mismo Julio por virtuoso que fuera: si sintiera el mal que yo sinti. Assi que para las enfermedades que vienen con la vejez fallo que es mejor yr al fisico remediador: que al filosofo consolador. Por los Cipiones, por los Metellos, y sabios, y por los Trasos, y por otros algunos romanos que bivieron y murieron en honrra quiero provar Julio que la vejez es buena. Y por algunos que ovieron mala postremera provare yo que es mala. E dare mayor numero de testigos para prueva de mi intencion que el Señor Julio pudo dar para en prueva de la suya.

[1] See the notice by Nicolas Antonio in the *Bibl. Hisp. Vetus*, last edition, (Madrid, 1783,) vol. ii. p. 282.

rhetorical rules of Aristotle were known to a few scholars, they were of little utility to writers who either applied them erroneously, or considered them impracticable. Of the state of poetry in Spain, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, a correct notion may be formed from a Treatise on Castilian Poetry, (*Arte de Poesia Castellana,*) by Juan de la Enzina. In this work, addressed to the prince royal of Spain, the author wished to prove that he thoroughly understood the art on which he wrote, and that he was not an unskilful troubadour.[1] The commencement of the treatise might lead the reader to expect some profound investigation. Juan de la Enzina observes, "that poetry is so excellent an art, that it merits the particular favour of princes and nobles, who, being reared in the bosom of sweet philosophy,[2] know how to unite the virtues both of peace and war; it was, therefore," he continues, "his intention to write a theory (*arte*) of Castilian poetry, which might facilitate the distinction between good and bad." He treats of the origin of poetry among the ancients and among the Italians, and marks the difference between a poet and a troubadour. The former, he says, is, with respect to the latter, "what a composer or learned musician is to a singer or musical performer, a geometrician to a mason, or a captain to a private soldier."[3] After all these high promises, Juan de la Enzina merely gives an essay on Castilian prosody in a few chapters. Such is his art of poetry.

Thus was the poetic and also the prose literature of Castile developed in the ancient national forms, during the first centuries that succeeded their birth, without any superior genius having either raised them to higher perfection, or enlarged their boundaries. Like the Gaya Ciencia of the troubadours, the rising poetry of Spain was

[1] This treatise precedes the collection of Juan de la Enzina's poems. See note, page 90.

[2] Criados en el gremio de la dulce filosofia. This he says in particular reference to Ferdinand and Isabella.

[3] Quanta diferencia aya del Musico al Cantor, y del Geometra al Pedrero, tanta debe haver entre Poeta é Trobador. The third comparison follows afterwards.

a common property, protected by a literary democracy, which allowed no despotic genius to encroach upon its rights. It is difficult to imagine what might have been the fate of Castilian poetry, had not a new political connexion, formed between Spain and Italy, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, suddenly brought the Spanish nation, as it were in mass, in contact with the Italians. At all events, the Spaniards must, in the progress of cultivation, have ceased to be satisfied with the poetry of their old songs and romances, on their literary taste becoming in any way more refined.

BOOK II.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH TO THE LATTER HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATE OF POETICAL AND RHETORICAL CULTIVATION IN SPAIN DURING THE ABOVE PERIOD.

THE union of the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon, in consequence of the marriage of Isabella, the heiress of the Castilian throne, with Ferdinand, king of Arragon, forms an epoch in Spanish literature, as well as in Spanish history. Hitherto Spain had been occupied only with her own internal affairs. The monarchs contended for their prerogatives with the powerful barons of their respective states; and the two kingdoms waged war against each other. The only object they pursued in common, was the overthrow of the Moorish principality of Granada, which was enabled to resist them, as long as their political jealousy of each other counterbalanced their mutual zeal for religion and conquest. Spain, in her detached situation to the west of the Pyrenees, never appeared so completely separated from the rest of Europe as in the middle of the fifteenth century. With Italy, Spain maintained no relations, except such as were purely ecclesiastical. A marked change, however, took place on the union of the crowns of Castile and Arragon, though the union of the two monarchies was not properly consolidated until after Ferdinand's death, which happened in 1516. Since the year 1492, Granada had been a Castilian province. The poets had no longer the feats of the Zegris and Abencerrages to

record; and the Spanish knights had no infidels to vanquish, unless they travelled to Africa in quest of them. If, however, they were successful in that quarter of the world, their victories did not present subjects of such interest to the Castilian muse as former achievements had afforded. The love of industry and social order, which distinguished the people of Arragon, at length extended to Castile; and the old chivalrous spirit declined in proportion as the use of gunpowder, at this period rapidly increasing, became more general. The manners of the Spaniards of both monarchies had now approximated to those of the Italians; and the analogy between the Castilian and Italian languages could not fail to be remarked, whenever opportunities for making that observation occurred. Ferdinand soon afforded such an opportunity; his ambition induced him to take an active part in the transactions of Italy, and his interference was attended with success. The victorious Gonsalvo Fernandez de Cordova, admired as the conqueror of Granada, and a second Cid, and surnamed, by way of distinction, *El gran Capitan*, presented the crown of Naples to his sovereign in the year 1504. The political union which then took place between Spain and Italy, and which continued longer than a century, paved the way for that influence of the Italian poetry on the Spanish which soon after became manifest.

About the same period when Ferdinand and Isabella united their dominions, they also co-operated in the establishment of that terrible tribunal, which soon became known throughout Europe by the name of the Spanish Inquisition, and which, to the disgrace of human reason, exercised during two centuries and a half its monstrous powers in their fullest extent. A crafty policy contrived to render religion its instrument, in subjugating to one common tyranny the reason and the rights of mankind; for the establishment of regal despotism in both kingdoms was the great object of this institution, and its whole organization corresponded with the end for which it was destined. The pope, who penetrated the design of the founders, viewed their proceedings with much dissatisfaction; but even the pope was obliged to support the pre-

tended interest of the church, and to honour Ferdinand by bestowing on him, as a peculiar distinction, the title of "Catholic King." Thus the court of Rome contributed to annul the privileges of the cortes of Castile and Arragon, and to invest the whole powers of government, without limitation, in the hands of an absolute monarch: and thus did political artifice triumph over the energy of one of the noblest nations in the world, at the very moment when the genius of that nation had begun to expand, when the promising flower had burst forth from the bud, and was about to unfold itself in full vigour and beauty. A simultaneous and concordant cultivation of the different powers of the human mind was now as little to be hoped for in Spain as the improvement of her political constitution. Under these circumstances, the literary genius of the country could not be expected to reach that high maturity of taste which always presupposes a certain degree of harmony in the moral and intellectual faculties. Poetic freedom was circumscribed by the same shackles which fettered moral liberty. Thoughts which could not be expressed without fear of the dungeon and the stake, were no longer materials for the poet to work on. His imagination, instead of improving them into poetic ideas, and embodying them in beautiful verse, had to be taught to reject them. But the eloquence of prose was, more than poetry, bowed down under the inquisitorial yoke, because it was more closely allied to truth, which, of all things, was most dreaded.

The yoke of this odious tribunal weighed, however, far less heavily on the imagination than on the other faculties of the mind; and it must be confessed that a wide field still remained open for the range of fancy, though the boundaries of religious doctrine were not permitted to be overstepped. To suppose that the Spanish inquisition could have entirely annihilated the poetic genius of the nation, it must also be supposed, that at the period of its establishment there had existed a style of poetry altogether hostile to such an institution, and that the spirit of the inquisition was directly opposed to the spirit of the nation. But it would be forming a false notion of the horrors of the inquisition, to imagine that they were ever felt in

Spain in the same manner as in other countries, and particularly in the Netherlands, where that tribunal was introduced hand in hand with foreign despotism. When the inquisition was established in Spain, it harmonized, to all appearance, that is to say, as far as orthodox faith was concerned, with the prevailing opinions of the Spanish Christians. It was ostensibly directed not so much against heretics as against infidels, namely, Mahometans and Jews. Its operations were accordingly commenced by waging war against those infidels, for no sect of Christian heretics existed at that period in Spain, and the inquisition took care that none should be afterwards formed. To maintain the purity of the ancient faith was the avowed object of the inquisition; and its wrath was poured out on the unfortunate Jews, Moors, and Moriscos, (the descendants of the Moors), with the view of removing every blemish from the faith of a nation which prided itself in its orthodoxy. This bigoted pride was a consequence of the contest maintained in Spain during four centuries and a half, between Catholic Christianity and Mahometanism. The Spanish Christians celebrated the conquest of Granada as the triumph of the church; and the inquisition, which at first excited terror, soon became an object of veneration with men in whose hearts religious enthusiasm was inseparably blended with patriotism.

This view of the subject may serve to explain how it happened in the sequel, and particularly during the reign of Philip II., that while, throughout all the rest of Europe, men shuddered at the very name of the Spanish inquisition, the Spaniards still lived under it as happily and cheerfully as ever; and also how, from the operation of the same cause, the ecclesiastical shackles had not a more injurious effect on the development of the poetic genius of the nation. The conduct of the inquisition was no subject of alarm to those who were confident that they never could have any personal concern with it; for the suspicion of deficiency in Catholic orthodoxy, the ground on which that tribunal acted, was more degrading in Spain than the most odious crimes in other countries. Before the establishment of the inquisition, fanaticism was so firmly rooted in the minds of the Spaniards, that all scep-

ticism in matters of religion was abhorred as a deadly sin. He, however, who submitted with blind devotion to the decrees of the church, was held to have a clear conscience, and in that sort of clear conscience the Spaniards prided themselves. The inquisition disturbed the good catholic as little in his social enjoyments, as criminal justice the citizen who lived in conformity with the laws. The Spaniard was cruel only to heretics and infidels, because he thought it his duty to hate them; but in the orthodox bosom of his native country, he was animated by a spirit of gaiety of which the literature of Spain presents abundant proofs. While the duke of Alba, in the Netherlands ruled with the axe of the executioner, Cervantes, in Spain, wrote his Don Quixote, and Lope de Vega, who himself held a post connected with the inquisition, produced his admirable comedies. The dramatic literature of Spain flourished with most brilliancy during the reigns of the three Philips, from 1556 to 1665, and that is precisely the period when the Spanish inquisition exercised its power with the greatest rigour and the most sanguinary cruelty. Many melancholy traces of fanaticism are certainly observable in the literature of Spain during the reigns of the three Philips; but those traces are so insulated, and the painful impression which they naturally produce on liberal minds is so far compensated by the noblest traits of humanity, that if, after reading the works of the Spanish poets, we turn to the perusal of the political history of the Spaniards during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and particularly to the history of their transactions in the Netherlands and America, we seem to become acquainted with two distinct nations.

Notwithstanding the generally prejudicial effects of the restrictions imposed by the inquisition on intellectual freedom, those restrictions could not fail, under the circumstances above described, to prove in one respect favourable to the polite literature of Spain. The poetic genius which, at the period of the establishment of that tribunal, was energetically developing itself throughout the peninsula, was not now to be annihilated. Its strength was even augmented by that growing national pride, which the union of the Castilian and Arragonian monarchies

fostered. During the interval marked by the reign of Charles I., better known by his Germanic imperial title of Charles V., which was nearly half a century,[1] the Austrian and Spanish monarchies were also united, and Spain acquired rich possessions in a new quarter of the world. The Spanish arms were not so victorious under the three Philips as under Charles V. But, sacrificed as that gallant nation was to fanaticism and the most despicable of governments, its spirit never quailed under disaster, and its genius vented itself in the cultivation of poetry, because it was excluded by superstition from every grave study, except the scholastic philosophy of the convent. It is also to be considered, that the influence of the ever debasing despotism of the Spanish government could operate only gradually in extinguishing the energies of national genius. The bold manifestation of the spirit of freedom in Castile and Arragon on the accession of Charles V. was attended with discouraging results, because the nobility and the third estate did not unite in support of their common interests. Had that union existed, Spain would probably have presented the first model of a constitutional, and at the same time a vigorous monarchy. That honour was withheld by fate; but the genius of the Spanish people was not so easily suppressed as their political and religious freedom. Kings might rule as they pleased; they might recklessly shed the blood of their subjects, or waste the treasures drawn from America; but the people, who had yielded to despotism only for the sake of religion, continued in their hearts to be what they had always been, till the influence of time consummated their subjugation. The Spanish patriot, who fought in the cause of his king and country, was until then, in his own estimation, still a free man. Sovereigns received homage in verse as well as in prose; but a court poetry, like that which existed in France in the reign of Louis XIV., was never known in Spain. The kings of Spain, too, never bestowed any very liberal encouragement on the poetic literature of their country. Charles V. honoured a few Spanish and Italian poets with

[1] From the year 1516 to 1555.

some degree of attention, according to the fashion of the princes of that age; for in the sixteenth century a poet was accounted an extremely useful man for business of every sort; but that sovereign seems to have taken a more particular interest in Italian than in Spanish literature. Philip II., from his joyless throne, occasionally cast a glance of favour on a man of talent; but restless ambition and blind bigotry occupied his gloomy mind, and deprived him of all susceptibility for the beautiful. His son, Philip III., though of a more amiable character, was too indolent to feel a warm interest in anything whatever. Philip IV., however, did more for Spanish literature than any of his predecessors since the time of John II. His taste for pomp and splendour, to which he thoughtlessly gave himself up, while decay and disorder preyed upon the vitals of the state, disposed him to favour the Spanish theatre. Calderon, whom he pensioned, was indebted to him for that leisure which enabled him to devote his life to dramatic poetry. But Calderon only improved on the labours of predecessors, who, without being paid by princes, had produced works which did honour to the nation, and which were approved and rewarded by the public. Spanish literature owes nothing to kings, and has only to thank popular spirit for all its brightest flowers. The drama, therefore, remained wholly national, even after the imitation of Italian forms had long prevailed in the lyric and epic poetry of Spain. Writers for the stage were of necessity obliged to obey the voice of a public, possessing sufficient energy of character to condemn every piece which did not render homage to the popular taste. The whole history of the Spanish theatre exhibits this dominion of the public over authors; and the particular taste of the dramatists being formed under the influence of the general poetic genius of the nation, they very willingly, like Lope de Vega, followed the stream, even though, like him, they well knew what the true theory of their art required. The cultivation of prose was more completely left to the individual taste of the authors; but any instance of encouragement from the throne was as unfrequently extended to that class of literature as to poetry. Antonio de Solis, who received a pension from

Philip IV. as historiographer, for writing the History of Spanish America, was indebted for that honour in some measure to his reputation as a poet, and his various acquirements, but by no means for any particular esteem he had obtained on account of his talent for prose composition.

During the whole of this period, however, intellectual talents were never undervalued, either by the kings, or the nobles of Spain. In that country, as well as in Italy, the higher classes considered it a duty to seek distinction through learning, and poetry was the soul both of Spanish and Italian literature. Most of the Spanish poets of this period, if not of noble birth, belonged, at least, to families of consideration. Heroes, statesmen, ecclesiastics, all composed verses, and poetry was most intimately interwoven with all the relations of social life. Nowhere did chivalrous gallantry so long survive the extinction of real chivalry as in Spain; and poetry was the exhaustless language of that gallantry, whether it displayed itself in secret love intrigues, or at public entertainments and festivals. Every characteristic national amusement, as, for instance, a bull-fight, proved an incitement to the writing of sonnets and romances. There are found in various Spanish poems of this period many expressions and allusions which have reference to popular amusements, but the poetic sense of which is only intelligible to readers who bear in recollection the favourite diversions of the nation. The romantic intrigues which were common in high life, formed models for the intricate plots of the Spanish comedies; but no ordinary powers of invention were necessary to enable the dramatic author to maintain on the stage a competition with the scenes which actually occurred in society. Throughout the whole country, singing and dancing were essential ingredients in every amusement. Learned musical composition had, at that time, little attraction for the Spaniards; but wherever gaiety prevailed, musicians were not wanting, and every dance had its song.

In the meantime the cultivation of the other fine arts afforded little aid to Spanish poetry, as the overwhelming interest attached to it in its golden age directed the in-

tellectual energies of the nation almost exclusively to that one object. All other liberal pursuits were consequently left far behind.

Spanish taste was, at this period, entirely left to form itself, being abandoned to the influence of Italian literature, and the authority of eminent national authors. The Italian system of academies found little favour in Spain. Perhaps the jealousy of the inquisition foreboded evil from meetings of men of letters. Be this as it may, Spanish literature sustained little loss by the want of those institutions. The royal academy for the Spanish language and literature was not established until the eighteenth century.

The intimate union subsisting during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries between prose and poetry in Spain, renders a separate history of each unnecessary. A division may, however, be advantageously made in the whole body of the polite literature of Spain at this period, though the two sections cannot form two distinct epochs. From the introduction of the Italian style into Spanish poetry, until the decline of learning in the latter years of the reign of Philip IV., no literary revolution was experienced in Spain. The *corrupters of taste*, as certain writers who appeared in the latter half of this period are called by some of the Spanish critics, only continued a movement, the impulse of which had been given long before by various authors, and particularly by the dramatic poets. Several of these writers were contemporary with authors who placed a high value on classical correctness, and yet they exercised a much greater influence over the general literature of Spain than the latter. To confound Calderon, who perfected the Spanish comedy, according to its true national character, with the corrupters of taste, is an idea which could only have been entertained in the eighteenth century, when it became customary in Spain, as everywhere else, to measure all productions of genius by the rules of French criticism. But whilst Spanish poetry approximated as closely to the Italian as the necessary connexion of the former with the national style would permit, that national style, with all its faults and beauties, still maintained the pre-eminence; and the passion for Italian correctness

again declined. This crisis in Spanish literature, occasioned by the struggle between Italian refinement and the bold eccentricity of the national manners, occurred in the age of Cervantes. At that time Lope de Vega shone with more brilliancy in the eyes of his countrymen than Cervantes, and the party of the former gained the victory and kept the field. A distinct view of the progress of poetry and eloquence in Spain will therefore be facilitated, if the period of the influence of Cervantes and Lope de Vega be made an historical resting point. It is doubtless very remarkable, that Cervantes, who created an epoch in the general literature of Europe, should not have produced sufficient effect on the literature of his own country to justify his being regarded as the founder of a new epoch in its literary history. An opportunity will hereafter arise for reverting to this subject.[1]

[1] An unpardonable neglect of chronology has given rise to a confusion of dates, by which this period of Spanish literature has been made to include two distinct epochs. This confusion is particularly striking in the work of Velasquez. In his third age of Castilian poetry, which he commences with the introduction of the Italian style, but which ought really to be called the second age, he reckons all the Spanish poets, who appear to have formed their manner after Italian models down to the reign of Philip IV.; and in the following age, which he calls the fourth, he places Virues, Lope de Vega, and others, who flourished half a century before.

FIRST SECTION.

HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE, FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ITALIAN STYLE TO THE AGE OF CERVANTES AND LOPE DE VEGA.

INTRODUCTION OF THE ITALIAN STYLE.

AFTER the complete consolidation of the monarchies of Castile and Arragon by the accession of Charles of Austria, the grandson of Isabella and Ferdinand, there appears to have been, for a short time, a suspension of all literary activity in Spain. The political convulsions which then agitated the interior of the two united kingdoms, occupied the public mind too powerfully to allow any interest to attach to calmer and more agreeable subjects. But as soon as the civil contests were terminated by the success of the Austrian party, and the enterprising Charles, incited by Francis I., employed the force of his Spanish states to win new dominions in Italy, the poetic genius of Spain revived in all its pristine vigour. In the meantime, the ancient dialect of the Arragonian provinces began to be supplanted by the Castilian, which became the language of the state and of public business throughout Spain. Castile was then considered the heart of the whole monarchy. Madrid rose to the rank of the capital of Spain, and Saragossa sunk into the condition of a provincial town. It was, therefore, no very extraordinary event, that a Catalonian, whose maternal language still possessed a certain degree of poetic consideration, should, in connexion with a Castilian, produce a revolution in Castilian poetry.

BOSCAN.

Juan Boscan Almogavèr, who, in concert with his friend Garcilaso de la Vega, introduced the Italian style into Castilian poetry, was born at Barcelona, towards the close of the fifteenth century. He belonged to one of the

patrician families of that city, of equal rank with the nobility of the country. Though possessing a liberal education and sufficient fortune to enable him to gratify his inclination for literary study, without regard to any secondary views, yet he embarked on his first outset in life for a short period in the profession of arms. He afterwards travelled. but the countries he visited are not mentioned in the brief notices which remain of him. If, however, it be supposed that he went at this time to Italy, and rendered himself intimately acquainted with the literature of that country, it appears that he was still far from entertaining the idea of transplanting the forms and the tone of Italian poetry into Spain. The Castilian verses which he wrote in his youth were all in the ancient lyric style, which, since the time of Juan de Mena, no one had thought it necessary to try to improve. It was not until 1526, when, after having flourished at the court of Charles V., he had made a happy marriage, and was settled in his native city, that a Venetian suggested to him the idea of imitating the Italian poetry in the Castilian language. The emperor resided for some time in Granada; and, among the foreign ministers who repaired to his court, was Andrea Navagero, the envoy from Venice, a man of great literary and historical knowledge, and, like every well-educated Italian of that age, a writer of canzoni and sonnets. Boscan, having formed an intimate friendship with this minister, was taught by him to view the Italian poetry and also the classical Latin in quite a new light. The Spanish lyric poetry, which, with all its Gothic excrescences, was still pleasing to the nation, if not so barbarous in his eyes as in those of his Italian friend, appeared to him, when compared with a sonnet of Petrarch, greatly inferior, at least in point of good taste. He now readily perceived the nature and felt the value of the precision and correctness of the great works of antiquity. Animated by his new ideas, he fearlessly ventured to follow the counsel of Navagero, in spite of the menacing clamour of the friends of the old national forms. He took upon himself the character of a reformer of the lyric poetry of Spain, and commenced his labours by writing sonnets in the manner of Petrarch.

The metrical structure of the sonnet had long been known in Spain;[1] but the genius of Castilian poetry was adverse to that form, and the Spaniards had manifested very little predilection for anything like the elegant correctness of Petrarch. Boscan had therefore elevated himself above the literature of his country, when he perceived that it was necessary to infuse a new spirit into Castilian poetry before it could be reconciled to the Italian forms. His friend Garcilaso de la Vega participated in this opinion. But thousands of voices were raised against the reformers. Some insisted that preference was to be given to the old Castilian verse on the ground of euphony; others went further, and asserted that the ear could perceive no distinction between the new verse and prose. Finally, a third party discovered that Italian poetry was effeminate, and was fit only for Italians and women. Boscan relates, that this violent opposition made him reflect seriously on the propriety of proceeding with his design; but being soon convinced of the futility of the reasons urged against him, he persisted in his undertaking. His party rapidly increased, and soon obtained the superiority, not indeed throughout the whole mass of the public, but in that portion of society which was most enlightened and refined.[2]

The other circumstances of Boscan's life, in so far as they are known, have little interest for the literary historian. The mature period of his life was chiefly spent in his native city, Barcelona, or in the neighbouring country. The urbanity of his manners, joined to his talent, recommended him to the family of Alba, which was then one of the most brilliant of the noble houses of Castile, and to which the homage of the Spanish poets was from that time constantly addressed. Boscan was for some time Ayo, or first governor of the young Don Fernando de Alba, who was afterwards the terror of the enemies of the Spanish monarchy. It appears, however, that the poet soon resigned this employment, in order to divide his time between

[1] See page 15. In the *Cancionero general* there are some spiritual sonnets, but they are all equally awkward and repulsive.

[2] The history of the opposition experienced by Boscan's poetical reform is briefly related by himself in his dedication to the Duchess of Soma, which precedes the second volume of his poems.

study and the society of literary friends. The year in which he died is not exactly known; it is only ascertained that his death happened before the year 1544.[1] He prepared for the press a collection of his poems, to which he added those of his friend Garcilaso; but the work was not published until after his death.[2]

From the point at which Boscan found Castilian poetry, to that in which it was necessary to place it before he could open for himself a new path, the distance was considerable, and the transition was to be accomplished by a single bound. For his success in this undertaking he was indebted not so much to his genius as to his natural susceptibility for the real beauties of Italian and ancient poetry, (accidentally excited at the favourable moment,) and to his talent for the imitation of classical models, without altogether discarding that tone of feeling which was properly his own. But to estimate the full value of Boscan's talent, it is not only necessary to examine the works by which he introduced the new style into Spanish poetry, but to take a retrospective view of the productions of the Castilian muse in the ancient manner. It is only by this comparison that a just conception can be formed of the surprise with which the Spaniards must have regarded the bold attempt of Boscan. He was the first among his countrymen who had an idea of classical perfection in works of imagination; and though the greater part of his poems fall below that standard, they all afford evidence of his endeavours to reach it. An aspiration so entirely unaffected and unembarrassed, had never been manifested by any previous Spanish poet. Between the kind of poetry which he introduced into his native land, and that which he abandoned, no intermediary change was visible. But

[1] The eighth volume of the *Parnaso Español*, by Sedano, contains a supplement to the biographical notices which Nicolas Antonio collected under the article Boscan, and Dieze adopted in his notes on Velasquez. The *Noticias Biographicas*, which Sedano has added to the *Parnaso Español*, deserve, from this epoch downward, to be carefully consulted.

[2] The library of the university of Göttingen possesses a copy of perhaps the oldest edition of the works of this author, viz., *Obras de Boscan*, Lisboa, 1543, in 4to, and another edition published at Antwerp in 1569, in 8vo.

lest the merits of Boscan should be too highly rated, it is proper to observe, that at this time a reform of the Spanish poetry, precisely such as that to which his efforts gave birth, was, notwithstanding the clamour of his opponents, desired by the more cultivated part of the Spanish public, though, perhaps, there nowhere existed any distinct perception of the wished-for object. Had it been otherwise, Boscan must have stood alone, and the numerous poets of his nation who have equalled or surpassed him in the new style, never would have followed his example.

The early productions of Boscan, which form the first book of his works, are scarcely distinguishable by any trace of superior delicacy or correctness from the poems of the same description contained in the *Cancionero general.* The very title of the longest of these youthful essays, namely, *Mar de Amor* (the Sea of Love), excites an anticipation of the fantastic flights of the old Spanish muse; and it is impossible to read the first strophe without being convinced that the author still adhered to the original character of Castilian song.[1] It was, however, only at the request of his friend Garcilaso de la Vega, who said that he received from these poems the same sort of pleasure as from pretty children, that Boscan renounced his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The second book of Boscan's poems contains *sonetos* and *canciones*, in the style of the Italian *sonetti* and *canzoni.* All betray, in a greater or less degree, the disciple of the school of Petrarch; but the spirit of Spanish poetry still displays itself throughout the whole. The language, though it successfully imitates the precision of Petrarch, seldom attains the sweetly flowing melody of its model. In painting the feelings, the shadows are charged with stronger colours than the Italian Petrarchists of the sixteenth century permitted themselves to employ. Impetuous passion, which, with higher preten-

[1] The first strophe runs thus:—

> El *sentir de mi sentido*
> Tan profundo h[illegible]egado,
> Que me tiene y[illegible]fado,
> Donde vivo desp[illegible]ido
> De salir ni a pie n[illegible] [illegible]do; &c.

sions, was, on account of its very violence, less capable of commanding sympathy than mild enthusiasm, strikingly distinguished Boscan's poetry from that which was the object of his imitation. The contrast was farther increased, by the constantly recurring picture of a struggle between passion and reason. But these were precisely the traits which disclosed the true Spanish character. It was not individual feeling that prevented Boscan from equalling the delicacy and softness of the Italian sonetto and canzone; for as his biography, and still more his other poems, show, he was a man of a very mild disposition. But it was necessary that the language of love, to appear natural and true to a Spaniard, should be glowing and impetuous. At the same time, to satisfy Spanish taste, reason was to deliver her precepts amidst the storms of passion, to prove its force by her feebleness, and to give to lyric composition a moral gravity which was not desired by the Italians. In so far, however, as the Spanish character permitted the experiment to go, the fascinating tone of Petrarch was very happily seized by Boscan;[1] and in the expression of tender passion he has even sometimes surpassed the Italian poet.[2]

[1] The spirit of Petrarch breathes in the following sonnet; though it is accompanied in the latter verses by a portion of romantic subtilty.

> Solo y pensoso en prados y desiertos
> mis passos doy cuydosos y cansados:
> y entrambos ojos traygo levantados,
> à ver no vea alguien mis desconciertos.
> Mis tormentos alli vienen tan ciertos,
> y van mis sentimientos tan cargados,
> que aun los campos me suelen ser pesados,
> porque todos no estan secos y muertos.
> Si oyo hablar à caso algun ganado,
> y la voz d' el pastor da en mis oydos,
> alli se me rebuelve mi cuydado,
> Y quedan espantados mis sentidos,
> como ha sido no aver desesperado,
> despues de tantos llantos doloridos.

[2] Passages such as the following from Boscan's beautiful canzone, *Claros y frescos rios*, (imitated from Petrarch's canzone *Chiare, dolci e fresche acque*,) would be sought for in vain in the writings of Petrarch himself:—

> Las horas estoy viendo
> en ellas y los momentos,
> y cada cosa pongo en su razon.

The greater part of the third book of Boscan's writings is occupied by a paraphrastic translation of the Greek poem of Hero and Leander. Nothing of the kind had been previously known in the Spanish language. The metrical form which Boscan chose for his translation was that of rhymeless iambics, or an imitation of the blank verse of the Italians. The language is so pure and elegant, the versification so natural, and the tone of the narrative so simple, and at the same time so elevated, that it is impossible not to be pleased even with the prolixity of which the influence of the taste for romantic poetry has introduced into this free translation. To this translation succeeds a poem in the Italian style, entitled a *Capitulo*, and some epistles in tercets. The *Capitulo*, as it is called, is a love elegy, abounding in pleasing ideas and images, but on the whole too much spun out, like most Italian poems of the same kind. It has also its full share of genuine Spanish hyperbole and amorous despair.[1] The best of

Comigo aca la entiendo,
pienso sus pensamientos,
por mi saco los suyos quales son:
dize m' el coraçon,
y pienso yo que acierta,
ya esta alegre, ya triste,
ya sale, ya se viste,
agora duerme, agora esta despierta:
el seso y el amor,
andan por quien la pintara mejor.
Viene me à la memoria
donde la vi primero,
y aquel lugar do comencè de amalla,
y naceme tal gloria
de ver como la quiero,
que es ya mejor qu' el vella el contemplalla.
En el contemplar halla
mi alma un gozo estraño,
pienso estalla mirando,
despues en mi tornando,
pesame que dura poco el engaño:
no pido otra alegria,
sino engañar mi triste fantasia.

[1] The following passage may serve for an example:—

No oso pensar el dia y hora quando
mis ojos començaron a mirarte,
su vista poco a poco desmandando:

his epistles is, "The Answer to Diego Mendoza," who was himself the first epistolary poet among the Spaniards, and whom it will soon be necessary to notice more at length. After the new poetical career was opened, these authors vied in imitating the epistles of Horace; but it is plain that the elegiac tenderness of Tibullus was constantly present to the mind of Boscan. In his answer to Mendozâ, the descriptions of domestic and rural life charm by their exquisite delicacy, and possess a still more powerful interest than the moral reflections, though these are unaffected and noble, and conceived in the true spirit of didactic poetry.[1]

Entonces comencè a considerarte,
con pensamientos que y van y venian,
y casi no era mas de imaginarte.
Los unos blandamente me dezian,
que con mi coraçon todo te amasse,
los otros se alteravay temian.
Fuerça fue en fin, que poco a poco entrasse
a conocer mi triste entendimiento,
que era bien que tus cosas contemplasse.
Alli se levantò mi pensamiento
haziendo su discurso en mil ojetos,
y todos sobre un mismo fundamento.

[1] A certain Horatian epicurean spirit is recognisable in the view he takes of the philosophy of life.

En tierra do los vicios van tan llenos,
aquellos hombres que no son peores,
aquellos passaran luego por buenos.
Yo no ando ya siguiendo à los mejores,
bastame alguna vez dar fruto alguno,
en lo de mas contentome de flores.
No quiero en la virtud ser importuno,
ni pretendo rigor en mis costumbres,
con el gloton no pienso estar ayuno.
La tierra està con llanos y con cumbres,
lo tolerable al tiempo acomodemos,
y à su sazon hagamonos dos lumbres.

Pictures of domestic happiness, partaking both of the manner of Horace and Tibullus, form an agreeable addition to Boscan's moral reflections, viz. :—

Comigo y mi muger sabrosamente
estè, y alguna vez me pida celos,
con tal que me los pida blandamente.

Boscan's works conclude with a narrative poem in the Italian style, which has no other title than that denoting the structure of the verse, namely, *octava rima.* Some ideas and images are borrowed from the Italian poets; but the whole invention and the execution of the greater part of the details belong to Boscan. The merit of the fable, however, is not great. A mythological allegory, describing the empire of love, forms the introduction to a poetical relation of a festal meeting of Venus, Cupid, and the other inhabitants of that imaginary region. Little Cupids are despatched all over the world by Venus to defend her against the reproaches of unreasonable men, and to make known the real blessings of love. One of those winged envoys directs his course towards Barcelona, the natal city of the poet, gives a particular account of his mission to the fair ladies of that town, and addresses to them many gallant compliments. With the construction of the fable of this poem, Boscan certainly gave himself very little trouble. His object appears merely to have been the composition of a romantic picture of greater extent than a sonnet or a cancion, and to make his countrymen sensible of the charm of descriptive poetry in the Italian manner. It is impossible not to admire the grace and facility with which he has accomplished this purpose. The descriptions are so animated,[1] and all the details so

Comamos y bevamos sin recelos,
 la mesa de muchachos rodeada:
 mochachos que nos hagan ser aguelos.
Passeremos assi neustra jornada,
 agora en la ciudad ahora en la aldea,
 porque la vida estè mas descansada:
Quando pesada la ciudad nos sea,
 yremos al lugar con la compaña,
 adonde el importuno no nos vea.
Alli se vivira con menos maña,
 y no aura el hombre tanto de guardarse
 d' el malo, o d' el grossero que os engaña.
Alli podra mejor philosopharse
 con los bueyes, y cabras, y ovejas,
 que con los que d' el vulgo han de tratarse.

[1] The description of Venus appearing, when the star which has obtained her name rises, is thus given:—

elegant, that the tediousness of some of the parts is amply compensated by the happy execution of the whole. Light plays of fancy embellish the lyric and romantic passages; and, upon the whole, this is a work which no other of the same kind by later Spanish poets has excelled.[1]

If a comprehensive view be taken of the merits of Boscan, it will be impossible, notwithstanding the striking faults apparent in his works, and particularly in his sonnets, to withhold from him the title of the first classical poet of Spain. Some of his expressions are now antiquated, but upon the whole his language has continued a model for succeeding ages. Simplicity and dignity were

---

Mostrava ya su resplandor la estrella,
Que barre de la sombra neustra suelo,
Y al su venir toda otra cosa bella
Dexava su lugar alla en el cielo:
Quando Venus salio, y al salir d' ella
Saliò el amor, y junto saliò el zelo,
El zelo que de amor nace en las cosas,
Y mas en las que nacen mas hermosas.
Saliò con sus cabellos esparzidos,
Esta reyna de amor y de hermosura,
Su rostro blanco y blancos sus vestidos,
Con gravedad mezclada con dulçura:
Los ojos entre vivos y caidos,
Divino el ademan y la figura,
Como aquella que Zeuxis trasladó
De las cinco donzellas de Crotò.

[1] Some stanzas in the speech addressed by one of the missionary Cupids to the ladies of Barcelona, bring to recollection a passage in Tasso's Jerusalem, though that poem did not then exist.

N' os engañe ni os trayga levantadas,
La mocedad y verde loçania:
Que os hallareys despues peor burladas,
Con el tiempo que burla cada dia.
Y de suerte os vereys desengañadas,
Que engañaros querra la fantasia;
Y n' os valdra ni maña ni consejo,
Ni miraros mil vezes al espejo.
Guardad que mientras el buen tiempo dura,
No se os pierda la fresca primavera:
Sali à gozar el campo y su verdura,
Antes que todo en el invierno muera:
Reposa y sossega en essa frescura,
Con el ayre que blandamente os hierra,
Y assi falsas podreys estar señoras,
Sobre el correr d'el tiempo y de las horas.

never, in the same degree, and under a form so correct, united with poetic truth and feeling by any previous Spanish author. The partizans of the old national poetry reproached him with being an imitator; but without the kind of imitation by which he naturalized in his language a taste for the literature of Italy and the ancient classics, it would have been impossible for Spanish poetry to have gained that field in which it afterwards competed with the Italian. That he did not obtrude upon his countrymen a kind of poetry irreconcilable with the genius of their language and national character, is evident from the rapidity with which the new taste spread over the whole of Spain, and extended into Portugal, and also from its duration in both kingdoms. The poetic innovators at whose head Boscan stood, were certainly reprehensible, in so far as they wished to banish entirely the ancient Spanish style, which was also, in its own manner, susceptible of classical improvement. But it is doubtful whether the partisans of that style would have thought of perfecting it after classical models, had not the disciples of the Italian school unexpectedly shown the high cultivation of which Spanish poetry was capable under new forms. This Boscan first made manifest, not by critical reasoning, but by example; and his modesty contributed not a little to attract to his party the more liberal minded of his countrymen. Had he commenced his reform by trying to put down the old style with theoretical argument, or egotistical declamation, he would only have rendered himself an object of ridicule; for the public he had to deal with was not indisposed to improvement, but would not submit to have lessons read to it magisterially.

After Boscan, his friends, who participated in the fame of that reform to which he led the way, are justly entitled to the next place in the history of Spanish poetry.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

The first Spanish poet who followed the example of Boscan was Garcilaso de la Vega, a young Castilian, descended from a family of consideration in Toledo, and born, according to the statements of different authors, either in 1500 or 1503. His poetic talent was early developed,

and he had already written several lyric pieces in the old Spanish style, when he formed an acquaintance with Boscan, which soon ripened into friendship. The character of the poetry of the ancients and of Italy was then seen by him in a new light. He proceeded with ardour to the study of classical models, and of Petrarch and Virgil in particular. The improvement of pastoral poetry in his native tongue, appears to have been his first object. But it was his lot to follow the restless profession of arms; and the wars of Charles V. carried him abroad, and dragged him from country to country. In the year 1529, he distinguished himself in the Spanish corps which was attached to the imperial army opposed to the Turks. While in Vienna, he became involved in a romantic intrigue, between a near relation of his own and a lady of the court. The imperial dignity, it appears, was supposed to be compromised by this intrigue, and Garcilaso was punished for his interference by imprisonment in an island of the Danube. There he composed one of his canciones, in which he bewails his destiny, but at the same time celebrates the Danube, and the countries through which it flows.[1] His imprisonment probably was not of long duration. In the year 1535, he served in the adventurous expedition of Charles V. against Tunis, in which he won glory, and received wounds. In Naples and Sicily he devoted, as far as circumstances would permit, his moments of relaxation to poetry. He execrated war, and exerted all the powers of his imagination in painting the charms of Arcadian pastoral life, but still remained a soldier.[2] It may be presumed, however, that his military talents were not inconsiderable, for when the imperial army, in the year 1536, penetrated into the south of France, Garcilaso de la Vega, who could then be only thirty-three, or at most thirty-six years of age, commanded eleven companies of infantry. That campaign, which did not terminate so fortunately as it

[1] Danubio, rio divino
Que por fieras naciones
Vas con tus claras ondas discurriendo, &c.

[2] In his elegy on Boscan, he thus apostrophizes Mars:—
O crudo, o riguroso, o duro Marte,
De tunica cubierto de diamante,
Y endurecido siempre en toda parte, &c.

commenced, was the last to Garcilaso, and severed him from the world in the bloom of life. The emperor in person ordered him to take by assault a fort, the garrison of which harassed the army in its retreat. Garcilaso executed the command with more gallantry than prudence. He wished to be the first to scale the walls. He attained his object, but was struck with a stone on the head, and thrown down from the ramparts. Being mortally wounded, he was removed to Nice, where, a few weeks after he died.

It would be difficult to discover, from the works of Garcilaso, that the author had spent a considerable portion of his short life in camps, and had died in the bed of military honour, the victim of his courage; for he approaches even more closely than Boscan to the tenderness of Petrarch. The general tone of his poetry is so soft and melancholy, that it is only by occasional characteristic traits that the Spaniard is recognised; but it must be confessed that when such passages do occur, the exaggeration is striking enough.[1] In his sonnets, which are not numerous, the imitation of Petrarch is obvious; but he sometimes betrays that affectation of wit which was still in Spain regarded as an ingenious manner of expressing vehement and profound passion.[2] One, however, exhibits through-

[1] The edition of the *Obras de Garcilaso de la Vega*, Madrid, 1765, 8vo, published by an anonymous editor, contains impartial and correct remarks on the beauties and the defects of the author's poetry. The preface, which is written with patriotic feeling, is also worthy of perusal.

[2] In the following sonnet, the dull and affected close forms an unpleasing contrast to the fine commencement:—

La mar en medio y tierras he dexado
  De quanto bien, cuitado, yo tenía:
  Y yéndome alejando cada dia,
  Gentes, costumbres, lenguas he pasado.
Ya de volver estoy desconfiado;
  Pienso remedios en mi fantasía:
  Y el que mas cierto espero, es aquel dia
  Que acabará la vida y el cuidado.
De qualquier mal pudiera socorrerme
  Con veros yo, señora, ó esperallo,
  Si esperallo pudiera sin perdello.
Mas de no veros ya para valerme,
  Sino es morir, nigun remedio hallo:
  Y si este lo es, tampoco podré habello.

out a delicacy of style and sweetness of manner, equalled by few pieces of the same kind in the Spanish language.[1] He was not equally successful in seizing the character of the Italian canzone, of which he, as well as Boscan, was an imitator. His reputation rests chiefly on his pastoral poems, which therefore deserve to be more particularly noticed.

Since the rude dramatic eclogues of Juan de la Enzina, pastoral poetry had made no progress in Spain. But Garcilaso de la Vega, who imitated Virgil and Sanazzar, happily united the romantic character with the correctness of the ancients: thus his eclogues, though only one of them can be regarded as a masterpiece, surpass all Italian poems of the kind, those in the *Arcadia* of Sanazzar alone excepted. The Neapolitan sky appears to have had the same influence on Garcilaso as on Virgil and Sanazzar; and he seems to have regarded Naples as his poetical country. The first of his eclogues is by far the most beautiful, and marks an epoch in Spanish pastoral poetry. The whole composition has the metrical form of an Italian canzone. The invention is very simple. In the four introductory strophes, in which is interwoven a dedication to the viceroy of Naples, Don Pedro de Toledo, marquis of Villafranca, the author describes, with all the simplicity proper to genuine pastoral poetry, the meeting of two shepherds, Salicio and Nemoroso, who alternately pour forth their

[1] It is as follows:—

> O dulces prendas, por mi mal halladas,
> Dulces y alegres, quando Dios queria!
> Juntas estays en la memoria mia,
> Y con ella en mi muerte conjuradas.
> Quien me dixera, quando las passadas
> Horas en tanto bien por vos me via,
> Que me haviais de ser el algun dia
> Con tan grave dolor representadas!
> Pues en un hora junto me llevastes,
> Todo el bien, que por terminos me distes,
> Llevadme junto el mal, que me dexastes.
> Si no, sospecharé, que me pusistes
> En tantos bienes, porque deseastes
> Verme morir entre memorias tristes.

When stripped, however, of the pleasing versification, the ideas in the last lines appear somewhat studied and far-fetched.

feelings in melancholy strains. These elegiac songs alternate one with the other uninterruptedly, and the relation subsisting between them gives to the whole lyric composition a due consistence and unity. This is all the plan of the eclogue. But the glow of enthusiastic feeling, the happy choice of expression, and the harmony of versification so completely satisfactory to the ear, to be found in almost every line of these songs of sorrow, cannot fail to charm the admirers of elegiac beauty. Accordingly, the Spanish critics are nearly unanimous in pronouncing this eclogue one of the finest works in their language. The subject of the first song is the infidelity—of the second, the death of a mistress: the latter appears to be founded in fact. But Garcilaso would have better secured the sympathy of the more scrupulous Spanish reader, had he entirely passed over the cause of the lamented fair one's decease. The lady, whom he describes as a pastoral nymph, lost her life, it seems, in childbed; for an apostrophe of the complaining shepherd to Lucina indicates plainly enough the nature of her death. But is the affected delicacy which takes offence at a trait so truly natural and pathetic, worthy the attention of an author? In the first strain, in which the shepherd Salicio deplores the infidelity of his mistress, the interest appears to be raised as far as it is possible to carry it.[1] Passion is here elevated to the

[1] The following two strophes are from the lament of Salicio:—

Por ti el silencio de la selva umbrosa,
Por ti la esquividad y apartamiento
Del solitario monte me agradaba:
Por ti la verde hierba, el fresco viento,
El blanco lirio y colorada rosa,
Y dulce primavera deseaba.
Ay! quanto me engañaba,
Ay! quán diferente era,
Y quan de otra manera
Lo que en tu falso pecho se escondia!
Bien claro con su voz me lo decía
La siniestra corneja repitiendo
La desventura mia.
Salid sin duelo lágrimas corriendo.
Quantas veces durmiendo en la floresta
(Reputándolo yo por desvarío)
Vi mi mal entre sueños, desdichado!
Soñaba que en el tiempo del estío

highest pitch, and then lost in a most affecting self sacrifice.[1] But the song in which Nemoroso laments the death of his mistress even surpasses the former in elegiac force, perhaps because it possesses greater tenderness. In retracing his recollections, the mourner draws a series of melancholy pictures which have an indescribable charm. The beauty of the poem rises with the description of the beauty of the departed shepherdess.[2] Nemoroso relates

---

Llevaba, por pasar allí la siesta,
A beber en el Tajo mi ganado:
Y despues de llegado,
Sin saber de qual arte,
Por desusada parte,
Y por nuevo camino el agua se iba:
Ardiendo yo con la calor estiva,
El curso enajonado iba siguiendo
Del agua fugitiva.
Salid sin duelo lágrimas corriendo.

[1] Mas ya que á socorrerme aqui no vienes,
No dexes el lugar que tanto amaste;
Que bien podrás venir de mi segura.
Yo dexaré el lugar do me dexaste:
Ven, si por solo esto te detienes.
Ves aquí un prado lleno de verdura,
Ves aquí una espesura,
Ves aquí una agua clara,
En otro tiempo cara,
A quien de ti con lágrimas me quexo.
Quizá aquí hallarás, pues yo me alejo,
Al que todo mi bien quitarme puede;
Que pues el bien le dexo,
No es mucho que el lugar tambien le quede.

[2] Do están agora aquellos claros ojos,
Que llevaban tras sí como colgada
Mi ánima do quier que se volvian?
Do está la blanca mano delicada
Llena de vencimientos y despojos,
Que de mi mis sentidos le ofrecían?
Los cabellos que vian
Con gran desprecio al oro
Como á menor tesoro,
Adonde están? Adonde el blanco pecho?
Do la coluna que el dorado techo,
Con presuncion graciosa sostenía?
Aquesto todo agora ya se encierra,
Por desventura mia,
En la fria, desierta y dura tierra.

how he carries in his bosom a lock of his Eliza's hair, from which he is never separated; how, when alone, he spreads it out, weeps over it, dries it with his sighs, and then examines and counts every single hair. This passage is unexampled, either in ancient or modern poetry.[1] Occasional imitations of Virgil have been pointed out, but they harmonize so completely with the romantic spirit of the poem, that were it not for the particular references which critics have made, they would in general escape the notice of even the most erudite. The poem, as a whole, is evidently the genuine effusion of the author's soul. Materials of an affecting but prosaic nature are, by his art, converted into the most graceful and impressive poetry.

As Garcilaso only imitated the ancients by the introduction of certain ideas and images, and not in the structure of his eclogues, he considered himself at liberty to vary their form at pleasure. But here his good taste abandoned him. The second and longest of his eclogues is an unnatural mixture of heterogeneous styles. An unfortunate shepherd deplores his unsuccessful love. Another shepherd joins him, and their conversation proceeds unconstrained, in a romantic pastoral tone; but it is impossible to discover any reason for the changes which take place in the verse. Tercets are succeeded by rhymeless iambics, after which the tercets reappear, and are followed by the syllabic measure of a canzone. The simple dialogue suddenly becomes dramatic. The fair huntress, whose indifference is the subject of the first shepherd's lament, appears upon the scene. The lover seizes her and refuses to let her go,

[1] Una parte guardé de tus cabellos,
Eliza, envueltos en un blanco paño,
Que nunca de mi seno se me apartan:
Descójolos, y de un dolor tamaño
Enternecerme siento, que sobre ellos
Nunca mis ojos de llorar se hartan,
Sin que de allí se partan,
Con suspiros calientes,
Mas que la llama ardientes,
Los enxugo del llanto, y de consuno
Casi los paso y cuento uno á uno:
Juntándolos con un cordon los ato:
Tras esto el importuno
Dolor me dexa descansar un rato.

unless she swears to listen to his addresses. She makes the required vow, and, when at liberty, flies. The despair of the shepherd then becomes frenzy; and a third shepherd, who has in the meantime appeared, discourses with the one who first joined the unhappy lover, on the means of restoring him to reason. The author seizes this opportunity to convert his eclogue into a most unseasonable eulogium on the house of Alba. One of the shepherds recommends the aid of a physician named Severo; which name is assigned to a learned friend of Garcilaso and the Alba family. Nothing more is necessary, according to the critical conception of the author, to warrant a poetical digression from his account of the merits of the physician, to the history of the house of Alba, which he details in iambic blank verse.

In the third and last of Garcilaso's eclogues, the genuine pastoral character is resumed. The lyric dialogue in octaves, or Italian stanzas, pleasingly harmonizes with the tender description of amatory sorrows given in this poem.

Garcilaso made essays in other kinds of poetry, but with less success. An elegy, written to console the duke of Alba for the death of his brother, is an imitation, or rather a translation, of an Italian poem by Frascatoro, and is at once cold and verbose. More of interest belongs to another elegy which is addressed to Boscan, and which the author wrote at the foot of Mount Etna. Mythological recollections excited by that classic ground, mournful complaints of the miseries of war, and tender anxieties for a beloved object in the poet's native land, diffuse a charm over this elegant poem, which is, besides, remarkable for comparisons and images full of novelty and truth.[1]

Garcilaso is also the author of a small epistle, in which

[1] Como acontece al mísero doliente,
Que del un cabo el cierto amigo y sano
Le muestra el duro mal de su acidente,
Y le amonesta que del cuerpo humano
Comience á levantar á mejor parte
El alma suelta con volar liviano;
Mas la tierna muger, de la otra parte,
No se puede entregar al desengaño,
Y encúbrele del mal la mayor parte:
El, abrazado con su dulce engaño,
Vuelve los ojos á la vos piadosa,
Y alégrase muriendo con su daño:

he has endeavoured to seize the true Horatian tone. It is not sufficiently important to deserve particular notice, but it is easy to recognise in it the fine tact of this author, from whom the critic, however severely he may judge his faults, cannot withhold the title of the second classic poet of Spain.

DIEGO DE MENDOZA.

The third classic poet, and at the same time the first classic prose writer of Spain, is Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza,[1] a native of Granada, where he was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but in what year is not known. Descended from one of the first families of the country, he had before him the prospect of high honours, which, as he was one of five children, his parents destined him to reach through the church. Being educated for the clerical profession, he received what was then considered a learned education. Besides the classical languages of antiquity, he acquired the Hebrew and Arabic. At the university of Salamanca, he studied scholastic philosophy, theology, and ecclesiastical law. While yet a student, he was the inventor of the comic romance or novel, for it was at Salamanca that he wrote his celebrated work, the Life of Lazarillo de Tormes. Having become as conspicuous for vigorous and sound understanding as for wit and learning, the emperor Charles V., who perceived that his talents might be employed with advantage in public business, drew him from his studies. He had not long left the university when he was appointed

---

Así los quito yo de toda cosa,
Y póngolos en solo el pensamiento
De la esperanza cierta ó lastimosa.
En este dulce error muero contento;
Porque ver claro, y conocer mi estado
No puede ya curar el mal que siento;
Y acabo como aquel que en un templado
Baño metido sin sentido muere,
Las venas dulcemente desatado.

[1] In the title of the edition which I have perused of his *Obras*, (Madrid, 1610, in 4to.) the word "Hurtado" is omitted, and he is called simply Diego de Mendoza; but the Mendozas are so numerous in Spanish literature, that it is necessary to observe all the distinctions in their names.

imperial envoy to Venice. He availed himself of the opportunities which this situation afforded to cultivate an intercourse with learned Italians, and to obtain an intimate knowledge of the spirit of Italian literature. Before his departure for Italy, he appears to have formed an acquaintance with Boscan; but he was patriot enough not to despise the old Spanish poetry. Though he loved the Italian poets, he preferred the ancients, and in particular Horace, who, like himself, a man of the world, might occasionally assist him in his journey through the slippery path of political life; and certainly few poets could have divided themselves between literature and politics with as much dexterity as Mendoza. He was, however, far from being a servile courtier. His low opinion of diplomatic dignity is stated somewhat too frankly, in one of his epistles, in which he exclaims, "O these ambassadors! What ninnies they are! When kings wish to cheat, they begin with us. Our best business is to take care that we do no harm, and indeed never to do or say anything, lest we run the risk of making ourselves understood."[1] The ambassador of a prince of such deep dissimulation as Charles V. might naturally enough form an unfavourable opinion of his office; but he who could speak his mind in this manner, even when at his post, must have retained some of the spirit of old Spanish freedom.

The emperor made no mistake in the choice of his ambassador, of whose turn of thinking he doubtless was not ignorant, but on the exercise of whose talents he knew he could rely. He considered him the fittest person who could be selected to go to the council of Trent, and one who could recommend, in a pleasing manner, the truths he wished to be told to the assembled fathers in the name of the Spanish nation. This commission Mendoza executed to the satisfaction of the emperor. The speech which

[1] O embaxadores, puros majaderos,
Que si los reyes quieren engañar,
Comiençan por nosotros los primeros.
Nuestro mayor negocio es, no dañar,
Y jamas hacer cosa, ni dezilla,
Que no corramos riesgo de enseñar.
The passage is in the epistle commencing:
Que hace el gran señor de los Romanos.

he delivered before the council in 1545 was highly admired, and Charles was convinced that it was impossible to confide the affairs of Italy to better hands. In the year 1547, Mendoza appeared at the papal court, then the centre of all political intrigues, as imperial ambassador, and invested with powers which rendered him the terror of the French party in Italy. The emperor at the same time appointed him captain-general and governor of Sienna, and other strong places in Tuscany. He was ordered to humble the pope, Paul III., even in his own court; and to repress, by force, the movements of the restless Florentines, who still hoped, under the protection of France, to shake off the yoke of the Medicis. A man of less firmness of character would have been totally unfit for such a task; but the terrible energy with which Mendoza performed it, exasperated in the highest degree the opposite party, and more particularly the Florentines. The repeated insurrections in Tuscany could not be suppressed without measures of great severity, and Mendoza was consequently detested as a tyrant by all Italians who were not reconciled to the introduction of Spanish garrisons. In Sienna he was constantly exposed to assassination; and on one occasion, a musket ball directed against him killed the horse on which he rode. His intrepidity, however, was not to be shaken, and he continued to administer his difficult government until Paul III. died, and was succeeded by Julius III., a pope inclined to the Spanish party. The new pope, wishing to bestow on Mendoza a particular mark of respect, appointed him gonfalonier, or standard-bearer to the church. In this character, Mendoza marched against the rebels in the ecclesiastical territories, and made them submit to the pope.

Thus did a Spanish poet, alike feared and admired, govern Italy for the space of six years. During this stormy period of his life, Mendoza composed verses, visited the Italian universities, purchased Greek manuscripts, and collected a large library. Since the days of Petrarch, no friend of literature had shown so much zeal for the acquisition of Greek manuscripts. He spared no pains nor expense to procure them even from Greece, and sent special messengers for that purpose to the convent of Mount Athos.

He availed himself of a service he had rendered to the Ottoman sultan, to obtain supplies of corn for the empty granaries of Venice, and of manuscripts for his own library. Many a Greek work came first to the press from his valuable collection. Whoever wished to promote the study of ancient literature, found in him a friend and protector; and to him the learned bookseller, Paulus Manutius, dedicated his edition of the philosophic writings of Cicero, to the study of which Mendoza was particularly attached, and for the correct publication of which he even made critical observations on the manuscripts.

Literature and politics, it appears, did not afford sufficient occupation for this extraordinary man. He chose also to engage in affairs of gallantry; and, according to the manners of the age, gave to such pursuits, at least in verse, the character of romantic passion. His personal appearance, however, was not calculated to recommend him to the fair sex; for his biographers state that he was far from handsome, and that the glance of his fiery eye was more repulsive than agreeable. But Mendoza was active, accomplished, and in the possession of power; and the favour which these advantages obtained for him with some Roman ladies, was numbered among the offences with which his enemies loudly reproached him. The repeated charges brought against him made at last an impression on the emperor; and that monarch, who had begun to contemplate the resignation of his crown, and who was now desirous of establishing tranquillity in his states, thought fit, in the year 1554, to recal this too rigid governor to Spain.

The latter part of the history of Mendoza's life is not uniformly related by his biographers. According to some, he retired to the country, devoted himself to poetry and philosophy, and appeared very seldom at the court of Philip II. Others assert that, though he no longer retained his former influence, he continued a member of the council of state under Philip II., and was present with that monarch at the great battle of St. Quintin, fought in the year 1557. This much is certain, that he was soon after engaged in an adventure at the court, which, for a man of his age and knowledge of the world, was of a very

singular nature. An altercation arose in the palace between him and a courtier, who, according to Mendoza's own declaration, was his rival in the affections of a lady. This man, whose name is not mentioned, in a fit of violent exasperation, drew a dagger; upon which Mendoza seized him, and threw him from a balcony into the street. What afterwards became of his antagonist is not recorded; but Mendoza's conduct was the subject of serious animadversion, and the grave Philip regarded it as a high offence against the dignity of his person and his court. He was, however, content to inflict a moderate punishment, and merely condemned Mendoza to a short imprisonment. The old statesman occupied the period of his imprisonment in the old Spanish style, namely, in composing lamentations on the unkindness of his mistress;[1] and these romantic effusions do not appear to have been considered by his contemporaries as absurd and ridiculous at his time of life. But the sorrows expressed in his amatory ditties did not drive the venerable lover to despair; for when he was soon after set at liberty, though still exiled from court, he observed with the eye of a politician the insurrection of the Moriscos, or converted Arabs of Granada; and when the insurrection broke out into a formal war, he noted down all the remarkable events, and afterward detailed them in an historical work, which has obtained for him the name of the Spanish Sallust. He availed himself of this opportunity to collect a great number of Arabic manuscripts. Observations on the works of Aristotle, a translation of the Mechanics of that philosopher, and some political treatises, were, it appears, the last of his literary labours. He was thus actively and usefully employed until his death, which happened when he was upwards of seventy, at Valladolid, in the year 1575. He bequeathed his collection of books and manuscripts to the king, and it still forms one of the most valuable portions of the library of the Escurial.[2]

[1] They are to be found among his poems with these titles:—"Carta en redondillas, *estando preso*."—"Redondillas, *estando preso por una pendencia que tuvo en palacio*."

[2] The best life of Mendoza is that which precedes his *Guerra de Granada*, Valencia, 1776, in quarto. The notices in the fourth volume of the *Parnaso Español* are also copious and useful.

A detailed account of the life of this distinguished man cannot be regarded as a biographical excrescence in a history of Spanish Literature; for in no other poet's life and works is the real Castilian spirit of the age of Charles V. so clearly displayed as in those of Diego de Mendoza. The universality of his literary talent will be best understood, when it is known with what energy, precision, and facility he accommodated himself to, and controlled the circumstances in which he happened to be placed throughout all the practical relations of life. That remarkable trait of his mind, namely, the constancy with which, instead of abandoning one species of mental activity for another, he continued during his whole life, from youth to extreme old age, to unite in his person the poet, the man of letters, and the statesman, gives reason to expect that his works, however differing in kind, will be found to possess a certain common character.

Diego de Mendoza did more for the poetic literature of his country than his countrymen seem to have acknowledged. Spanish writers, it is true, place him next in rank to Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega, among the poets who introduced the Italian style into Castilian poetry. But they cannot pardon the harshness of his versification in those poems in which he adopted the metrical forms of Italy. Rendered fastidious by the rhythmical harmony which a Castilian ear can never dispense with, the Spaniards have held in very trifling estimation the epistles of Mendoza; though those compositions, in a striking manner, extended the boundaries of Castilian poetry. As a writer of epistolary poetry, he might justly be styled the Spanish Horace, if his tercets flowed as smoothly as the hexameters of the Latin poet. Making allowance, however, for the want of that pure harmony and that didactic delicacy in which Horace is inimitable, Mendoza's epistles may rank among the best productions of the kind in modern literature. With the exception of Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega, no previous Spanish poet had evinced any trace of that Horatian spirit with which this author was endowed. In the collection of Mendoza's poems, these epistles are merely called *cartas* (letters.) Some of them are of a romantic

cast, and overloaded with tedious love complaining. But the rest, like Horace's epistles, are didactic, full of agreeable but sound philosophy, precise and yet unconstrained in expression, and rescued from the monotonous effect of moral instruction by a happy interchange of precepts, images, and characters. A masculine understanding, which clearly penetrates all social relations, and a noble spirit, which estimates the blessings of life according to their real value, diffuse over these epistles a charm at once serene and attractive. Some of the most beautiful, for example—that addressed to Boscan, which is best known, and which, on account of the answer, is printed among Boscan's poems—were composed in Italy during the more early part of the author's life. But in estimating the poetical works of Mendoza, chronological arrangement is of little importance, for as a poet he preserved equality from the commencement to the close of his career. His epistle to Boscan is in part an imitation of that of Horace to Numicius.[1] The latter half, however, belongs exclusively to Mendoza. In this portion of the epistle he presents to his friend the outline of the charming picture of domestic happiness, to which Boscan himself, in the answer already mentioned, has given a higher finish; and the taste which can overlook the beauty of this picture on account of want of smoothness in the versification, must be depraved by the affectation of refinement.[2] Another epistle, addressed to Don

[1] It commences thus:—

El no maravillarse hombre de nada
 Me parece, Boscan, ser una cosa,
 Que basta a darnos vida descansada; &c.

[2] The commencement relates to Boscan's wife:—

Tu la verà, Boscan, y yo la veo,
 Que los que amamos, vemos mas temprano,
 Hela, en cabello negro, y blanco arreo.
Ella te cogera con blanda mano
 Las raras ubas, y la fruta cana,
 Dulces, y frescos dones del verano.
Mira que diligencia, con que gana
 Viene al nuevo servicio, que pomposa
 Està con el trabajo, y quan ufana.
En blanca leche colorada rosa
 Nunca para su amigo vi al pastor
 Mezclar, que pareciesse tan hermosa.

Luis de Zuñiga, contains an ingenious and striking comparison of the character of two heterogeneous and equally unwise classes of men: the one wholly attached to the vulgar pleasures of the moment, and stupidly indifferent to the affairs of the world;[1] and the other, on the contrary, cheated by restless cares and anxieties out of the enjoy-

El verde arrayan tuerce en derredor,
De tu sagrada frente, con las flores,
Mezclando oro immortal a la labor.
Por cima van, y vienen los amores,
Con las alas en vino remojadas,
Suenan en el carcax los passadores.
Remedie quien quisiere las pissadas
De los grandes, que el mundo governaron,
Cuyas obras, quiza estan olvidadas.
Desuelese en lo que ellos no alcançaron,
Duerma descolorido sobre el oro,
Que no les quedara mas que llevaron.
Yo Boscan, no procuro otro tesoro,
Sino poder vivir medianamente,
Ni escondo la riqueza, ni la adoro.
Si aqui hallas algun inconveniente,
Como discreto, y no como yo soy,
Me desengaña luego incontinente,
Y sino ven conmigo adonde voy.

[1] Quantos ay don Luys, que sobre nada
Haziendo sumtuoso fundamento,
Tienen la buena suerte por llegada.
Cansanse con un vano pensamiento,
Hechan sus conjeturas, y razones,
Hazen torres vazias en el viento.
Ensanchan al pensar los coraçones,
Creen tener en puño la fortuna,
Y toman por el pie las ocasiones.
Como los simples niños que en la cuna,
No saben conocer otro cuydado,
Sino contar las vigas, una a una,
Ansi passan la vida en descuydado,
Y ternan por el mismo, sin mas duda,
El tiempo por venir con el passado:
Mas si el viento delante se les muda,
Y arranca las arenas del profundo,
No por esso harán vida sessuda.
No les podra quitar hombre del mundo
El comer el dormir, el passear,
El tenerse por solos sin segundo.

ment of the present.[1] In these epistles, Mendoza unfolded the result of his experience, as the Infante Juan Manuel did a century and a half earlier, in his *Count Lucanor*, though in a totally different manner. Mendoza's style is that of an accomplished man of the world, formed in the school of the Latin poets.

His sonnets possess neither the grace nor the harmony essential to that species of composition, and they owe their existence to the amatory spirit of the age rather than to the poetic inspiration of the author. Though Mendoza composed in the Italian manner with less facility than Boscan and Garcilaso, he felt more correctly than they or any other of his countrymen, the difference between the Spanish and Italian languages, with respect to their capabilities for versification. The Spanish admits of none of those pleasing elisions which, particularly when terminating vowels are omitted, render the mechanism of Italian versification so easy, and enable the poet to augment or diminish the number of syllables according to his pleasure; and this difference in the two languages renders the composition of a Spanish sonnet a difficult task. Still

[1] Otros ay que rebuelven en el seno,
    El tiempo que es passado, y el que tienen,
    Consideran lo suyo por lo ageno.
  Toman las ocasiones que les vienen,
    Y las que no les vienen, van buscando,
    Y con qualquier tiempo se entre tienen.
  El mundo punto a punto van passando
    Los hombres por de dentro, y por de fuera
    Como en anatomia examinando.
  Ponen la diligencia en delantera,
    El seso, y la razon por el guarismo,
    Quieren que todo venga a su manera.
  No tienen otra ley, ni otro bautismo,
    Sino lo que les cumple, y por solo esto
    Yran hasta el profundo del abismo.
  Agudos en el cuerpo, y en el gesto,
    Mal ceñidos, las capas arrastradas,
    El ojo abierto, y el caminar presto.
  Si les suceden cosas desastradas,
    Escogen, y proveen lo peor,
    Nadie puede topar con sus pisadas.
  No toman el camino, que es mejor,
    Llano, y trillado, antes al reves,
    Engañanse en el arte, y la labor.

more does the Spanish language seem hostile to the soft termination of a succession of feminine rhymes, for the Spanish poet who adopts this rule of the Italian sonnet is compelled to banish from his rhymes all infinitives of verbs, together with a whole host of sonorous substantives and adjectives.[1] Mendoza, therefore, availed himself of the use of masculine rhymes in his sonnets; but this metrical licence was strongly censured by all partisans of the Italian style. Nevertheless, had he given to his sonnets more of the tenderness of Petrarch, it is probable that they would have found imitators. Some of them, indeed, may be considered as successful productions; and throughout all, the language is correct and noble.[2]

Mendoza's canciones have nearly the same character as his sonnets, except that they more obviously mark the influence of the Horatian ode on the lyric fancy of the author. The versification, which is sonorous, though deficient in harmony, is occasionally united with a degree of obscurity from which the other productions of Mendoza

[1] Words on which elisions are permitted in Italian, as for example, *dar*, *legger*, *amor*, *peggior*, instead of *dare*, *leggere*, *amore*, *peggiore*, are in Spanish, by an invariable rule of the language, written *dar*, *leèr*, *amor*, *peòr*; and, on the other hand, no poet can presume to omit the terminating vowels in Spanish words. A succession of pure feminine rhymes is, therefore, as unnatural in the Spanish language as in the German. In the Spanish, however, the unnatural effect is easily concealed; while in the German, the incessant recurrence of the semimute *e*, in feminine rhymes, is intolerable.

[2] The following is characteristic, since it presents, in a picture of the poet's mode of life, the mingled features of Italian refinement and the Spanish mode of thinking.

> Aora en la dulce ciencia embevecido,
> Ora en el uso de la ardiente espada,
> Aora con la mano, y el sentido
> Puesto en seguir la plaça levantada,
> Ora el pesado cuerpo estè dormido,
> Aora el alma atenta, y desvelada,
> Siempre en el coraçon tendre esculpido
> Tu ser, y hermosura entretallada.
> Entre gentes estrañas, do se encierra
> El Sol fuera del mundo, y se desvia,
> Durarè, y permanecerè deste arte.
> En el mar, en el cielo, so la tierra,
> Contemplarè la gloria de aquel dia,
> Que tu vista figura en toda parte.

are totally exempt.[1] The least successful of his poems in the Italian style is a mythological tale in octave verse, founded on the history of Adonis, but along with which the author has interwoven the history of Atalanta. The story is, however, related in a very pleasing manner.

The Spaniards give the preference, not to this first class of the poetic works of Mendoza, but to the second, which consists of lyric poems in the old national style, the origin of which it is, however, easy to perceive must be referred to a more highly cultivated age. The similarity between these poems and others of the same sort in the *Romancero general*, clearly proves that many of the poets of the age of Charles V. tacitly agreed to improve the old national poetry, without, like the impetuous Castillejo, (of whom further mention will soon be made,) waging open war against the reformers of the school of Boscan. Many of Mendoza's lyric pieces are inserted in the *Romancero general* without the author's name. In these compositions the syllabic measure seems to have been the chief object of improvement. But this improvement, however successful, was at the same time necessarily limited; and the beautiful forms of the Italian canzone possessed too striking a superiority over the most cultivated forms of rhyme in the old redondillas, to yield to the latter in any collision. All Mendoza's lyric compositions are in stanzas of four lines; and the pieces of this description then obtained, by way of distinction, the

[1] One of those canciones commences in a sententious way, in the Horatian manner, but it soon degenerates into an obscurity, very unlike Horace.

> Tiempo bien empleado,
> Y vida descansada,
> *Bien que á pocos, y tarde se consiente*
> *Olvidar lo passado,*
> Holgar con lo presente,
> Y de lo por venir, no curar nada,
> Hora falta, y menguada
> La del que nunca olvida
> Un cuydado que siempre le da pena.
> Cortado à su medida
> Tan importuna, y llena,
> Que ni otro halla entrada, ni el salida,
> Mas tiene por testigo
> Su pensamiento, y este es su enemigo.

name of redondillas, which seems originally to have been applied to all trochaic verses in lines of four feet.[1] But songs in stanzas of five lines, though in other respects similar to those just mentioned, are called in Mendoza's collection *quintas*, or *quintillas*. The trochaic stanza in four lines of three feet,[2] of which the *Romancero general* also contains several specimens, was found to be most suitable to *endechas*, or funeral songs, in the old national style, and to compositions of that class Mendoza applied it. He wrote many romantic epistles in the redondilla stanza of four lines; and did not neglect the other old lyric forms, such as the *Villancicos*, &c. The improvement of style, which is an essential feature of all these poems, was limited by Mendoza to accuracy of expression, and to softening the quaintness of the old subtilties; to these, however, he himself sometimes resorted; and he seems to have been of opinion, that the character of this kind of poetry rendered their occasional introduction indispensable. In compositions of a tender and melancholy[3] cha-

[1] See the Introduction, page 12.

[2] For example:—

Hagame lugar
El placer un dia!
Dexame contar
Esta pena mia!

[3] The following are the first stanzas of a song, which he composed in prison, after his extraordinary adventure in the court of Madrid:—

Triste, y aspera fortuna
Un preso tiene afligido,
Mas no por esso vencido
Con la fuerça de ninguna.
Entre sus cuydados vive,
Ellos mismos le atormentan,
Mil muertes le representan,
Y las mas dellos recibe.
Y aunque no se rinde al peso
De tantas penas, y enojos,
Rinde à Filis los despojos
De sus entrañas, y seso.
Tristezas, y soledades,
Y quexas muy apretadas,
Que sino son declaradas,
A lo menos son verdades.

racter, he is less successful than in those of a comic cast.[1]

Considering Mendoza's wit and knowledge of mankind, it may naturally be presumed that his satirical poems, which however exist only in manuscript, mark a great advancement in this species of poetry in Spain. These poems are mentioned by all Mendoza's biographers; one is called *La Pulga* (the Flea), another *La Caña* (the Reed), and a third bears the comical title of *Elogoio de la Zanahoria* (Eulogy on the Parsnip). None, however, have yet passed the ordeal of the inquisition. Their titles seem to indicate a kind of coarse humour in the style of the burlesque satires of the Italians.

Some of Mendoza's prose compositions have obtained greater celebrity than his poems; and they unquestionably form an epoch in the history of Spanish prose. The comic romance of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, which he wrote while he was a student at Salamanca, is either the very first production of its kind, or at least the first that obtained anything like literary consideration. Soon after its publication it was translated into Italian, and subsequently into French, and through the medium of this French translation it has been read throughout all Europe. Relations of interesting tricks of roguery probably formed at a more early period a favourite amusement with the Spaniards; for that adroit feats of cunning and deception

[1] In a half comic song, he describes jealousy (in Spanish, *los zelos*, jealous thoughts), in a series of very odd, negative comparisons;—for example:

> No es padre, suegro, ni yerno,
> Ni es hijo, hermano, ni tio,
> Ni es mar, arroyo, ni rio,
> Ni es verano, ni es invierno,
> Ni es otoño, ni es estio.
> No es ave, ni es animal,
> Ni es Luna, sombra ni Sol.
> Vequadrado, ni vemol,
> Piedra, pltna, ni metal,
> Ni pece, ni caracol.
> Tampoco es noche, ni dia,
> Ni hora, ni mes, ni año,
> Ni es lienço, seda, ni paño,
> Ni es Latin, ni Algaravia,
> Ni es ogaño, ni fue antaño.

have had for them a charm of a peculiar kind, the whole history of their comic literature sufficiently proves. Mendoza, therefore, gave to his humorous fancy a direction conformable to the spirit of his country, when he chose, as the subject of his work, the Adventures of a Beggar Lad, who makes a kind of fortune by dint of cheating and roguery; and the comic interest of the production was enhanced by its contrast with the pompous romances of chivalry. In the perusal of such a tale, the Spanish reader willingly descended from the romantic ideal world to the sphere of common life. The skill with which Mendoza has sketched the vices of avarice and selfishness in the persons into whose service Lazarillo enters, is no less remarkable than the bold regard for truth which led him to include priests in the number of his odious characters. The inquisition, of course, could not expect that the Spaniards should regard the ecclesiastic profession as a security against every vice; and Lazarillo de Tormes sufficiently proves that in Mendoza's time the priesthood was not guaranteed against public satire in Spain. Under the reign of Philip II., however, satires of this kind became subject to a certain degree of restraint; and since that period Mendoza's romance has only been suffered to escape because its free circulation was once permitted by the inquisition. No critic has hitherto called in question the truth and accuracy of the pictures of vulgar life in Lazarillo de Tormes; but an author named De Luna, who styles himself an interpreter of the Castilian language, published a new edition of the romance with the view of correcting the diction. De Luna likewise added a second part to the story, for Mendoza in his maturer years never felt inclined to finish the comic work which he had commenced in his youth.[1]

A very different spirit animates the historical work in which Mendoza traces the history of the rebellion of Granada.[2] Mendoza formed his style, as a historian,

[1] The only editions of the *Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes* now in circulation, are printed after that published at Saragossa, in the year 1652, with De Luna's corrections and continuation.

[2] A new edition of this work, which is entitled:—*Guerra de Granada, que hizo el rey don Felipe II. &c. Escriviòla D. Diego Hurtado*

principally on that of Sallust, and only occasionally imitated Tacitus for the sake of variety. Were it not that he sometimes oversteps the bounds of true elegance and falls into an overstudied and artificial manner, this work might be ranked, without reserve, among the best historical models; and notwithstanding the affectation with which it is here and there disfigured,[1] it is, unquestionably, after the works of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, the first production of modern literature that deserves to be compared with the classic histories of antiquity.

However carefully Mendoza polished the rhetorical form of his history, still the importance of the materials and a true philosophic spirit are everywhere prominent throughout his representation of facts. Being himself a native of Granada, his power of rightly viewing the events, and the impressions he received from them, must have been much the same as if he had been an eye witness of all that passed. Besides, he derived his information from the most authentic sources; for at the period in question he was residing on his estate in the vicinity of the theatre of the war. His nephew, the marquis de Mondejar, was for some time commander in chief of the army against the rebels; and Mendoza himself had long been so intimately connected with the government at Madrid, that no indi-

de Mendoza, has been mentioned in the note, p. 134. It is in fact the first correct edition, for in it the original text is restored by collation with the authentic MS.

[1] This affectation of style is particularly observable in the Proœmium; and therefore that part of the work does not create a very favourable prepossession towards the author in the mind of the impartial critic:—

Bien sé que muchas cosas de las que escriviere pareceràn a algunos livianas, i menudas para Historia, comparadas a las grandes, que de España se hallan escritas; Guerras largas de varios sucesos, tomas i desolaciones de Ciudades populosas, Reyes vencidos i presos, disiordias entre padres i hijos, hermanos i hermanas, suegros i hiernos, desposeidos, restituidos, i otra vez desposeidos, muertos a hierro, acabados linages, mudadas successiones de Reinos; libre i estendido campo, i ancha salida para los Escritores. Yo escogi camino mas estrecho, trabajoso, esteril, i sin gloria; pero provechoso, i de fruto para los que adelante vinieren; comienzos bajos, rebelion de salteadores, junta de esclavos, tumulto de villanos, competencias, odios, ambiciones, i pretensiones; dilacion de provisiones, falta de dinero, inconvenientes o no creidos, o tenidos en poco.

vidual in Spain had better opportunities of obtaining that knowledge of the secret as well as of the ostensible springs of events which is necessary for just historical narration. The atrocious measures adopted by Philip II. to suppress the insurrection in Granada, were, however, no less opposed to the sound political views of Mendoza, than the fanatic cruelty and glaring injustice by which the unhappy Moriscos had been driven into rebellion appear to have revolted his feelings, good catholic as he may have been. But neither his opinion nor his compassion could be openly avowed. He therefore availed himself of all the subtle windings of the historical art, to render his representation of events easily intelligible to those who thought as he did, and at the same time to secure himself against any literal interpretation which spiritual or temporal despotism might have employed to his disadvantage. Wherever undeniable facts, which the government, according to its own maxims, could not venture to conceal, clearly expose the folly and inhumanity by which the Moors were reduced to despair, Mendoza apparently refrains from pronouncing any judgment, while the poignant manner in which he relates the facts is in itself a sufficient condemnation.[1]

When the fault rests rather with the agents of the government than with the government itself, he seems to attack only the former. In order that the just cause of the Moriscos might be, for once, powerfully vindicated, he puts, after the manner of the ancients, a speech into the

[1] For example:—

Porque la Inquisicion los comenzo a apretar mas de lo ordinario. El Rei les mandò dejar la habla Morisca, i con ella el comercio i communicacion entre si; quitòseles el servicio de los Esclavos negros a quienes criavan con esperanzas de hijos, el habito Morisco en que tenian empleado gran caudal; obligaronlos a vestir Castellano con mucha costa, que las mugeres trugesen los rostros descubiertos, que las casas acostumbradas a estar cerradas estuviesen abiertas: lo uno i lo otro tan grave de sufrir entre gente celosa. Huvo fama que les mandavan tomar los hijos, i pasallos a Castilla. Vedaronles el uso de los baños, que eran su limpieza i entrenimiento; primero les havian prohibido la Musica, cantares, fiestas, bodas, conforme a su costumbre, i qualesquier juntas de pasatiempo. Saliò todo esto junto sin guardia, ni provision de gente; sin reforzar presidios viejos, o firmar otras nuevos.

mouth of one of the chief of the conspirators. This is the only speech[1] in the work which seems sufficient to show that at least it was not inserted from a spirit of servile imitation; but he occasionally ventures, contrary to the practice of modern languages, to approximate his narrative style to that of the writers of antiquity; as, for example, where he employs a succession of verbs in the infinitive mood.[2] The Spaniards, however, seem to have regarded the grammatical freedom used by Mendoza as perfectly conformable to the genius of their language. During the gloomy and suspicious government of Philip II. this excellent work was only to be read in manuscript. It was first published at Madrid, in the year 1610, five-and-thirty years after the death of the author, and was reprinted at Lisbon in 1617; but both editions were purposely mutilated.[3] The text was at last given complete in the edition of the work which appeared in 1776.

[1] This speech is forcibly written, and the style is nowhere disfigured by rhetorical ornament. The following is one of its most powerful passages:—

Quien quita que el hombre de Lengua Castellana no pueda tener la lei del Profeta? i el de la lengua Morisca la lei de Jesus? llaman a nuestros hijos a sus Congregaciones i casas de letras, enseñanles artes que nuestros mayores prohibieron aprenderse; porque no se confundiese la puridad, i se hiciese litigiosa la verdad de la lei. Cada hora nos amenazan quitarlos de los brazos de sus madres, i de la crianza de sus padres, i pasarlos a tierras agenas; donde olviden nuestra manera de vida, i aprendan a ser enemigos de los padres que los engendramos, i de las madres que los parieron. Mandannos dejar nuestro habito, vestir el Castellano. Vistense entre ellos los Tudescos de una manera, los Franceses de otra, los Griegos de otra, los Frailes de otra, los mozos de otra, i de otra los viejos; cada Nacion, cada profesion i cada estado usa su manera de vestido, i todos son Christianos; i nosotros Moros, porque vestimos a la Morisca; como si truxesemos la lei en el vestido, i no en el corazon.

[2] Demàs desto proveerse de vitualla, eligir lugar en la montaña donde guardalla, fabricar armas, reparar las que de mucho tiempo tenian escondidas, comprar nuevas, i avisar de nuevo a los Reyes de Argel, Fez, Señor de Tituan desta resolucion i preparaciones.

[3] In the year 1737, that excellent critic Mayans, in allusion to Diego de Mendoza's *Guerra de Granada*, observes:—Deve leerse, como el la escriviò. Quiere Dios que algun dia la publique yo! (*Orig. de la Lengua Española*, vol. i. p. 205). Thus, even at that period, a genuine edition, such as Mayans wished to superintend, could not be published.

SAA DE MIRANDA.

The fame of the great reform of the Castilian poetry having penetrated into Portugal, a similar reform took place in the poetry of that nation. At this time the Castilian language was held in such high consideration in Portugal, that even Portuguese poets, without undervaluing their national tongue, thought themselves bound occasionally to write verses in Castilian, to entitle them to be regarded as perfect masters of the poetic art. In the first half of the sixteenth century, two of the most celebrated of these Portuguese poets laboured with such success to extend the dominion of Castilian pastoral poetry, that the thread of the history of Spanish literature would be broken, were a notice of the poetic merits of these two celebrated men confined solely to the history of the literature of Portugal. One of them, Francisco de Saa de Miranda, who was born in 1494, and died in 1558, belongs, however, in so eminent a degree to his own nation, and the circumstances of his life are so closely connected with the history of Portuguese poetry, that it would be an injustice to Portuguese literature to rank him exclusively among the poets of Spain. Besides, most of his poetic works, with the exception of his pastoral poems, are written in the Portuguese language.[1] The other Portuguese poet who claims attention in the history of Spanish poetry is Jorge de Montemayor. He, through his residence in Spain, became wholly a Spaniard: the work to which he chiefly owes his celebrity is written in Spanish; and he had so decided an influence on Spanish literature, that this would be the proper place for introducing an account of his short life and of his poetry, did not Saa de Miranda's Castilian pastorals, which are of older date, demand a previous notice.[2]

[1] Dieze, it is true, alleges the contrary, in his notes on Velasquez; but it appears that he was acquainted only with the pastoral poems, and not with the other works of Saa de Miranda.

[2] These Spanish pastoral poems are mingled indiscriminately with the Portuguese poems of the same author, in the neatly printed edition of the *Obras do Doctor Francisco de Sà de Miranda*, Lisboa, 1784, in

The bucolic effusions of Saa de Miranda exhibit in their general tone more traits of resemblance to Theocritus than are to be found in the writings of Garcilaso de la Vega. Garcilaso's pastoral style, with all its simplicity, was not sufficiently rural for Saa de Miranda. Like Theocritus, his feelings seem to have dictated to him pure rural ideas; and he transferred this characteristic of his Portuguese eclogues to those which he wrote in Spanish, which are the most numerous. Nevertheless, even in his rural poems he did not wish to renounce the attributes of the loftier style of poetry. He was, however, heedless of all critical distinction of the different kinds of poetry, and would, without scruple, commence a poem in the metre of an Italian canzone, as an ode, proceed with it in epic metaphors,[1] and conclude it in the simplest idyllic style. With equal indifference he chose sometimes octave verse, sometimes tercets for his pastoral poems, which thus alternately assume a lyric and a dramatic tone. This capricious mixture of poetic genera and styles deteriorates in no slight degree the quality of Saa de Miranda's poetry. The elevated tone of the ode forms a singular contrast when introduced in the same composition along with the

2 vols. 8vo. No attention has been paid to the correction of the Spanish poems in this collection, and Portuguese words continually occur in them; for example, *as* for *las*, *pensamentos* for *pensamientos*, *outro* for *otro*, &c. The orthography of the title-page is uncommon; for in other cases the Portuguese spelling is not *doctor*, but *doutor*, and *Sà* is a modern substitution for *Saa*.

[1] The following stanza may certainly claim a place in the best epic poem.

> Como el pino en el monte combalido
> Del impetuoso viento en la tormenta,
> A quantos que lo ven pone en recelo,
> Los truenos amenazan, arrebienta
> El fuego por las nuves, exlo erguido,
> Exlo corno que và cayendo al suelo,
> Hasta tanto que el Cielo
> Se abre en llama ardiendo,
> Entre viendo, y no viendo,
> El bravo rayo en bueltas mil desciende,
> Aquel prostrero mal quien se defiende?
> Queda un tronco quemado, y cuento breve
> A qnien passa porende
> O busca alli quiça que a casa lleve.

easy familiar style which, in the opinion of Saa de Miranda, the pure pastoral character of his poetry required. But no modern poet has succeeded so well in the union of simplicity and grace; and in this respect the eclogues of Saa de Miranda are unequalled. When he describes the gambols of the nymphs, with whom his fancy animates his native woodland scenes;[1] when he sketches impetuous storms of passion, softened by the charm of his colouring, yet kept true to nature;[2] when he introduces nymphs discoursing;[3] or, when he abandons himself to a tone of

[1] For example:—

Graciosamente estando,
Graciosamente andando,
Blando ayre respirava al prado ameno.
Ella cantava, y juntamente el seno
Inchiendose yva de diversas flores,
En que el prado era lleno
Sobre verde variado en mil colores.

[2] For instance, the following passage in the second eclogue:—

A que parte se es yda esta alma mia?
Quien me la enseñarà? yo que hago aqui?
Sin alguno de dos, que antes tenia?
Que entr'ambas se ajuntáran contra mi?
Solo dexado me han, ciego, y sin guia.
Pareceos esto amor? dexarme ansi?
Consigo no quisieran allà llevarme
Ni buelto me han a ver, ni a consolarme.
Como una llama por el monte ardiente,
Que presto en alto buela, y no parece,
De vista se nos pierde en continente,
Y el humo turbio solo remanece,
Otra tal claridad resplandeciente,
Mientras mirando estava, eis se escurece
Ansi tan presto? triste a donde yre?
Sin ti y allà sin ti, triste, que hare?

[3] Can anything be more charming than the following passage from the seventh eclogue? A nymph gazes on a sleeping shepherd.

Duerme el hermoso donzel,
No zagal, no pastor, no,
Mientras al sueño se diò,
Mi alma diosele a el.
El Sol es alto, y con el
Del dia, es ido un buen trecho
No se que de mi se hà hecho,
Serà lo que fuere del.

elegiac melancholy;[1] one knows not whether most to admire the delicate truth and penetrating depth of his ideas, or the artless precision and facility of his expression. In such cases he often abandons the natural style of Theocritus for a more lofty or ideal manner. When, in some of his other eclogues, his shepherds converse on their occupations or superstitions,[2] he likewise departs from the

Loca de mi, que a mirar
Me puse, y dixe tal viendo,
Quien tanto aplaze dormiendo,
Despierto, que es de pensar?
Quiseme luego apartar,
No se quien me buelve aqui.
Ah quan tarde que entendi,
Que peligro es començar.

[1] For example, the apostrophe to the dead Diego, in the first eclogue.

Vete buen Diego en paz, que en esta tierra
El plazer de oy no dura hasta mañana,
Y dura mucho quanto desaplaze.
Allâ aora no ves la vision vana,
Que acá viviendo te hizo tanta guerra,
Ardiendo el cuerpo que ora frio yaze,
Lo que allà satisfaze
A tus ya claros ojos,
No son vanos antojos
De que ay por estos cerros muchedumbre:
Mas siempre una paz buena en clara lumbre:
Contentamiento cierto te acompaña,
No tanta pesadumbre,
Como acà va por esta tierra estraña.

[2] For example, in the second eclogue:—

Aur. Que quiere (ò mi Mauricio) dezir tal
Huviar de perros como a la porfia?
No se que sean cierto, es algun gran mal:
Aves nocturnas buelvan entre dia;
Lobos tan bravos de su natural,
Buscan,a la Aldea de la Serrania.
No vees el mal gusano, y que pesares
Se hà hecho de las viñas, y pomares?
Una mula hà parido en nuestra Aldea,
Y las vacas no paren; ayer cayò
Del Cielo un breve que no ay quien lo lea
Son crego, o frayle, que yà Missa cantò,
Con dos cabeças (cosa estraña, y fea)
Un potro, y con seispies (diz) que nascio.
Como Gallos nos cantan las Gallinas,
Y no se vieran ogaño Golondrinas.

prosaic nature of real pastoral life, such as he had the opportunity of observing in his native country, and gradually elevates it to romantic ideality. It happened, however, that he occasionally found the prosaic truth of his pictures sufficiently interesting, and then, to be truly natural, he avoided all embellishments.[1]

Some of Saa de Miranda's popular songs, called *Cantigas*, a term which in Portuguese corresponds with *Villancicos* in Spanish, are inimitable for grace and simplicity.[2]

[1] As for example, in the fifth eclogue:—

Dime pastor de cabras alquilado,
(Y no te enojes con la tal demanda,
Que me echas un mal ojo atravessado)
A quien embiò Toribia la guirlanda
Que ella traya sobre sus cabellos?
Cantando, con que boz, clara, y quan blanda?
Y a quien embiava juntamente aquellos
Sus ojos que d'Amor son corredores,
Que se yva el mismo Amor embuelto en ellos?
Mañana de San Juan, quando a las flores
Y al agua todos salen, quien tal gala
Viò nunca, y tal donayre entre pastores?
Ora que parecia alli Pascuala?
Y Menga que? Costança, y la Perona?
Aquellas, que a su ver quien las yguala?
Que gracia, que blandura, y que persona,
Que color de una Rosa a la mañana,
Que al despuntar del Sol s'abre y corona?

[2] The following is a specimen:—

Sola me dexaste
En aquel hiermo,
Villano malo Gallego.
Voyme a do te fuyste,
Voyme no sè a donde.
El valle responde,
Tu no respondiste.
Moça sola ay triste,
Que llorando ciego
Tu passaslo en juego.
Por hiermos agenos
Lloro, y grito en vano.
Gallego, y villano,
Que esperava yo menos?
Ojos de agua llenos,
Vòs pecho de fuego
Quando avreis sossiego?

MONTEMAYOR.

The poet who is celebrated in Spanish literature by the name of Jorge de Montemayor was born in the year 1520, at Montemor, a little town of Portugal, not far from Coimbra. He took for his name that of his native city, spelt and pronounced in the Spanish way, probably because his own family name was not deemed sufficiently sonorous, and thus the latter has been entirely lost. The talent of this young Portuguese developed itself without the aid of a previous literary cultivation. At an early period of life he served in the Portuguese army, in the rank, it is believed, of a common soldier. His taste for music, and the reputation he had acquired as a singer, induced him to visit Spain, where the Infant don Philip, afterwards Philip II., had formed a company of court musicians, who were to attend him on his travels through Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands. Jorge de Montemayor, being admitted as a vocal member of this travelling musical company, gained an opportunity of seeing the world, and at the same time making himself master of the Castilian language, which became to him a second mother tongue. He was, however, attached to Spain by a still closer link, namely, his love for a beautiful Castilian lady, whom he occasionally introduces in his poems under the name of Marfida. This Marfida became the deity of his poetry; and when, on his return to Spain, he found her wedded to another, he endeavoured to divert his sorrow by poetic effusions, in which he represented the faithless beauty as a romantic shepherdess. Uniting these with several of his other compositions, he formed the whole into a romance, entitled *Diana*. This production was received by the Spanish public with a degree of favour never before extended to any Spanish book, *Amadis de Gaul* excepted; and it speedily found no fewer imitators than *Amadis* itself. The queen of Portugal was desirous that the celebrated author of *Diana* should return to his native country. She recalled him, and he obeyed the honourable mandate. No further particulars of his history are known. He died by some violent means, either in 1561 or 1562. He was upwards of forty at the

period of his death, which, according to some accounts, took place in Portugal, and, according to others, in Italy.[1]

The *Diana* of Montemayor is one of the few romantic works which belong entirely to the soul of the author, and are embued throughout with individual interest. It is a work which exercises the more influence over unsophisticated minds, because the writer possessed sufficient poetic genius successfully to convey the joys and sorrows of his own heart under the forms of general interest. But this romance can never be to any other cultivated people what it was to the Spaniards of the sixteenth century. Still less can it be regarded as a classical fragment, even though judged according to the lenient rules by which every fragment is estimated; unless, indeed, after the manner of some modern critics, new rules of art be deduced from defective examples, for the sake of admiring as incomparable the grossest absurdities, under the title of romantic complexity. But with all its faults, this unfinished pastoral romance (for it was not brought to a conclusion by Montemayor) possesses a poetic merit which entitles it to the esteem of all ages.

The design of the work, so far as Montemayor's ideas render his intention obvious, sometimes charms by its graceful simplicity, and at others becomes grotesque, through an illegitimate romantic combination of heterogeneous species of composition. The shepherd Sireno, who represents the poet himself, on his return to his native country, visits the scene of the innocent joys which the inconstant shepherdess Diana once shared with him. Overwhelmed with grief, he draws out first a lock of hair belonging to his mistress; and then one of her letters, which he reads. While he is thus communing with himself, he is joined by another romantic adorer of the beautiful Diana. This second shepherd, whose love had always been unrequited, now joins his lamentations to those of the once happy Sireno, and each vies with the other in claiming to himself the heaviest load of misery. They are joined by a shepherdess, named Selvagia, who has been no

[1] The biographical notices of Jorge de Montemayor prefixed to the ninth volume of the Parnaso Español, do not exactly correspond with those by Nicolas Antonio.

less unfortunate in love than themselves. She relates her history very circumstantially, and thus terminates the first book. In the second, the conversation of these lovers is continued, until three nymphs appear, one of whom relates Sireno's history in a song of some length. Up to the conclusion of this song, the pastoral simplicity of the story is preserved uninterrupted by any incident approximating to the terrible; but suddenly a party of armed robbers appears. The nymphs are about to fly, but are detained by the robbers, between whom and the shepherds a conflict ensues: the shepherds defending themselves with stones. The robbers are on the point of overcoming their rustic antagonists, when a heroine, habited as a huntress, rushes from a wood, and bending her bow, pierces the robbers with her arrows, and liberates the nymphs. The fair huntress then joins the party of nymphs and shepherds, and in her turn also relates her history. This narrative, together with the conversations and songs to which it gives rise, concludes the second book. In the third book, the story assumes the character of a fairy tale. The nymphs lead their protectress, together with the rest of the party, through a thick forest to the castle of the wise Felicia, who is represented as a kind of priestess to the goddess Diana. The description of the wonders and magnificence of the castle occupies a great portion of the third book. The wise Felicia conducts the party to a superb hall of state, where they behold a numerous collection of majestic statues, representing Roman emperors, Castilian knights, and Castilian ladies. Even a place is found for the statue of a Moorish knight, of whose conflicts with the Christians a long history is related in this sanctuary of the goddess Diana. By means of enchantment, Felicia cures Sireno of the torments of love. At length, in the sixth book, the poet releases his shepherds and shepherdesses from Felicia's palace, and the reader for the first time becomes acquainted with the shepherdess Diana. She attaches the blame of her infidelity to her parents, by whom, during the absence of Sireno, she was forced to give her hand to another. In the following scenes, to the conclusion of the seventh book, where Montemayor's labour terminates, the history of the principal characters makes no further pro-

gress. Some of the other lovers in the romance are, however, united according to their wishes.

In the *Diana*, it is easy to recognise the uncultivated genius of a poet, who, to give vent to the emotions of his soul, deemed it necessary to wander through the whole region of romance; the composition can only be regarded by the unprejudiced critic as a fantastical frame-work, serving to display pictures of the feelings and a philosophy of the heart, which constitute the prominent features of the whole poem. To paint romantic fidelity under the most fascinating and various forms, and at the same time to exhibit in a poetic point of view the theory of that fidelity, which even in a poem could only be verified by facts, was the idea which guided Montemayor's inventive fancy, and the execution of that idea bears the full impression of his genius. The versified portion of the romance is the soul of the whole composition. A series of lyric poems, partly in the Italian and partly in the old Castilian style, are introduced; but these compositions are strikingly distinguished from the eclogues of Saa de Miranda by an epigrammatic poignancy, which frequently degenerates into antiquated subtlety.[1] But this epigrammatic turn usually imparts a more pointed precision to the lyrical expression, and a degree of consistency to the whole composition, which in no way injures its pastoral simplicity;[2] and when judged according to the characteristic

[1] Passages of exquisite delicacy are not, however, wanting; for example:—

> No me diste, o crudo amor,
> El bien que tuve en presencia,
> Sino porque el mal de ausencia
> Me parezca muy mayor.
> Das descanso, das reposo,
> No por dar contentamiento,
> Mas porque este el suffrimiento
> Algun tiempo ocioso:
> Ved que invenciones de Amor,
> Darme contento en presencia,
> Porque no tenga en ausencia
> Reparo contra el dolor.

[2] The following song, with which the lyric gallery opens, may be quoted as an instance:—

> Cabellos, quanta mudança
> He visto despues que os vi,

form of the popular songs, called *Villancicos*, it by no means presents, to Spaniards in particular, the idea of too great refinement or incongruity with rustic nature.[1] To

Y quan mal parece ay
Essa color de esperanza.
Bien pensava yo, cabellos,
(Aunque con algun temor)
Que no fuera otro pastor
Digno de verse cabe ellos.
Ay cabellos! quantos dias
La mi Diana mirava,
Si os traya, o si os dexava,
Y otros cien mil niñerias?
Y quantas vezes llorando
Ay lagrimas engañosas
Pedia celos de cosas
De que yo estava burlando.
Los ojos que me matavan,
Dezid, dorados cabellos,
Que culpa tuve en creellos
Pues ellos me asseguravan.
No vistes vos que algun dia
Mil lagrimas derramava
Hasta que yo le jurava
Que sus palabras creya?
Quien vio tanta hermosura
En tan mudable sujeto?
Y en amador tan perfeto
Quien vio tanta desventura?
O cabellos no os correys!
Por venir de a do venistes,
Viendome como me vistes,
En verme como me veys.
Sobre el arena sentada
De aquel rio la vi yo,
Do con el dedo escrivio
Antes muerta que mudada.
Mira el Amor que ordena
Que os viene hazer creer
Cosas dichas por muger
Y escritas en el arena.

[1] For example, the following *Villancico*, which has been frequently imitated:—

Contentamientos de amor
Que tan cansados llegays,
Si venis, paraque os vays?
Aun no acabays de venir
Despues de muy desseados,
Quando estays determinados

form a just opinion of the pastoral truth of these compositions, it is necessary to have the Spanish romantic ideas of nature present to the mind. Montemayor is inexhaustible in new turns and images for the expression of tenderness. In depth of feeling he vies with Saa de Miranda; and, though his poetry is occasionally deficient in rhythmical polish, it in general presents so exquisite a union of the grace of language, with a happy concordance of ideas, that the reader must soon become warmed by the spirit of the poet, even though he should begin to peruse the work with indifference.[1]

> De madrugar y partir,
> Si tan presto os aveys de yr,
> Y tan triste me dexays,
> Plazeres no me veays.
> Los contentos huyo dellos,
> Pues no me vienen à ver,
> Mas que por darme à entender
> Lo que se pierde en perdellos:
> Y pues ya no quiero vellos,
> Descontentos no os partays,
> Pues bolveys despues que os vays.

[1] One of the most beautiful lyrical pieces that ever was composed in any language, is a cancion by Montemayor, of which the following are the three first stanzas. Diana is supposed to be singing:—

> Ojos, que ya no veis quien os miraba
> quando erades espejo en que se via.
> qué cosa podeis ver que os dé contento?
> Prado florido y verde, dó algun dia
> por el mi dulce amigo yo esperaba,
> llorad conmigo el grave mal que siento.
> Aqui me declaró su pensamiento,
> oile yo cuitáda
> mas que serpiente ayrada,
> llamandole mil veces atrevido:
> y el triste alli rendido:
> parece que es ahora, y que le veo,
> y aun ese es mi deseo:
> ay si ahora le viese! ay tiempo bueno!
> Ribera umbrosa, qué es de mi Sireno?
> Aquella es la ribera, este es el prado,
> de alli parece el soto y valle umbrose
> que yo con mi rebaño repastaba:
> veis el arroyo dulce y sonoroso
> dó pacia la siesta mi ganado,
> quando mi dulce amigo aqui moraba,
> debajo aquella haya verde estaba;

Montemayor's style of romantic prose has been a model for all writers of pastoral romances in the Spanish language. How far he himself imitated the prose of Sanazzar, cannot easily be ascertained, as it is not known whether or not Sanazzar's Arcadia[3] was the prototype of his Diana. Though it is certain that Montemayor carefully endeavoured to give precision and dignity of expression, and to impart harmony to every line of his composition, his language nevertheless appears neither laboured nor affected. His taste seems to have been in only a few instances seduced by the influence of that ostentatious solemnity which distinguished the common chivalrous romances, written in imitation of Amadis de Gaul. In general he remained faithful to the dignified simplicity which the author of the Amadis appears to have regarded as the genuine characteristic of the lofty style of romantic prose. To this style his protracted but rhythmically pleasing sentences may justly be said to belong.[2] It is but seldom that a low ex-

y veis alli el otero
a dò le ví primero,
y dò me vió, dichoso fue aquel dia,
si la desdicha mia
un tiempo tan dichoso no acabára.
O haya, o fuente clara!
todo está aqui, mas no por quien yo peno.
Ribera umbrosa, qué es de mi Sireno?
  Aqui tengo un retrato que me engaña,
pues veo a mi pastor quando lo veo,
aunque en mi alma está mejor sacado:
quando de velle llega el gran deseo,
de quien el tiempo luego desengaña.
A aquella fuente voy que está en el prado,
arrimomele al sauce, y a su lado
me siento, ay amor ciego!
al agua miro luego,
y veo a él y a mi como le via
quando él aqui vivia:
esta invencion un rato me sustenta,
despues caygo en la cuenta,
y dice el corazon de ansias lleno:
Ribera umbrosa, qué es de mi Sireno? &c.

[1] See vol. ii. of my *History of Italian Poetry and Eloquence*

[2] For example:—

Considerava que sus servicios eran sin esperança de galardon, cosa que a quien tuviera menos firmeza pudiera facilmente atajar el camino

pression escapes him.[1] His descriptions are never deficient in vividness and force.[2] It is only in the didactic passages in which he propounds his philosophy of love, that his language becomes tinged with the scholastic formality which at the period in which he wrote was considered indispensable when any scholastic ideas were to be expressed; for though Montemayor had not received that kind of education which in his age was considered learned, he had picked up some notions of the scholastic philosophy. which, when they interested him, he was fond of introducing into the romance of his heart.[3]

The other works of Montemayor, which are not so celebrated as his *Diana*, are to be found in a collection of his poems, entitled, according to the old custom, a *Can-*

de sus amores. Mas era tanta su constancia, que puesta en medio de todas las causas la que tenia de olvidar a quien no se acordava del, salia tan a su salvo dellas, y tan sin prejuyzio del amor que à su pastora tenia, que sin miedo alguno acometia qualquiera imaginacion que en daño de su fe le sobreviniesse. Pues como vio à Sireno junto à la fuente quedo muy espantado de verle assi tan triste: no porque el igno rasse la causa de su tristeza, mas porque le parecio que si el huviera recebido el mas pequeño favor que Sireno algun tiempo recibio de Diana, aquel contentamiento bastara para toda la vida tenerle.

[1] On one occasion, the beautiful Felismena calls love a *devilish* passion. "Lo que siento desta *endiablada* passion," she says, in the second book.

[2] He thus describes the savage robbers by whom the nymphs are attacked:—

Venian armados de cosseletes, y celadas de cuero de tigre:—eran de tan fea catadura, que ponian espanto los cosseletes. Trayan por braçaletes unas bocas de serpientes, por donde sacavan los braços, que gruessos y vellosos parecian: y las celadas venian a hazer encima de la frente unas espantables cabeças de leones. Lo de mas trayan desnudo, cubierto de espesso y largo vello, unos bastones herrados de muy agudas puntas de azero. Trayan al cuello sus arcos y flechas: los escudos eran de unas conchas de pescado muy fuerte.

[3] For instance, the sage Felicia thus philosophises on love and virtue:—

En estos casos de amor tengo yo una regla, que siempre la he hallado muy verdadera, y es que el animo generoso, y el entendimiento delicado, en esto del querer tien, lleva grandissima ventaja al que no lo es. Porque el amor sea virtud, y la virtud siempre haga assiento en le lugar, esta claro que las personas de suerte seran muy mejor enamorades que aquellas à quien esta falta.

[4] See the notices in Dieze's remarks on Velasquez, p. 91, in which the different editions of the *Diana* are likewise mentioned.

HERRERA.

Fernando de Herrera, a poet very different in character from Montemayor, must next be included among the authors who chiefly contributed to reform Castilian poetry, during the first half of the sixteenth century. Of the history of his life but little is known. He was a native of Seville, and was born, according to the conjectures of his Spanish biographers, about the commencement of the sixteenth century. Thus he flourished at the same time as Diego de Mendoza, and afforded another instance of the light of poetical improvement spreading from the south of Spain. It appears that Herrera did not enter into the ecclesiastical state, to which he finally devoted himself, until he attained a mature age; but he must have received a literary education, as he possessed no ordinary knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, geography, mathematics, and scholastic philosophy. According to a portrait which has been preserved of him, he appears to have been a handsome man; and some of the editors of his works allege that the lady whom he has celebrated in his verses under various names was not merely an ideal object of the poet's tenderness. The admirers of his poetry have applied to him, after the Italian manner, the surname of the *divine;* and this epithet, rendered so equivocal by its application to Pietro Aretino, was never bestowed on any other Spanish poet. These few particulars are all that are known relative to the life of Fernando de Herrera. He died at an advanced age, probably soon after the year 1578.[1]

Why Herrera should have obtained the title of divine, in preference to all the other poets of his nation, would appear almost incomprehensible, were it not known that two opposite parties vied with each other in exalting him; and, to avoid the appearance of yielding on either side, considered themselves reciprocally bound to pronounce compo-

[1] Even this slender notice of the life of Herrera, which [illegible] extracted from Nicolas Antonio, and partly from the seventh volume of the *Parnaso Español,* seems to be rather matter of conjecture, than historically authentic.

sitions sublime, which neither could possibly regard as natural. Herrera was, notwithstanding, a poet of powerful talent, and one who evinced undaunted resolution in pursuing the new path he had struck out for himself. The novel style, however, which he wished to introduce into Spanish poetry, was not the result of a spontaneous essay, flowing from immediate inspiration, but was theoretically constructed on artificial principles. Thus, amidst traits of real beauty, his poetry everywhere presents marks of affectation. The great fault of his language is too much singularity; and his expression, where it ought to be elevated, is merely far-fetched.

Herrera fancied he had discovered that the diction of the Spanish poets, even in their best works, was too common, too nearly allied to the language of prose, and consequently very far removed from the classic dignity which distinguishes the Greek and Roman poetry. This opinion induced him to form for himself a new style. He classed words, according to his fancy, into elegant and inelegant, and was careful to employ in his verse only those to which he attributed the former character. He attached to particular words, significations which they do not bear in common language; and in contradistinction to the spirit of prose, he regarded certain repetitions, for example, the conjunction *and* as very appropriate to poetry. He also introduced into his verse a free arrangement of words, after the model of the Latin construction. Finally, he thought he could enrich the language of poetry by new words, which he formed by analogy from existing Castilian words, or adopted immediately from the Latin.[1] This peculiarity of style was regarded as the perfection of poetry by the party who idolized Fernando de Herrera.[2]

Those, however, who have no inclination to confound pompous with poetic language, or diction with the essence

[1] He framed the new words, *reluchar*, *ovoso*, *purpurar*, *ensanarse*, from the Castilian *luchar*, *ova*, *purpura*, and *saña*: and he derived from the Latin the words *beligero*, *flamigero*, *horrisono*.

[2] Among the modern admirers of Herrera, Don Ramon Fernandez, in [illegible]ce to the fifth volume of his collection of Spanish poems, speaks with enthusiasm of the language of that poet. The fifth and sixth volumes of the collection, (Madrid, 1786,) contain the *Rimas de Fernando de Herrera.*

of poetry, must still allow to Herrèra the possession of poetic ideas and precision of manner, as well as a true dignity of expression, and an elegant harmony of versification. His language is not always affected, and his thoughts and descriptions, though frequently overstrained, are never trivial.[1] Notwithstanding all the faults of his style, he must be accounted the first classical ode writer in modern literature, for the attempts of the Italian poet Chiabrera to emulate Pindar are of more recent date; and here it may be remarked, that the Spanish odes of Herrera and the Italian odes of Chiabrera resemble each other in a mixture of the style of the Pindaric ode with the style of the canzone. Through the medium of that lyric form only, was the spirit of Pindar felt by these imitators; and both were the more easily deceived, as the genius of the Spanish and Italian languages has a relation to the metrical structure of the canzone, somewhat similar to that which the genius of the Greek language bears to Pindaric verse. But the rapid and bold succession of thoughts and images which animates the odes of Pindar, could not be imitated by poets, who, even in their boldest flights of fancy, were bound down by the laws of the Italian canzone, to the luxuriant harmony of its protracted verbose periods. Thus Herrera's odes, like those of Chiabrera, bear only a remote resemblance to their prototypes. Odes, however, they must be termed,

[1] Occasionally his descriptions seem to be imitated from Petrarch, though the imitation is, in some measure, concealed by the Spanish style of expression; for example, in the following stanza:—

> Ya subo a pena, y nunca descansando,
> Por yertos riscos, pasos despeñados,
> Ya en hondos valles baxo con presteza,
> Lugares de las fieras no tratados,
> El pensamiento en ellos variando.
> Un frio horror y subita tristeza
> Roba el vigor, y engendra la flaqueza:
> Qualquier soplo de viento, que resuena
> Entre árboles desnudos quebrantado,
> Aqueja la esperanza y el cuidado,
> Que piensa ser la causa de su pena:
> Pero luego engañado
> Hallo el cuidado y la esperanza vana,
> Que, como sombra, se me va liviana;
> Mas luego en la memoria Amor despierta
> Para cobrar su bien, la gloria muerta.

though Herrera himself has classed them under the general title of *canciones*, along with imitations of the Italian style, purely romantic, but versified according to similar rules. In his celebrated odes on the battle of Lepanto, in which the Spaniards, under Don John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V., obtained a brilliant victory over the Turks, the grandeur of the rhythm would be sufficiently attractive, though the ideas conveyed in the torrent of sonorous syllables possessed less poetic beauty than really belong to them.[1] Occasionally, however, Herrera's ideas degenerate into fantastical hyperboles; for instance, when boasting of his hero, he says, that Don John of Austria, that glorious conqueror of the infidels and of the elements, combines within himself "whatever of heavenly

[1] The following is the commencement of one of the odes on the battle of Lepanto, imitated from Horace's *Descende cœlo, Calliope* :—

> Desciende de la cumbre de Parnaso,
> Cantando dulcemente en noble lira,
> O tú, de eterna juventud, Talia,
> Y nuevo aliento al corazon me inspira
> Aqui, donde el torcido y luengo paso
> Betis al hondo mar corriente envia;
> Porque de la voz mia
> Suene el canto, y florezca la memoria
> Hasta el término roxo de oriente,
> Y do al Númida ardiente
> Abrasa Iperion; y en alta gloria
> El nombre de la insigne Esperia planta;
> Que de Córdoba y Cerda se levanta,
> Aquistó honor; y al zéfiro templado
> Ensalce este Lucero venerado.
> Los despojos, y en árboles alzados
> Los insignes trofeos, el sangriento
> Conflicto del feroz dudoso Marte;
> Las enseñas, que mueve en torno el viento;
> Los presos, y los Reynos conquistados
> Con segura prudencia, esfuerzo, y arte;
> Que dieron tanta parte
> De la rota, y herida, y muerta Francia
> Al que fue prez y honor del orbe Hispano;
> Que al sobervio Otomano
> Quebró en las Jonias ondas la arrogancia,
> Y en la Ausonia adquirió el heroyco nombre
> Con mas valor, que cabe en mortal hombre;
> Con alas de vitoria al fin levantan
> Las vitorias, que Europa y Asia cantan.

power animates terrestrial bodies;" and that therefore "the solid earth, the extended waters, the circumambient air, and the ever glowing flames depend on him, so that, through the secret control which he exercises over earth, water, air, and fire, all these elements are his works."[1] But passages of real beauty occur in Herrera's odes, which afford a sufficient compensation for this sort of bombast.[2] Among

[1] In the original, the extravagance of this pompous rodomontade is still more striking:—

> Todo quanto al terrestre el cuerpo alienta,
> De la celeste fuerza deducido,
> Se halla en vos casi en igual efeto
> De vos el fixo globo, y el tendido
> Humor, y el vago cerca se sustenta,
> Y el ardor de las llamas inquieto:
> Que con vigor secreto
> A tierra y agua, al ayre y puro fuego,
> Qual eterea virtud, y las estrellas,
> Son vuestras obras bellas
> La tierra, la agua, el ayre, el puro fuego.
> O glorioso cielo en nuestro suelo!
> O suelo glorioso con tal cielo!
> Quièn podrá celebrar vuestra nobleza?
> Quien osará alabar vuestra belleza?

[2] In the following, from one of his odes on the battle of Lepanto, the style of the Hebrew psalms is imitated with happy effect:—

> El sobervio Tirano, confiado
> En el grande aparato de sus naves,
> Que de los nuestros la cerviz cautiva,
> Y las manos aviva
> Al ministerio injusto de su estado,
> Derribó con los brazos suyos graves
> Los cedros mas excelsos de la cima;
> Y el árbol, que mas yerto se sublima,
> Bebiendo agenas aguas, y atrevido
> Pisando el vando nuestro y defendido.
> Temblaron los pequeños, confundidos
> Dèl impio furor suyo, alzó la frente
> Contra tí, Señor Dios; y con semblante
> Y con pecho arrogante,
> Y los armados brazos estendidos,
> Movió el ayrado cuello aquel potente:
> Cercó su corazon de ardiente saña
> Contra las dos Esperias, que el mar baña,
> Porque en tí confiadas le resisten,
> Y de armas de tu fe y amor se visten.

the odes for which Herrera has chosen a gentler theme, the palm of superiority has been justly awarded to the Ode to Sleep. It is one of those compositions which may be said to be single in their kind. The graceful choice of language, the picturesque effect, the delicate keeping in the composition, and the finish given to all the details in strict conformity with the true spirit of the theme, impart to this ode, or cancion, a lyric beauty which must render it in all ages an object of admiration, not only to the lover of poetry, but to the critic.[1]

Dixo aquel insolente y desdeñoso;
No conocen mis iras estas tierras,
Y de mis padres los ilustres hechos?
O valieron sus pechos
Contra ellos con el Ungaro medroso,
Y de Dalmacia y Rodas en las guerras?
Quien las pudo librar? quien de sus manos
Pudo salvar los de Austria y los Germanos?
Podra su Dios, podrá por suerte ahora
Guardallas de mi diestra vencedora?

[1] The whole ode may be transcribed here, as a specimen of Herrera's lyric composition in the ode style:—

Suave sueño, tú que en tarde buelo
Las alas perezosas blandamente
Bates, de adormideras coronado,
Por el puro, adormido, y vago cielo;
Ven á la última parte de ocidente,
Y de licor sagrado
Baña mis ojos tristes, que cansado,
Y rendido al furor de mi tormento,
No admito algun sosiego,
Y el dolor desconorta al sufrimiento.
Ven à mi humilde ruego,
Ven à mi ruego humilde, ó amor de aquella,
Que Juno te ofreció, tu ninfa bella.
Divino sueño, gloria de mortales,
Regalo dulce al misero afligido,
Sueño amoroso, ven á quien espera
Cesar del exercicio de sus males,
Y al descanso volver todo el sentido.
Cómo sufres, que muera
Lejos de tu poder, quien tuyo era?
No es dureza olvidar un solo pecho
En veladora pena,
Que sin gozar del bien, que al mundo has hecho,
De tu vigor se agena?

The other poems of Herrera, though extremely numerous, require only a slight notice.[1] His best sonnets, which are among the happiest imitations of Petrarch in the Spanish language, are characterized by the recurrence of some of the author's favourite images, as for example, the comparison of his mistress to light, or the evening star,[2] &c.

Ven, sueño alegre, sueño ven dichoso,
Vuelve á mi alma ya, vuelve el reposo.
  Sienta yo en tal estrecho tu grandeza;
Baxa, y esparce liquido el rocio;
Huya la Alva, que en torno resplandeze;
Mira mi ardiente llanto y mi tristeza,
Y quánta fuerza tiene el pesar mio,
Y mi frente humedece,
Que ya de fuegos juntos el sol crece
Torna, sabroso sueño, y tus hermosas
Alas suenen ahora;
Y huya con sus alas presurosas
La desabrida Aurora:
Y lo que en mí faltó la noche fria,
Termine la cercana luz del dia.
  Una corona, ó sueño, de tus flores
Ofrezio, tu produce el blando efeto
En los desiertos cercos de mis ojos:
Que el ayre entretexido con olores
Halaga, y ledo mueve en dulce afeto;
Y de estos mis enojos
Destierra, manso sueño, los despojos,
Ven pues, amado sueño, ven liviano,
Que del rico oriente
Despunta el tierno Febo el rayo cano
Ven ya, sueño clemente,
Y acabará el dolor, a si te vea
En brazos de tu cara Pasitea.

[1] I have perused two different editions of Herrera's poems: 1st, an old one, entitled, *Versos de Fernando de Herrera, &c.* Sevilla, 1619, in quarto; and 2nd, the more modern edition, already mentioned, published by Ramon Fernandez, which contains some poems not before printed.

[2] A dó tienes la luz, Espero mio,
La luz, gloria y honor del Ocidente?
Estás puesto en el cielo reluciente
En importuno tiempo, y seio estio?
  Lleva tu resplandor al sacro rio,
Que tu belleza espera alegremente,
Y el zéfiro te sea otro oriente,
Hecho lucero, y no Espero tardio.

He is frequently very successful in the management of these similes; but at other times he falls into strange absurdities, such as making the "curling waves of gold of his sweet light float in the wind."[1] But extravagant tropes of this kind could not be very offensive to Spanish taste, which had been accustomed to the orientalisms of the old national style, and they were indeed not only tolerated but esteemed. It might have been expected that a writer possessing so much critical judgment as Herrera, would, as an imitator of Petrarch, have endeavoured to naturalize in his native tongue the simplicity of the Italian poet; but he was too much a Spaniard to be pleased with such simplicity. His elegies, and other lyric compositions in the Italian syllabic measure, have all the same character.

Herrera endeavoured, by other means than poetical composition, to give to the national taste of the Spaniards a direction conformable to his own principles. He wrote a "Critical Commentary on the Poems of Garcilaso de la Vega."[2] This commentary has served as a model for many similar works, which have been the means of circulating various kinds of useful knowledge without having contributed in any remarkable degree to the advancement of taste. Herrera, as a theorist, failed to establish any fixed point or station from which he might have taken a clear and consistent view of the whole region of poetry. His criticism everlastingly turns on detached ideas and words; and whenever opportunities for displaying his learning occur, he digresses into the regions of philosophy. Of the indistinctness of his notions, relative to the different species of poetry, some idea may be formed from his

Merezca Betis fértil tanta gloria,
Que solo el destas luces illustrado
A tierra y cielo lleva la vitoria.
Que tu belleza y resplandor sagrado
Hará perpetuo, de immortal memoria,
Mientras corriere al mar arrebatado.

[1] Yo vì a mi dulce Lumbre, quo esparcia
Sus crespas ondas de oro al manso viento.

[2] It is annexed to Herrera's edition of the *Obras de Garcilaso de la Vega*. Sevilla, 1580, 4to.

definition of the elegy. He says—"an elegy should be simple, soft, tender, pleasing, terse, clear, and if the expression may be used, noble; affecting to the feelings, and moving them in every way; neither very inflated nor very humble, nor obscured by affected phrases, nor far-fetched fancies."[1]

LUIS DE LEON.

Luis Ponce de Leon, the next lyric poet to be noticed, pursued a course very different from that of Herrera, whose contemporary he was. He is usually called, by abbreviation, merely Luis de Leon, and did not obtain the surname of divine, to which, however, he might have laid claim with infinitely more justice than Herrera, had his pious humility permitted him to entertain the idea of maintaining any competition for earthly honours.[2]

This poet, who, for classical purity of style and moral dignity of ideas, had never been surpassed in Spanish literature, was, like Herrera and Mendoza, a native of the south of Spain. He was born at Granada, in the year 1527, where the family of the Ponces de Leon, which was connected with the most distinguished of the Spanish nobility, flourished. At an early period of life, Luis de Leon felt poetic inspiration, and cherished a love of retirement,

[1] The following is the original Spanish of the passage here cited with a part of the continuation, which is all in the same style :—

Conviene que la elegia sea candida, blanda, tierna, suave, delienda, tersa, clara i, si con esto se puede declarar, noble, congoxosa en los afetos, i que los mueva en toda parte, ni mui hinchada, ni mui umilde, no oscura con esquisitas sentencias i fabulas mui buscadas; que tenga frequente comiseracion, quexas, esclamaciones, apostrofos, prosopopeyas, escursos o parébases, el ornato della à de ser mas limpio i reluziente, que peinado i compuesto curiosamente i porque los escritores de versos amorosos o esperan, o desesperan, o deshazen sus pensamientos, i induzen otros nuevos, i los mudan i pervierten, o ruegan, o se quexan, o alegran, o alaban la hermosura de su dama, o esplican su propria vida, i cuentan sus fortunas con los demas sentimientos del animo, que ellos declaran en varias ocasiones; conviniendo que este genero de poesia sea misto, que aora habla el poeta, aora introduze otra persona.

[2] There is a life of Luis de Leon, prefixed to the latest edition of his *Obras propias y traducciones* (Valencia, 1762, 8vo.) by Mayans y Siscar; it is, however, confusedly and carelessly written. The biographical memoir prefixed to the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Español* is better.

which rendered him indifferent to outward show, and all the pleasures of the great world. He found only in poetry, and in the contemplation of a superior existence, that food for which his soul longed. His tranquil and placid mind, exhibited none of the gloomy features of monkish fanaticism, but was devoted to moral and religious meditation. As soon as he had finished his scholastic studies, he entered, of his own free choice, into the ecclesiastical state. He was sixteen years of age when he made his profession in the order of St. Augustine at Salamanca. Theology now became his proper occupation. In Spain, especially at that period, a man of the character of Luis de Leon, even if he possessed a mind capable of divesting itself of prejudice, could scarcely be expected to doubt the dogmas of the catholic faith; but his poetic imagination was not to be satisfied with their dry and scholastic interpretation, and he was irresistibly impelled to adorn them. Luis de Leon transferred the mild enthusiasm of his pious feelings into the theological studies to which his vocation devoted him. On religious subjects he was a learned and diligent author; but it was only in poetry that his heart found, at least during the first years of his monastic life, the faithful interpreter of his love for that pure truth, to the attainment of which all his arduous efforts were directed. Though invested in his thirty-third year with the dignity of doctor of theology, he maintained, even within the cloister, his intimacy with the classic writers of antiquity. Hebrew poetry also worked powerfully on his imagination; and on one occasion he nearly fell a martyr to an attempt to translate and comment on the Song of Solomon. He was far from wishing to give a very liberal interpretation of the amatory language of the original; and he explained the sacred poem in perfect accordance with the sense attributed to it by the church. But the Inquisition had at that time strictly prohibited the translation of any part of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Luis de Leon, therefore, ventured to communicate his version in confidence to one friend only; but that friend was not faithful to his trust, and the translation found its way into the hands of several individuals. It was soon denounced to the Inquisition, and the author was immediately thrown into prison

by that terrible tribunal. Luis de Leon mentions, in one of his letters, that for the space of five years he was deprived of all communication with mankind, and was not even permitted to see the light of day.[1] Conscious of his innocence, he enjoyed during his captivity, according to his own testimony, a tranquillity and satisfaction of mind which he never afterwards so fully experienced, when restored to freedom and the society of his friends.[2] At length justice was done him. He returned in triumph to his monastery, and was reinstated in his ecclesiastical dignities. From that period, he appears to have been wholly devoted to the duties of his order and the study of theology. He died in 1591, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, being at that time general and provincial vicar of Salamanca.

The poems of this amiable enthusiast are, according to his own testimony,[3] for the most part the productions of his youth; but no other Spanish poet has so well succeeded in expressing the intense feelings of the heart under the control of so sound a judgment. It is only by reference to the pious placidity of a cultivated mind wrapt up in self-communion, that the extraordinary correctness of this author's style can be explained; for Luis de Leon is, without exception, the most correct of all the Spanish poets, though he constantly regarded the metrical clothing of his ideas as a very secondary object. To use his own language, he wrote poetry rather in fulfilment of his destiny than purposely and by dint of study. At an early age, he became intimately acquainted with the Odes of Horace, and the elegance and purity of style which distinguish those compositions made a deep impression on his imagination. Classical simplicity and dignity were the models constantly present to his creative fancy. He, however, appropriated

[1] This statement occurs in the dedication prefixed to his explanation of the sixty-second Psalm, addressed to the grand inquisitor, cardinal Don Gaspar de Quiroga.

[2] Apartado no solo de la conversacion y compañia de los hombres, sino tambien de la vista, por casi cinque años estuve cerrado en una carcel y en tinieblas. Entonces gozava yo de tal quietud y alegria de animo, que agora muchas vezes echo menos, aviendo sido restituido a la luz, y gozando del trato de los hombres, que me son amigos.

[3] See the dedication of his poems to Don Pedro Portocarrero.

to himself the character of Horace's poetry too naturally ever to incur the danger of servile imitation. He discarded the prolix style of the canzone, and imitated the brevity of the strophes of Horace, in romantic syllabic measures and rhymes. More just feeling for the imitation of the ancients was never evinced by any modern poet. His odes have, however, a character totally different from those of Horace, though the sententious air which marks the style of both authors imparts to them a deceptive resemblance. The religious austerity of Luis de Leon's life was not to be reconciled to the epicurism of the Latin poet; but, notwithstanding this very different disposition of mind, it is not surprising that they should have adopted the same form of poetic expression, for each possessed a fine imagination, subordinate to the control of a sound understanding. Which of the two is the superior poet, in the most extended sense of the word, it would be difficult to determine, as each formed his style by free imitation, and neither overstepped the boundaries of a certain sphere of practical observation. Horace's odes exhibit a superior style of art, and from the relationship between the thoughts and images, they possess a degree of attraction which is wanting in those of Luis de Leon; but on the other hand, the latter are the more rich in that natural kind of poetry which may be regarded as the overflowing of a pure soul, elevated to the loftiest regions of moral and religious idealism.[1]

Luis de Leon himself published a collection of his poetic works, divided into three books. The first contains his original poems; the second, translations from some of the ancient classics; and the third, metrical versions of several of the psalms, and some parts of the book of Job.

The reader who peruses the poems of Luis de Leon, which are all odes, in the spirit in which the author wrote them, will fancy himself transported to a better world. No furious zeal disturbs the gentle piety that pervades them; no extravagant metaphor destroys the harmony of

[1] How highly Cervantes esteemed Luis de Leon, may be seen from a passage in his Galatea, in which one of the characters says:—

Fray Luis de Leon es quel que digo,
A quien yo reverencio, *adoro* y sigo.

the ideas and expression; and no discordant accent breaks the pleasing melody of the rhythm. The idea of the perishableness of all earthly things[1] is united with smiling pictures of nature.[2] The imitations of Horace are only introduced to aid the poetic light in which the poet views those objects which were peculiarly interesting to his contemporaries.[3] One of Luis de Leon's most celebrated odes is the *Noche Serena*, but the concluding stanzas do not

[1] The first ode commences thus:—

Que descansada vida
la del que huye el mundanal ruido,
y sigue la escondida
senda, por donde han ido
los pocos sabios que en el mundo han sido.
Que no le enturbia el pecho
de los sobervios grandes el estado,
ni del dorado techo
se admira fabricado
del sabio Moro, en jaspes sustentado.
No cura si la fama
canta con voz su nombre pregonera,
ni cura si encarama
la lengua lisonjera
lo què condena la verdad sincera.

[2] As in the following stanzas from the same ode:—

Del monte en la ladera
por mi mano plantado tengo un huerto,
que con la Primavera
de bella flor cubierto
ya muestra en esperança el fruto cierto.
Y como codiciosa,
por ver y acrecentar su hermosura,
desde la cumbre ayrosa
una fontana pura
hasta llegar corriendo se ápresura.
Y luego sossegada,
el passo entre los arboles torciendo,
el suelo de passada
de verdura vistiendo,
y con diversas flores va esparciendo.

[3] For example, in the stanza:—

En vano el mar fatiga
La vela *Portuguesa*, que ni *el seno*
De Persia, ni la amiga
Malacca da arbol bueno,
Que pueda hacer un animo sereno.

correspond with the beauty of the commencement.[1] In the ode to Felipe Ruiz, the ardent aspiration for heavenly truth is very picturesquely expressed.[2] But the exalted inspiration and tender enthusiasm in which Luis de Leon so widely departs from Horace, are most prominently evinced in his ode on Heavenly Life (*De la Vida del Cielo*). Here his fancy is bold without launching into

[1] The following is the best half:—

Quando contemplo el cielo
de innumerables luces adornado,
y miro hazia el suelo
de noche rodeado,
en sueño y en olvido sepultado;
El amor y la pena
despiertan en mi pecho un ansia ardiente,
despide larga vena
los ojos hechos fuente,
Oloarte, y digo al fin con voz doliente:
Morada de grandeza,
templo de claridad y hermosura,
el alma que al tu alteza
nació, que desventura
la tiene en esta carcel baxa escura"
Que mortal desatino
de la verdad alexa assi el sentido,
que de tu bien divino
olvidado, perdido
sigue la vana sombra, el bien fingido?

---

[2] Quando será que pueda
libre desta prision bolar al cielo,
Felipe, y en la rueda,
que huye mas del suelo,
contemplar la verdad pura sin duelo?
Alli a mi vida junto,
en luz resplandeciente convertido,
veré distinto y junto
lo que es, y lo que ha sido,
y su principio propio y ascondido.
Entonces veré como
la soberana mano echò el cimiento
tan à nivel y plomo,
do estable y firme assiento
possee el pesadissimo elemento.
Veré las inmortales
columnas, do la tierra està fondada,
las lindes y señales
con que à la mar hinchada
la providencia tiene aprisionada.

extravagant metaphors. What an ethereal effulgence glows through his lyric picture of "the soft bright region, the meadow of holiness, never blighted by frost, nor withered by the sun's rays; where the good shepherd, his head crowned with blossoms of purple and white, without either sling or staff, leads his beloved flock to the sweet pasture covered with everblooming roses; where the shepherd, reclining in the shade at noon, blows his heavenly pipe, whose feeblest tone, should it descend on the ear of the poet, would transform his whole soul to love."[1] The ode in which the genius of the Tagus prophecies to king

[1] The whole ode, which breathes a spirit of tender piety according to allegorical Christian ideas, well deserves to be once more reprinted.—

Alma region luciente,
prado de bien andança, que ni al hielo,
ni con el rayo ardiente
fallece, fertil suelo,
producidor eterno de consuelo.
De purpura y de nieve
florida la cabeça coronado,
à dulces pastos mueve
sin honda ni cayado
el buen pastor en ti su hato amado.
El va, y en pos dichosas
le siguen sus ovejas, do las pace
con inmortales rosas,
con flor que siempre nace,
y quanto mas se goza, mas renace.
Y dentro à la montaña
del alto bien las guia, ya en la vena
del gozo fiel las baña,
y les da mesa llena,
pastor y pasto el solo y suerte buena.
Y de su esfera quando
a cumbre toca altissimo subido
el Sol, el sesteando,
de su hato ceñido,
con dulce son deleyta el santo oido.
Toca el rabel sonoro,
y el inmortal dulçor al alma passa,
con que envilece el oro,
y ardiendo se traspassa,
y lança en aquel bien libre de tassa.
O son, ò voz si quiera
pequeña parte alguna decendiese
en mi sentido, y fuera
de si el alma pusiesse,
y toda en ti, ò amor, la convirtiese.

Roderick the misfortunes of Spain, is more in Horace's style, and possesses a very happy uniformity of character. In some other imitations of a similar kind, the fancy of the pious poet willingly descends from the heavenly regions. The poems contained in the first part of the collection are few in number. Those which Luis de Leon himself inserted amount only to twenty-seven, and among them is an indifferent elegy, and a cancion in the Italian style of not much greater merit. Several other compositions, which he seems to have rejected, have been recently printed from manuscripts.[1]

The greater portion of the poetic works of Luis de Leon consists of translations; but these translations form an epoch in the department of literature to which they belong. Those in the second book of the collection are the first classical specimens, in modern literature, of the art of renewing the ancient poetry in modern forms. Luis de Leon has himself explained the principles by which he was guided in bringing the ancient poetry within the sphere of the romantic. He endeavoured to make the ancient poets speak, "as they would have expressed themselves, had they been born in his own age in Castile, and had they written in Castilian."[2] However bold this attempt may appear, and whatever defects a translation of this kind may present to the eye of the connoisseur who wishes for a faithful resemblance of the original, and not a flowery imitation, yet if the validity of the principle be once admitted, Luis de Leon will be found to have fulfilled all that the most rigid critic can desire. Besides, it must be considered that translations of a more literal character would scarcely have found readers in Spain at

Conoceria donde
sesteas dulce esposo, y desatada
desta prision adonde
padece, à tu manada
viviré junta, sin vagar errada.

[1] These poems, by Luis de Leon, which up to a late period remained unknown, may be found in the fifth volume of the *Parnaso Español.* They are all on religious subjects. The longest is entitled, *Renunciacion al mundo, y conversion de un pecador:* and is probably one of the earliest fruits of the youthful piety of the poet.

[2] This observation occurs in the dedication to Pedro Portocarrero already mentioned.

that period. Luis de Leon translated Virgil's eclogues, partly in tercets, and partly in coplas;[1] a considerable series of Horace's odes in the same romantic syllabic measure which he chose for his own odes;[2]—and a portion of Virgil's Georgics in stanzas. But the easy flowing style of his Spanish version of Pindar's first ode excels all the rest.[3] To these translations are also added two

[1] For example, the first eclogue:—

M. Tu Tityro à la sombra descansando
desta tendida haya, con la avena
el verso pastoril vas acordando.
Nosotros desterrados, tu sin pena
cantas de tu pastora alegre ocioso,
y tu pastora el valle y monte suena.

T. Pastor, este descanso tan dichoso
Dios me le concediò, que reputado
serà de mi por Dios aquel piadoso,
Y bañarà con sangre su sagrado
altar muy muchas veces el cordero
tierno, de mis ganados degollado,
Que por su beneficio soy vaquero,
y canto como ves pastorilmente
lo que me da contento, y lo que quiero; &c.

[2] The ode *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus* commences as follows in Luis de Leon's translation:—

El hombre justo y bueno,
el que de culpa està y mancilla puro,
las manos en el seno,
sin dardo, ni zagaya va seguro,
y sin llevar cargada
la aljava de saeta enervolada.
O vaya por la arena
ardiente de la Libia ponçoñosa,
ò vaya por do suena
de Hidaspes la corriente fabulosa,
ò por la tierra cruda
de nieve llena y de piedad desnuda.
De mi se que al encuentro,
mientras por la montaña vagueando
mas de lo justo entro
sin armas, y de Lalage cantando,
me vido, y mas ligero
que rayo huyò un lobo carnicero.

[3] El agua es bien precioso,
y entre el rico tesoro,
como el ardiente fuego en noche escura,
ansi relumbra el oro.
Mas, alma, si es sabroso
cantar de las contiendas la ventura

imitations of Italian sonnets, which prove that he succeeded very well in that species of composition, though among his own original poems there is not a single sonnet. He translated the Psalms of David, according to the rule he had prescribed to himself. His translations speedily obtained the rank in Spanish literature to which they were entitled; and they have served as models for all succeeding versions of Greek and Latin poetry in the Spanish language. Luis de Leon may indeed be blamed for having thwarted, by the style of translation which he introduced, all the attempts made to form Spanish poetry on the model of that of the ancients. But on the other hand, to his example the Spaniards are indebted for numerous translations of Greek and Latin poetry, which have all the air of Spanish originals.

---

ansi como en la altura
no ay rayo mas luciente
que el Sol, que Rey del dia
por todo el yermo cielo se demuestra:
ansi es mas excelente
la Olimpica porfia
de todas las que canta la voz nuestra,
materia abundante,
donde todo elegante
ingenio alça la voz ora cantando
de Rea y de Saturno el engendrado,
y juntamente entrando
al techo de Hieron alto preciado.
Hieron el que mantiene
el cetro merecido
del abundoso cielo Siciliano,
y dentro en si cogido
lo bueno y la flor tiene
de quanto valor cabe en pecho humano:
y con maestra mano
discanta señalado
en la mas dulce parte
del canto, la que infunde mas contento,
y en el banquete amado
mayor dulçor reparte.
Mas toma ya el laud, si el sentimiento
con dulces fantasias
te colma y alegrias
la gracia de Phernico, el que en Alfeo
bolando sin espuela en la carrera,
y venciendo el deseo
del amo, le cobró la voz primera. &c.

If Luis de Leon had not confined his prose writings exclusively to spiritual subjects, he would, doubtless, have also exercised a very decided influence on the rhetorical cultivation of Spain. His sermons (*oraciones*) are, however, invariably mentioned in terms of praise by Spanish writers whenever they allude to the theological literature of their country.[1] Among his other works intended for edification, The Woman as she should be, or The Perfect Wife, (*La Perfecta Casada*,) will perhaps be found the most interesting to the untheological class of readers; though it constantly turns on the positive morality of catholicism, and therefore, like every mixed treatise of theology and morals, is no legitimate specimen of the development of ideas in the didactic style.[2]

With Luis de Leon terminates the series of distinguished Spanish authors who, during the first half of the sixteenth century, composed after the model of the great poets of Italy, or the ancient classics, and who, by the superiority of their genius, mainly contributed to give a new character to Spanish poetry. There are, however, others, whose poetic works ought not to be passed over in silence; but to follow the example of writers who have hitherto related the history of Spanish poetry, without separating subordinate from eminent talent, would be to prolong an act of injustice. At the same time, to the continuation which must be made of the history of the lyric and pastoral poetry of Spain, during the first half of the sixteenth century, may be very properly added some account of a few unsuccessful efforts in epic composition, and a notice of the further progress of the old national poetry during the same period.

[1] These sermons are highly eulogized by Mayans y Siscar in the *Oracion en que se exhorta a seguir la verdadera idea de la eloquencia Española*; if indeed Mayans really be the author of that discourse. It is contained in the first volume of the *Origenes de la lengua Esp.*, p. 199.

[2] There is a copy of the second edition of Luis de Leon's *Perfecta Casada*, printed at Salamanca in 1586, in quarto, in the library of the university of Gottingen.

MINOR SPANISH POETS DURING THE PERIOD REFERRED TO IN THIS SECTION—VIZ., ACUÑA—CETINA—PADILLA—GIL POLO.

Fernando de Acuña, one of the first of the distinguished men who became the disciples of Boscan and Garcilaso, was of Portuguese extraction, but born in Madrid, probably about the beginning of the sixteenth century.[1] He signalized himself in the campaigns of Charles V., and was also a person of consideration at the court of that monarch. He lived on terms of intimate friendship with Garcilaso de la Vega, whom he survived for a considerable period, for it appears that his death did not take place until the year 1580. Several translations and imitations bear evidence of his taste for classical literature. He paraphrased in iambic blank verse, and in very correct and harmonious language, several passages from Ovid's Metamorphoses; among the rest, the dispute between Ajax and Ulysses for the arms of Achilles. He likewise translated some of the Heroides of the same author in tercets. In his own sonnets, cancions, and elegies, which are replete with sentiment and grace, it is easy to recognise a poet who successfully laboured to attain classical elegance of style.[2] Fernando de Acuna was also one of the first poets,

[1] Velasquez passes him over in silence. The *Parnaso Español*, tom. ii. contains some specimens of his poetry, together with a notice of his life.

[2] The commencement of one of his elegies may serve as a specimen

> A la sazon que se nos muestra llena
> la tierra de cien mil varias colores,
> y comienza su llanto Filomena:
> Quando partido Amor en mil amores
> produce en todo corazon humano
> como en la tierra el tiempo nuevas flores:
> Al pie de un monte, en un florido llano,
> a sombra de una haya en la verdura,
> cataba triste su dolor Silvano:
> Y asegundaba voz en su tristura
> el agua que bajaba con sonido
> de una fuente que nace en el altura:
> Pastor en todo el valle conocido,
> a quien la Musa pastoral ha dado
> un estilo en cantar dulce y subido. &c.

who, by composing in short strophes, endeavoured to form an intermediate style between the Italian canzone and the Spanish cancion.[1]

Gutierre de Cetina is less known, though there is no doubt of his having lived about the same period, as he is mentioned by Herrera in his Commentary on the Works of Garcilaso. He was, like Herrera, a native of Seville; and having removed to Madrid, was there invested with an ecclesiastical dignity. Few of his poems have been printed;[2] but from those few it is obvious that he had a fair chance of becoming the Anacreon of Spain. That glory, however, was reserved for Villegas. Still Gutierre de Cetina's imitations of the anacreontic style are not without their share of sweetness and grace; and they are, moreover, remarkable as being the first productions in the class to which they belong.[3] His madrigals also seem to have

[1] For example:—

> Si Apolo tanta gracia
> en mi rustica citara pusiese
> como en la del de Tracia,
> y quando se moviese,
> desde el un Polo al otra el són se oyese,
> Y a los desiertos frios
> pudiese dar calor, y refrenáse
> el curso de los rios,
> las piedras levantáse,
> y tras el dulce canto las lleváse,
> Jamás le ocuparia
> en claros hechos de la antigua historia,
> mas solo cantarìa
> para inmortal memoria
> el tiempo de mi pena, y de mi gloria. &c.

[2] Some of Gutierre de Cetina's poems have been printed from manuscript by Sedano, in his *Parnaso Español*, vols. vii. viii. and ix., together with a short biographical notice of the author.

[3] The following is an anacreontic song by this author:—

> De tus rubios cabellos,
> Dorida ingrata mia,
> hizo el amor la cuerda
> para el arco homicida.
> A hora veras si burlas
> de mi poder, decia:
> y tomando un flecha
> quiso a mì dirigirla.

had no prototype in Spanish literature.[1] In his canciones, however, the romantic enthusiasm occasionally degenerates into absurdity.[2]

Pedro de Padilla, a knight of the spiritual order of St. Jago, must be ranked in the same class with Gutierre. He vied with Garcilaso in pastoral poetry; and in order to conciliate the partisans of both the old and the new styles, he introduced alternately in the same eclogue the Italian and the ancient Spanish metres.[3] His poetry is still esteemed in Spain. He followed the old national custom by making the events connected with the war in the Netherlands serve as subjects for romances.[4]

Yo le dije: muchacho
arco y harpon retira:
con esas nuevas armas,
quien hay que te resista?

[1] The following is one of them.—

Ojos claros serenos,
si de dulce mirar sois alabados,
por qué si me mirais, mirais ayrados?
Si quanto mas piadosos,
mas bellos pareceis a quien os mira,
por qué a mí solo me mirais con ira?
Ojos claros serenos,
ya que asi me mirais, miradme al menos.

[2] The following stanza is from a cancione on his mistress's hair. The lady's tresses would appear to have been of a very decided red.

En la *esfera del fuego*
de su calor mas fuerte
de tus cabellos fue el color sacado,
cuya calidad luego
dió nuevas de mi muerte
al yelo que *en tu pecho* está encerrado;
a si será forzado,
entre contrarios puesto
que mi vivir se acabe,
porque en razon no cabe
sufrir tanta crueldad quien vió tu gesto,
si hay *fuego y hielo* entre ellos,
quién se guardará de ellos?

[3] The fourth volume of the *Parnaso Español* contains a long eclogue by Pedro de Padilla.

[4] Bibliographic notices of the works of Padilla, may be found in Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 194.

But a poet still more celebrated, and in a great degree indebted for his fame to the high encomium bestowed upon him by the pen of Cervantes, is Gaspar Gil Polo, a native of Valencia, who continued and concluded Montemayor's *Diana* under the title of *La Diana enamorada*.[1] A continuation of this pastoral romance had previously been undertaken by a writer named Perez; but without success. Gil Polo in one respect effected more than did Montemayor himself; but in point of invention he is inferior, notwithstanding the faults of the original plan. After Sireno has been cured of his love by the sage Felicia, Gil Polo makes the passion of Diana revive, and renders her more unhappy for Sireno's sake, than he had previously been for hers. Thus the romantic story is reversed; but the new relations under which it now appears are few. In the sequel, the aid of Felicia is again obtained, and she finally unites the long separated lovers. The narrative style in the prose portion of the romance presents a very correct imitation of Montemayor; but neither the merit of this imitation, nor the continuation of the metaphysical reflections on love, with which the romance is interspersed, would have gained for Gil Polo the approbation of the critic. What must have raised him higher than Montemayor in the estimation of such a judge as Cervantes, is the precision and clearness of the ideas, and the perfect polish of style in the poetic part of the romance. Montemayor has often indulged in too subtle or sophistical plays of wit. Gil Polo, in painting the feelings, has exercised a sounder judgment, without, however, descending to the coldness of prose. His sonnets may be regarded as models; for he has succeeded in combining the unity of ideas which ought to distinguish that species of composition, with the most elegant rounding and regularity of structure.[2] In his

[1] Cervantes, in the condemnation of the library of Don Quixote, exempts Gil Polo's *Diana enamorada*, adding, that the book ought to be as much respected "as though Apollo himself had written it."

[2] For instance, in the following:—

> No es ciego Amor, mas yo lo soy, que guio
> mi voluntad camino del tormento:
> no es niño Amor: mas yo que en un momento
> espero y tengo miedo, lloro y rio.

canciones he has occasionally, for the sake of variety, imitated the Provençal rhymes (*rimas Provenzales*) with such happy dexterity, that the reader might fancy himself perusing some of the best opera songs, though no such thing as an opera then existed.[1] In like manner, he endeavoured to naturalize the metrical structure of French verse (*rimas Franceses*) in the Spanish language, upon

Nombrar llamas de Amor es desvario,
su fuego es el ardiente y vivo intento,
sus alas son mi altivo pensamiento,
y la esperanza vana en que mi fio.
No tiene Amor cadenas, ni saetas,
para prender y hezir libres y sanos,
que en él no hay mas poder del que le damos.
Porque es Amor mentira de poetas,
sueño de locos, idolo de vanos:
mirad qué negro Dios el que adoramos.

[1] The following stanzas will afford an adequate idea of the colloquial song to which they belong, and which presents equal beauty throughout:—

Alcida.
Mientras el Sol sus rayos muy ardientes
con tal furia y rigor al mundo envia,
que de Nymphas la casta compañia
por los sombrios mora, y por las fuentes:
Y la cigarra el canto replicando,
se està quejando,
pastora canta,
con gracia tanta,
que enternescido
de haverte oido,
al poderoso cielo de su grado
fresco liquor envie al seco prado.

Diana.
Mientras està el mayor de los planetas
en medio del oriente y del ocaso,
y al labrador en descubierto raso
mas rigurosas tira sus saetas:
Al dulce murmurar de la corriente
de aquesta fuente
mueve tal canto,
que cause espanto,
y de contentos
los bravos vientos
el impetu furioso refrenando,
vengan con manso espiritu soplando.

which the burthen of alexandrines had already been inflicted.[1] In compliment to the old Spanish taste, he bedecked his romance with a profusion of versified riddles (*preguntas,*) which are, for the most part, so exceedingly dull, that it is difficult to conceive how they could be endured by a man of Gil Polo's talent.[2] In honour of Valencia, his native city, he composed a poem, in which the genius of the little river Turia is made to sing the praises of the celebrated men to whom Valencia had given birth. This song of Turia (*Canto de Turia*) has found patriotic commentators, without whose laborious explanations it would have been unintelligible to foreign readers.[3]

OBSTACLES TO THE CULTIVATION OF EPIC POETRY — INTRODUCTION OF THE POEMS CALLED IDYLS, &c.

Though Spanish literature was, in the manner just recorded, enriched during half a century by numerous lyric and pastoral compositions which deserve to be handed down

[1] The following is a specimen of *rimas Franceses* by Gil Polo :—

De flores matizadas se vista el verde prado,
retumbe el hueco bosque de voces deleytosas,
olor tengan mas fino las coloradas rosas,
floridos ramos mueva el viento sossegado.
El rio apressurado
sus aguas acresciente,
y pues tan libre queda la fatigada gente
del congojoso llanto,
moved, hermosas Nymphas, regocijado canto.

[2] The following is by no means the worst of these enigmas :—

Vide un soto levantado
sobre los aynes un dia,
el qual con sangre regado,
con gran ansia cultivado,
muchas hierbas producia.
De alli un manojo arrancando,
y solo con él tocando
una sàbia y cuerda gente,
la dejé cabe una puente
sin dolores lamentando.

Who would guess that the object alluded to is a *horse's tail*?

[3] A new and elegant edition of Gaspar Gil Polo's *Diana enamorada*, enriched with a copious Commentary on the *Canto de Turia*, appeared at Madrid in 1778.

with honour to posterity, yet within the same interval epic poetry made but little advancement in Spain.

Early in this period the absurd name of idyls (*idyllios*) appears to have been applied to such narrative poems as were not romances, and to have marked out a particular field for a kind of poetic tales, which were in some measure imitations from the ancients, and yet were executed in the romantic style. Such, for example, was Boscan's free translation of the story of Hero and Leander, from Musæus, which the Spaniards call their first idyl. Thus the term idyls in Spanish conveys no idea of pastoral poems, which are always called eclogues (*eglogas*).[1] Castillejo, of whom further mention will shortly be made, imitated, in old Castilian verse, stories from Ovid, and gave to them the name of idyls. The spurious heroic style which the authors of these tales introduced, proved, without doubt, one of the obstacles to the cultivation of chivalrous epic poetry in Spain; but it is also to be recollected, that the free mixture of the comic with the serious, which is the very soul of the romantic epopee of the Italians, was by no means congenial to Spanish taste. In Spain, the works of Boyardo and Ariosto were known only through the medium of bad translations, and were read merely with the interest attached to all books of chivalry. Finally, the spirit of the old romance poetry was also hostile to the chivalric epopee. To descend from the earnest gravity of the national narrative romances, to the careless levity with which the venerable heroes of chivalry were treated by the Italian writers, was a transition repugnant to the patriotic feelings of the Spaniards. The latter, in their wars with the Italians, were the more disposed to be proud of the preservation of their national spirit of chivalry, when they found that it facilitated their victories over men who were better fitted for intrigue than for defending their freedom sword in hand. Thus, to the chivalrous epopee of the Italians, the Spaniards remained as completely strangers, as if they had been excluded from all opportunity of becoming acquainted with

[1] See Dieze's edition of Velasquez, p. 419. The chapter on the idyl is totally distinct from that which treats of the eclogues of the Spaniards

that kind of composition; and yet the period when the Spaniards and Italians maintained the closest political and literary relations precisely corresponds with that of Ariosto's first celebrity, and of the numerous imitations of the *Orlando Furioso* which appeared in the Italian language.[1]

On the contrary, several Spanish poets, during the first half of the sixteenth century, zealously competed for the palm in the serious epopee; but obstacles again arose, which all the force of Spanish genius was not sufficient to surmount. Torquato Tasso had not yet shown what the serious epic was capable of becoming, and what it must be, in order to be reconciled to the taste of modern times. The Spaniards were so little prepared for the new poetry with which they had suddenly been made acquainted on the first imitation of the Italian style, that they could not be expected to enter without a guide into the true spirit of the modern epopee. The men who at this time boldly attempted to become the Homers of their country, appear to have felt that they could not select from ancient history the materials for an epic poem. But on the other hand, their patriotic feelings prepossessed them too much in favour of events of recent occurrence. The age in which they themselves lived was, in their eyes, the most illustrious and the most worthy of epic glory. A Spanish Homer could record no achievements save those of the Spaniards under Charles V.; and the hero who in their poems eclipsed all others was their favourite Charles, the never conquered, (*el nunca vencido,*) as he was styled by all the Spanish writers of the sixteenth century. Thus arose the *Caroliads*, or heroic poems, in praise of Charles V., all of which speedily sunk into oblivion. Among them were the *Carlos Famoso*, by Luis de Zapata; the *Carlos Victorioso*, by Geronymo de Urrea; *La Carolea*, by the Valencian poet, Geronymo Sampèr, &c. Alonzo Lopez, surnamed Pinciano, who flourished at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was more happy in his choice of an epic subject. The hero of his story is Pelayo, the brave descendant of the visi-gothic kings,

[1] See my *History of Italian Literature*, vol. ii.

who, in his turn, was the first to subdue the Arabs. But Pinciano's poem, which he entitled *El Pelayo*, had no better fate than the Caroliads.[1]

The present seems a fit opportunity for mentioning *La fuente de Alcover*, a narrative poem, which, though of humbler pretensions than the Caroliads, experienced considerable success. The author, Felipe Mey, who was of Flemish extraction, was a bookseller in Valencia. Encouraged by his patron, Antonio Agustin, bishop of Tarragona, he chose a few stanzas written by that ingenious prelate as the groundwork of a mythological poem. The idea originated in the name given to a plant (*Capillus veneris*),[2] through which the water trickling drop by drop, at length forms a little fountain. This pretty poem makes, along with some others by Felipe Mey, an appendix to his unfinished translation of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* in octave verse. It deserves also to be mentioned, that this translation reads like a modern poem; both the language and the versification are excellent.[3]

Some other translations of the ancient classic poets which appeared during this period remain to be noticed. Gonzalo Perez, a native of Arragon, is the author of a poetic translation of Homer's Odyssey, in the Castilian language. The first edition was printed in 1552, and the second in 1562; so that it seems the Spanish public felt an interest in this extension of their poetic literature. Gregorio Fernandez translated the Æneid and several of Virgil's eclogues in verse; and in like manner Juan de Guzman made a complete version of the Georgics. All these translations, however, like those of Luis de Leon, must be regarded as re-casts of ancient materials into modern moulds, rather than as translations, in the strict sense of the term. But, in an age and country in which both the people and the language were imbued with the spirit of romantic poetry, to have attempted to introduce

[1] Dieze, in his remarks on Velasquez, p. 381, gives bibliographic notices of these, and of other epic productions of the Spaniards.

[2] The English name of this plant is *True Maiden-hair.*—T.

[3] The title is rather curious:—*Del Metamorphoseos de Ovidio, otava rima, traduzido por Felipe Mey, &c. Con otras cosas del mesmo.* Tarragona, 1586, in 8vo.

the classic poets of Greece or Rome in any other way than in a romantic dress, would have been to do violence to the genius of the language and the nation.[1]

PROGRESS OF ROMANTIC POETRY—CASTILLEJO: HIS CONTEST WITH THE PARTIZANS OF THE ITALIAN STYLE.

The rapid success of the imitators of the Italian and classic styles did not, however, deprive the old romance poetry of its rank, either in literature or in public estimation. The first half of the sixteenth century was doubtless the period when most of the old romances, then first brought together in collections, received the form which they have retained down to the present day; and, in all probability, not less than half the romances and canciones collected in the *Romanceros generales*, particularly the mythological, anacreontic, and comic kinds, had no existence previous to that period.

But no poet of that age defended the cause of the old Castilian poetry, in all its various forms, with so much talent and zeal as Christoval de Castillejo, the most illustrious of the literary opponents of the Italian style. Castillejo obtained the post of secretary in the service of the emperor Ferdinand I., an appointment which was a consequence of the relations still subsisting between the courts of Madrid and Vienna, after the death of Charles V., notwithstanding that the German empire was then separated from the Spanish monarchy. The greater part of Castillejo's poems were written in Vienna, and are full of allusions to the gay sphere of life in which he moved at the imperial court. A young German lady, named Schomburg, of whom he seems to have been an ardent admirer, figures in his poems under the name of Xomburg, because nothing like the hissing sound of the German *sch* could be expressed by the same characters in the Castilian language. When advanced in life, and weary of gallantry and the gay world, he returned to Spain, became a Cistercian monk, and died in a convent in 1596.

[1] Further particulars relative to these translations may be found in Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 198, &c.

The admirers of Castillejo[1] assign to him the first rank among Spanish poets; but the unprejudiced critic cannot, in justice, elevate him to so high a station. His poetic horizon was very circumscribed. He was determined to be nothing but an old Castilian in poetic taste, as in everything else. He ridiculed Boscan, Garcilaso, and all the Spanish poets of the new party, with more wit than judgment.[2] He asserted, though without foundation, that the old Castilian metres and forms of rhyme were alone suited to the Castilian language; and for want of better arguments to urge against the amatory poetry of Italy, he asserted that all poetry of love was to be regarded as mere raillery, without reflecting, that in supporting this opinion he cast more reproach on the old Spaniards than on the Italians.[3] The structure of Italian verse appeared

[1] Among others, Velasquez.

[2] For example:—

Pues la santa Inquisicion
suele ser tan diligente,
en castigar con razon
qualquier secta y opinion
levantada nuevamente;
Resucitese luzero,
a castigar en España
una muy nueva y estraña,
como aquella de Lutero
en las partes de Alemaña.
Bien se pueden castigar
a cuenta de Anabaptistas,
pues por ley particular
se tornan a baptizar,
y se llaman Petrarquistas.
Han renegado la fe
de las trobas Castellanas,
y tras las Italianas
se pierden, diziendo, que
son mas ricas y galanas.

[3] On this subject he says:—

Coplas dulces plazenteras,
no pecan en liviandad,
pero pierde autoridad,
quien las escrive de veras.
Y entremete,
el seso por aclahuete,

constrained, to a poet who confounded rapidity with facility of style. The loose rhythm of the redondillas was with him an exclusive beauty of the syllabic structure of his mother tongue, for he had no taste for a more regular style of poetry; and some of his happiest productions are limited merely to graceful plays of the imagination. His fertility in these sports of fancy could not fail to obtain for him the esteem of his countrymen, who were ever too ready to tolerate, and even to admire, the subtle twisting of quaint and fanciful conceits; but of all poetic faults they were most reluctant to pardon heaviness of manner, particularly in versification.

Some of Castillejo's canciones are, however, so exquisite. that the critic is almost disposed to place their author in the very foremost rank of poets.[1] But in spite of his

---

en los mysterios de amor
quanto mas si el trobador,
passa ya del cavallete.
Y algunos ay, yo lo se,
que hazen obras fundadas
de coplas enamoradas,
sin tener causa porque.
Y esto està
en costumbre tanto ya,
que muchos escriven penas,
por remedas las agenas,
sin saber quien se las da.

[1] The following, which is one of his most successful productions, must be transcribed at length, since the beauty of any detached passage would suffer from want of connexion.

Por unas huertas hermosas,
vagando muy linda Lida
texio de lyrios y rosas
blancas, frescas, y olorosas,
una guirnalda florida.
Y andando en esta labor,
viendo a deshora al Amor
en las rosas escondido,
con las que ella avia texido,
le prendio como a traydor.
El muchacho no domado
que nunca penso prenderse,
viendose preso y atado,
al principio muy ayrado,
pugnava por defenderse.

captivating fluency of style and power of expression, most of his works bear traces of a mental boundary which every great poet oversteps. A sort of affected verbosity often usurps the place of real wit, particularly in his longer poems; and it not unfrequently happens that whole pages of Castillejo's flowing verse are to the reader nothing more than lively prose. The strong inclination to levity, which he could not resist even when he wished to be serious, is a distinguishing feature in all the poetic essays of this ingenious author; consequently he has sometimes given to his works more of a French than a Spanish character.

Castillejo arranged his lyric works in three books, and they are printed in that way under the title of *Obras Liricas.* Only a small portion of these poems, however, can properly be ranked in the lyric class.[1] The author

---

Y en sus alas estrivando
forcejava peleando,
y tentava (aunque desnudo,)
de desatarse del ñudo
para valerse bolando.
Pero viendo la blancura
que sus tetas descubrian,
como leche fresca y pura,
que a su madre en hermosura
ventaja no conocian,
y su rostro, que encender
era bastante, y mover
(con su mucha loçania)
los mismos Dioses; pedia
para dexarse vencer.
Buelto a Venus, a la hora
hablandole desde alli,
dixo, madre, Emperadora,
desde oy mas, busca señora
un nuevo Amor para ti.
Y esta nueva, con oylla,
no te mueva, o de manzilla,
que aviendo yo de reynar,
este es el proprio lugar,
en que se ponga mi silla.

[1] I have before me the same copy of which Dieze, in his Remarks on Velasquez, p. 197, gives a bibliographic description. This copy, which did not pass the censorship of the Inquisition, is remarkable for a trick of the bookseller, who has affixed to it a title-page without a date, and at the end two leaves with a false privilege.

doubtless collected them together, under this general title, for the purpose of distinguishing them from his comedies, which are but little known. The first book contains amatory poems (*Obras amatorias*), songs, jests, epistles, glosses after the old fashion, and in conclusion, a piece styled a (*Capitula*) on love. The songs, for the most part, commence in a serious tone,[1] but speedily assume a comic turn, with which they usually conclude.[2] Some are

[1] For instance, one to Doña Ana de Xomburg begins thus:—

> Vuestros lindos ojos Ana
> quien me dexasse gozallos,
> y tantas vezes besallos
> quantas me pide la gana,
> con que vivo de mirallos;
> Dalles ia
> cien mil besos cada dia,
> y aunque fuessen un millon,
> mi penado coraçon
> nunca harto se veria.
> O quan bien aventurado
> es aquel que puede estar,
> do os pueda ver y hablar
> sin perderse de turbado,
> como yo suelo quedar.
> Ay de mi,
> que ante vos despues que os vi,
> y quedè de vos herido,
> no ay en mi ningun sentido
> que sepa parte de si.

[2] The song addressed to Ana de Xomburg, quoted above, ends with a burlesque jest:—

> Si segun lo que padezco
> pudiendolo yo dezir,
> merced os he de pedir,
> mucho mayor la merezo,
> que la puedo recebir.
> Mas no pido
> pago tan descomedido,
> que es demandar gollorias,
> porquè no dire en mis dias
> lo que esta noche he sufrido.
> No quiero que hagays nada,
> sino que solo querays;
> que si vos aqui llegays,
> yo doy fin a la jornada
> donde vos la començays.

burlesque parodies on the affected ecstacies and extravagant metaphors of the Spanish sonnet writers. Such, for example, is the "Tower of Lamentation," or the "Wind Tower," (*Torre de Viento*,) which is supposed to be built entirely of lovers' sighs. Some shorter poems, in the madrigal style, are among the best in this first book.[1] There is also an "Exclamatory Epistle," (*Epistola Exclamatoria*,) the spirit and style of which are sufficiently indicated by the title. Among the popular verses which the playful humour of Castillejo prompted him to gloss in the form of *Villancicos*, is one which merely says, "If you tend my cows, love, I will give you a kiss; but give me a kiss and I will tend yours."[2] Productions of this description found favour with the readers for whom they were intended. His humorous poems, which are all more or less disguised under an air of seriousness, contain a tale (*historia*) imitated from Ovid, which may be called an idyl according to the literary terminology of the Spaniards. The second book contains conversational and diverting pieces, (*obras de conversacion y de pasatiempo.*) At the commencement appears the raillery of Castillejo

Y os espero,
porque llegando primero
de vos aveys de llegar,
vamos despues a la par,
que es trabajo plazentero.

[1] The following is on the indisposition of a mistress:—

Este mal que da tormento
a vuessa merced señora
en vos tiene el aposento,
mas yo soy el que lo siento,
y mi alma quien lo llora.
Y de pura compassion
de veros sin alegria,
se me quiebra el coraçon,
vos sentis vuestra passion,
mas yo la vuestra y la mia.

[2] In the original, this Spanish Ranz de Vache is uncommonly simple and pretty:—

Guardame las vacas,
Carillejo, y besarte he;
Sino, besame tu a mi,
Que yo te las guardarè.

against the Petrarchists. The longest poem in this book is a Dialogue on Women, (*Dialogo de la Condicion de las Mugeres,*) which is here and there enlivened by admirable sallies of wit;[1] but upon the whole it is nothing more than burlesque prose ideas dressed in easy verse.[2] The third book, which contains moral works, (*obras morales,*) is most prolix of all. The satires contained in this third

[1] A predisposition to yield to temptation is thus attributed to Eve:—

Alle. Ella fue consentidora,
y cobrò subitamente
mal siniestro,
para mal y daño nuestro:
y pues fraude entre ellos uvo,
que se espera de quien tuvo
al diablo por maestro.
Fil. Si el callara
ella nunca le buscara.
Alle. Puede ser, mas si el no viera
primero quien ella era,
por dicha no la tentara
para mal.
Y pues era el principal
Adam en aquel vergel,
porque no le tento a el?
sino por verle leal
y constante.

[2] The following lines afford a fair specimen of the style of the whole dialogue:—

Fil. Quando Dios lo criò todo,
y formò el hombre primero,
ya veys que como a grossero
lo hizo de puro lodo.
Mas a Eva,
para testimonio y prueva,
que devemos preferilla,
sacola de la costilla
por obra sutil y nueva.
Y mandò
que el hombre que assi criò,
padre y madre dexasse,
y a la muger se juntasse,
Que por consorte le dio
singular,
mandandosela guardar
como a su propria persona,
por espejo y por corona
en que se deve mirar.

book have certainly a moral tendency, though that object is in a great measure defeated by Castillejo's sportive style. The moral is lost in a torrent of words, while the serious thoughts, of which the verse is the vehicle, are for the most part trivial.[1] Notwithstanding the moral design of this third book, the Spanish Inquisition was for some time undecided with respect to its fate. The publication of all the poems of Castillejo was prohibited; but after some further deliberation, the Inquisition permitted the sale of an edition, after it had undergone a rigid revisal by the censor.

HISTORY OF SPANISH DRAMATIC POETRY, DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the reign of Charles V., amidst a throng of diversified talent, and during the conflict between the old and new poetic styles, the Spanish drama began to flourish. Considered in a literary point of view, it can scarcely be said to have existed before that time; but it arose under happier auspices than those which about the same

[1] The following passage from a satire on *Court Life*, is tolerably characteristic of Castillejo's whole course of thought in works of this kind:—

> La quarta gente granada
> que navegan con buen norte,
> a quien es licencia dada
> de la vivienda en la Corte.
> Son aquellos
> que la mandan. y en pos de ellos
> se va la gente goloca,
> y algunos por los cabellos,
> aunque muestran otra cosa.
> Estos son,
> los que en la governacion
> tienen poder, y con ello
> harto cuydado y passion,
> pero al fin, con padecello
> se enriquecen:
> estos son los que parecen
> al mundo cosa divina,
> y les sirven y obedecen,
> con diligencia contina,
> muy crecida.

period accompanied the birth of the Italian drama, to which the struggle between the learned and the popular burlesque styles afforded less hope of success. The pastoral dialogues of Juan de la Enzina were, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, still the only dramatic compositions in the Spanish language to which any degree of literary respect was attached, and they were, by especial favour, allowed to be performed at court. With the exception of mysteries, spiritual moralities, and burlesque representations of religious ceremonies, the Spanish nation, at that time, knew nothing of dramatic entertainments. No poet of reputation had hitherto devoted his attention to this species of composition; but the nation evinced, by its attachment to those rude exhibitions, that tenacity which is a great feature in its character, and which even in matters of taste admits of no reform which does not perfectly accord with the inclination of the public. This constancy of the national character must never for a moment be lost sight of, while tracing the history of the Spanish drama; but even with this peculiar circumstance carefully kept in view, it is still impossible to give a very satisfactory account of the early progress of dramatic poetry among the Spaniards; for the notices which must be resorted to for that purpose are both defective and confused.[1]

It is above all things necessary to begin by distinguishing the three or four parties which, on totally different principles, endeavoured to cultivate dramatic poetry in Spain, and which appear to have been hitherto overlooked by the writers on Spanish literature, merely because each of those parties pursued its own object, without maintaining open conflict with others. Critical cultivation was

[1] The only authentic source from which all authors have hitherto derived their information relative to the earliest history of the Spanish drama, is Cervantes's well known preface to his *Ocho Comedias y Entremeses*, an edition of which was published in two vols. quarto, at Madrid, in 1749. To this may be added the preface of the editor, Blas Nasarre, though it is but of secondary value, and has given occasion to singular mistakes. The article *Comodie*, in Blankenburg's appendix to Sulzer's dictionary, though rather obscure, communicates some useful facts.

not yet so far advanced in Spain as to open a field for literary warfare. But the heterogeneous nature of the Spanish dramas of the first fifty or sixty years of the sixteenth century, renders it evident, on a very slight examination, that the authors who composed them must have been influenced by different views.[1]

The party called the erudite, was the first which at that period laboured to introduce into Spain a style of dramatic literature, worthy to be called national. This party consisted of men of information and taste, though possessing but little knowledge of the true art of dramatic poetry, and still less of imagination. These men, like a similar party in Italy, endeavoured to form the modern drama on the model of the ancient. As, however, the most zealous among them did not possess sufficient talent to imitate the classic models, they began to translate them, and performed their task in prose. A Spanish translation of the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, by Villalobos, physician to Charles V., was printed in 1515. Shortly afterwards there appeared a new translation of the same drama, by Perez de Oliva, a prose writer of considerable merit, who will be further noticed in the course of this history. Perez de Oliva even ventured to make a prose version of the Electra of Sophocles. This unfortunate attempt appeared under the title of *La Venganza de Agamemnon.*[2] He also translated the Hecuba of Euripides. At a somewhat later period, the Portuguese comedies of Vasconcelles, written in the manner of Plautus, were published in the Castilian language. Translations of several comedies of Plautus subsequently appeared, and at length Pedro

[1] Velasquez, in his History of Spanish Poetry, alludes but very distantly to the heterogeneous nature of the Spanish dramas; and Dieze is not more satisfactory in his Remarks. What is contained in *Flögel's History of Comic Literature*, vol. iv., respecting the origin of the Spanish drama, is copied from Velasquez and other modern writers. Signorelli has more novelty of information in his *Storia Critica de Teatri*, vol. iv., but he confounds the notices one with another, and reasons on the Spanish drama merely as a moral critic.

[2] This translation, which is only remarkable on account of the reputation of its author, may be found in the *Obras del Maestro Perez de Oliva*, Cordove, 1586, in 4to.

Simon de Abril published a complete translation of Terence, which is still much esteemed by the Spaniards.[1] Thus it was not the fault of the erudite party that the Spanish drama did not resemble that of the ancients. But to introduce in Spain the tragic style of the classic drama, in all its poetic purity, or even the style of the ancient comedies in iambic verse, was an idea which could only have originated with scholars who did not understand the character of the Spanish public. The translators, therefore, even those who endeavoured to concilitate the public taste by prose versions, formed, with their learned friends, a solitary party. No first-rate poet arose in Spain, like Ariosto in Italy, to amuse and instruct the public by original dramatic compositions on the classic model. It is possible that essays in the ancient manner may have been performed on some Spanish stage, particularly at Seville, but they are now totally lost; and no attempt seems ever to have been made to represent Spanish translations of Greek and Latin plays.

The party of the dramatic moralists approximated the closest to that which has just been described. The interlocutory romance of *Cœlestina*,[2] or *Calistus* and *Melibæa*, poor in invention, but possessing, in its natural descriptions of common life, an attraction for many readers, was, on account of its moral tendency, admired as a master-piece of dramatic art. As this dramatic romance was called a comedy or tragi-comedy, some of its admirers conceived themselves bound to write comedies and tragi-comedies in the same style for the moral benefit of society. Whether these productions were, or were not, calculated for representation, seems never to have been a subject of consideration with their authors. They were content if the scenes which they strung together exhibited in natural language the lowest pictures of common life, and forcibly marked the dangers attendant on vice. To do this requires only an ordinary share of talent, and accordingly Cœlestina was followed by a torrent of similar "Mirrors of Sin," in the Castilian language. The greater

[1] Velasquez and Dieze, p. 315, give further notices of these translations.

[2] See page 91.

number appeared during the first half of the sixteenth century, or shortly afterwards; and among them were *Policiana*, entitled a tragedy;[1] *Perseus and Tibaldea*, a comedy; *De la hechicera* (of the Witch), a comedy; *Florinea*, a comedy, &c. The author of a work of this kind, entitled *La Doleria del Sueño del Mundo*, (the Anguish of the Sleep of the World,) mentions in his title-page, that it is a comedy in the style of moral philosophy, (*Comedia tratada por via de philosophia moral.*) All these insipid moral lessons were read and admired in their day; but their extreme length prevented them from getting possession of the stage.[2]

Equally removed from the moral and the erudite party, was Bartolomè Torres Naharro, a man doubtless of extraordinary talent. He was the founder of a third party, which uniting with a fourth, that had for a short interval enjoyed the ascendancy, ultimately triumphed as the only national party, and obtained exclusive control over the Spanish drama. It is a singular circumstance, and yet one to which the historians of Spanish literature have not called the attention of their readers, that Cervantes, in his comic sketch of the early History of the Spanish Drama, mentions not a syllable respecting Torres Naharro, while the editor of Cervantes' comedies, who has prefixed to them that sketch, declares, in his preface, Torres Naharro to be the real inventor of the forms of the Spanish comedy. Torres Naharro was born in the little town of Torre, on the Portuguese frontiers, and he flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Of the history of his life, but little is known. All accounts, however, agree in describing him to have been an ecclesiastic and a man of learning. After a shipwreck which involved him in various adventures, he arrived at Rome during the pontificate of Leo X. In that friend of genius he found a distinguished patron. It is, however, extremely improbable that his comedies

[1] *Tragedia Policiana, en que se tratan los amores—executadas por la industria de la diabolica Vieja Claudina, &c.* The title is a sufficient specimen of the work. See Velasquez and Dieze, p. 312.

[2] Dieze, in his Remarks on Velasquez, gives a further account of these works. He also notices a second Cœlestina, (*Segunda Comedia de Celestina.*)

were performed before the pope at Rome, though such an assertion has been made by Spanish writers, and has given offence to some Italians. It is certainly by no means likely that an occurrence so unusual should have escaped the notice of all Italian authors; and pope Leo can scarcely be supposed to have had any strong inducement to study the Spanish language, which is not agreeable to Italian ears. It is more probable that Naharro's comedies were represented in Naples, for there a Spanish audience was to be found; and Naharro himself proceeded to Naples when the difficulties into which his satirical writings involved him, obliged him to quit Rome.

The above are the only particulars that can be obtained respecting the life of this extraordinary man; and it is not certain how far they can be relied on, as they are gathered from writers who do not mention the sources from whence they derived their information.[1] It is not improbable that Naharro's comedies were performed only in Naples, and not in Spain, where there was no theatre suited to their representation; for, according to the account of Cervantes, who speaks as an eye-witness, the whole apparatus of a Spanish theatre, about the middle of the sixteenth century, consisted of a few boards and benches, and a wardrobe and scenery which could be contained in a sack.

But whatever may have been the fate of the comedies of Naharro, with reference to the stage in Spain, they were certainly printed along with the other poetic works of the author, in the year 1521, or at latest in 1533, under the learned title of *Propaladia*, intended to signify exercises in the school of Pallas.[2] Judging from the accounts given of these dramas by various writers, there is very

[1] These writers are Nicolas Antonio, and Blas Nasarre, the editor of the comedies of Cervantes.

[2] This collection of the plays and other poems of Naharro is mentioned by Nicolas Antonio, and also by Dieze. I have never seen it: and in the numerous collections of Spanish dramas by various authors, with which I am acquainted, I have sought in vain for the productions of Naharro. Blankenburg speaks of them as if he had read them; and Signorelli expressly says, that he has perused them all. Among the passages quoted by the latter, in order to justify the contemptuous tone in which he criticises the writings of Naharro, is a line of corrupt Portuguese. May not this be Galician? The modern comic writers of Spain occasionally make their clowns converse in the Galician dialect.

little doubt that Torres Naharro was the real inventor of the Spanish comedy. He not only wrote his eight comedies in redondillas in the romance style, but he also endeavoured to establish the dramatic interest solely on an ingenious combination of intrigues, without attaching much importance to the development of character, or the moral tendency of the story. It is besides probable that he was the first who divided plays into three acts, which being regarded as three days' labour in the field of dramatic composition, were called *jornadas*.[1] It must, therefore, be unreservedly admitted, that these plays, considered both with respect to their spirit and their form, deserve to be ranked as the first in the history of the Spanish national drama; for in the same path which Torres Naharro first trod, the dramatic genius of Spain advanced to the point attained by Calderon, and the nation tolerated no dramas except those which belonged to the style which had thus been created.

It would appear, however, that there was something in the plays of Naharro which did not precisely harmonize with the taste of the Spanish public, for they were banished from literature and thrown into oblivion by the prose dramas which Cervantes saw represented in his youth. The author of these pieces, in which songs are sometimes episodically introduced, was Lope de Rueda, a native of Seville. This man, who was a goldbeater by trade, and who had received no literary education, was notwithstanding endowed with a strong genius for the dramatic art. Cervantes styles him the great Lope de Rueda. He did not compose his plays in the character of an author. He was at the head of a little company of players, of whom he was himself the ablest; and his own taste and that of the public required only such pieces as could be easily re-

[1] Cervantes attributes to himself the invention of dividing a drama into three *jornadas*. How happens this? Cervantes was a vain man, but not an empty boaster. He seems to have been totally unacquainted with the dramas of Naharro, but he might have heard of the division of plays into three *jornadas*, without retaining a distinct recollection of the fact. In this way his memory may have deceived him, when he supposed that the division originated with himself. And yet it is singular enough that in his Galatea he mentions, among other poets, the *artificioso Torres Naharro*.

presented on his wretched stage, consisting merely of a few planks of wood. The most prominent characters in Lope de Rueda's dramatic compositions were those which the author himself performed, and which, according to the testimony of Cervantes, he personated in a highly natural style. In fools, roguish servants, Biscayan boors, and such like characters, he particularly excelled. He did not neglect to avail himself of the accidental union of the Spanish drama with pastoral poetry, and he wrote some pastoral dialogues (*coloquios pastoriles*) in prose. On this account his theatrical wardrobe, of which Cervantes gives a humorous description, contained four shepherds' dresses of white fur, trimmed with gold, an equal number of wigs and shepherds' crooks, and likewise four beards. The beards, it would appear, were indispensable in comedies of every kind; and the public became so accustomed to call an old man's part in comedy the *beard*, that the theatrical term *barba* was retained even after the custom of wearing beards had long been exploded from the stage.

Juan Timoneda has made careful collections of the comedies and pastoral dramas of Lope de Rueda, by which we are enabled to judge of the literary merit of these works, divested of the advantage they must have derived from the living representation of their author. Timoneda, who was a bookseller in Valencia, was the friend and enthusiastic admirer of Lope de Rueda; but in regard to literary acquirements he ranked somewhat higher than that actor. He was indeed a man of genius and talent, as is evident from his novels, which are little known, and which have yet to be more particularly noticed in this work. He printed, in small collections, the pastoral dialogues and plays of Lope de Rueda, making such alterations as were necessary in the language and style.[1] These productions equally indicate the experienced master in the development

[1] Concerning these collections, see Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 316. I am acquainted with only two:—one is entitled, *Los Coloquios Pastoriles de muy agraziada y apacible prosa, &c., por el excellente poeta y gracioso representante Lope de Rueda, sacados a luz por Juan Timoneda*; Sevilla 1576, in small octavo, printed in gothic characters. The other is entitled: *Las segundas dos Comedias de Lope de Rueda*, without date, but printed in the same type and form as the first mentioned collection.

of character, and the untutored pupil of nature following his own caprice. Lope de Rueda's pastoral dialogues possess more dignity, if the term may be used, than his plays, and they are moreover imbued with a certain poetic character, which harmonizes admirably with the songs occasionally introduced. With regard to invention and style, however, there is but little difference between the dialogues and the plays, but the pastoral costume of the dramatis personæ produces a certain heterogeneous effect; for the half Arcadian and half Spanish shepherds are brought into contact with negresses, barbers, and other characters of common life and modern stamp. Lope de Rueda was not inattentive to general character, as is proved by his delineation of old men, clowns, &c., in which he was particularly successful. But his principal aim was to interweave in his dramas a succession of intrigues; and, as he seems to have been a stranger to the art of producing stage effect by striking situations, he made complication the great object of his plots. Thus mistakes, arising from personal resemblances, exchanges of children, and such like common-place subjects of intrigue, form the ground-work of his stories, none of which are remarkable for ingenuity of invention. There is usually a multitude of characters in his dramas, and jests and witticisms are freely introduced, but these in general consist of burlesque disputes in which some clown is engaged.[1]

It would appear that many comedies in Rueda's style were at one time acted, though they are now lost to literature. Cervantes, for instance, praises the perfection to which that style of comic drama had been brought by a

[1] The following specimen of the dialogue of these comedies is from a scene in which a clown quarrels with his wife:—

Gine. Aun teneis lengua para hablar, anima de cantaro?

Pablo. Dote al diabro muger, no ternas un poco de miramiento. Si quiera por las barbas de la merced que esta delante.

Gine. He callad anima de campana.

Pab. Que es anima de campana, muger?

Gine. Que? badajo como vos.

Pab. Badajo a vuestro marido? deme essegar rote vuessa merced.

Gine. Assi, garrote para mi, al fin no seriades vos hijo de Guarnigo el ensalmador, cara bestias.

Pab. Y parescete a ti mal, porque sea hijo de bendicion.

Camilo. Ay amarga, y como hijo de bendicion? &c.

player named Naharro of Toledo, who must not be confounded with Torres Naharro. Cervantes informs us that this Naharro augmented the theatrical wardrobe so considerably, that it could no longer be contained in a bag, but was packed up in boxes and chests. He exploded the custom of dressing the old characters with beards, and removed the orchestra, which had previously been stationed behind the scenes, to the front of the stage. He moreover exhibited imitations of clouds, of thunder and lightning, made other great improvements in the scenic machinery, (*tramoyas*), and even introduced single combats and battles on the stage. His name certainly deserves to be preserved from oblivion; and it is unfortunate that Cervantes has neglected to mention what kind of poetry or prose was spoken by the actors in these new dramatic spectacles.

A Spanish author of learning and merit, named Juan de la Cueva, who lived about this period, seems to have been the first to perceive that the Spanish drama could never succeed, if men of literary acquirements, endowed with genius for dramatic composition, continued opposed to the popular party. This author was a native of Seville, which at that time appears to have been the cradle of every kind of talent. The history of his life is enveloped in obscurity, and his various writings, in every class of poetry, notwithstanding the praises which critics have bestowed on them, are, though not totally forgotten, very little known.[1] His copious *Art of Poetry* in tercets, which was lately, for the first time, published from manuscript, contains some important information relative to the history of Spanish poetry. It is, however, merely written in good versified prose, and pure language, but is in no respect poetical.[2] This Art of Poetry, if so it must be called, shows, among other things, how numerous was the

[1] The emphatic praises of the publisher of the *Parnaso Español* represent Juan de la Cueva as a poet of the first rank. See the literary notices prefixed to the eighth volume of that collection. The works of Cueva are there mentioned, with the dates of their various editions. See also Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 202.

[2] It may be found in the eighth vol. of the *Parnaso Español* as it was first printed.

party which at that time endeavoured to give to the Spanish drama the form of the antique. An author, named Malara, a native of Seville, who was called the Betisian Menander, in allusion to the Betis or Guadalquivir, and six other poets of that city, among whom is Gutierre de Cetina, the celebrated author of several Spanish comedies in the ancient style, are honourably mentioned by Juan de la Cueva. But this judicious writer maintained that there were peculiarities in the ancient drama, which, though excellent in themselves, would not accord with the spirit of the moderns. The dramatic laws of the ancients had, in his opinion, ceased to be obligatory; and he conceived it to be reasonable that dramatic fictions should be accommodated to the taste of the age and to the circumstances in which they are written.[1] The Spanish public had already manifested a strong predilection for plays in the modern style, and an aversion equally decided to all the imitations of the dramatic works of the ancients. It was, therefore, designedly and with a persevering industry that the Spaniards had struck out for themselves a new course in dramatic literature. In genius and taste they could only have vied with the Greeks and Romans, without surpassing them; but invention, grace, ingenious arrangement, and a certain art of involving and unravelling a plot, inimitable by foreigners, were the qualities on which the glory of the Spanish drama was founded.[2] Juan de la Cueva proceeds to state, that on these principles he had no scruple in contributing to overthrow the ancient boundary between tragedy and comedy; and to introduce on the stage, for the sake of variety, characters clad in the rustic peasant's

[1] He thus expresses himself relative to the changes which the drama has undergone:—

> Este mudanza fue de *hombres prudentes*
> Aplicando a las nuevas condiciones
> Nuevas cosas, que son las convenientes.

[2] Mas *la invencion, la gracia y traza es propia*
> *A la ingeniosa fabula de España,*
> No qual dicen sus emulos impropia.
> Scenas y actos suple la *maraña*
> Tan intricada, y la soltera de ella,
> *Inimitable de ningun estraña.*

garb, along with others attired in the robes of royalty. Thus far he trod in the footsteps of Torres Naharro, and yet he appears to have had no distinct knowledge of the writings of that author, inasmuch as he never mentions them; while, on the other hand, speaking of his own works, he observes that he had abandoned the old custom of dividing dramatic pieces into five acts, and chose in preference the new method, then in vogue, of arranging them in jornadas.[1] Cervantes must, of course, have been ignorant of the decided testimony thus given by Juan de la Cueva, since he imagines that he was himself the first to introduce the three divisions of the Spanish drama. The approbation bestowed on Cueva's dramatic works, in the new style, seems, however, to have been but feeble and transitory; and this explains how the editor of Cervantes' comedies, in his account of the early history of the Spanish drama, has omitted to mention the name of Cueva.

It will, perhaps, be proper to defer entering more fully into the investigation of the peculiar spirit of the Spanish national drama, until the writings of Lope de Vega come under consideration; for during the brilliant career of that author, the new form of the drama took complete possession of the Spanish theatre, and the older pieces, which did not fall in with the popular taste, were speedily forgotten by the public, as the notices of Cervantes clearly show. But it may be proper here once for all to remind the reader of a truth now historically demonstrated, namely, that it was by no means ignorance, or want of intimacy with the dramatic works of the ancients, which facilitated the triumph of the modern Spanish drama.

No sufficiently authenticated particulars enable the literary historian to furnish anything like positive information respecting the history of the spiritual dramas of the Spaniards at the period now under review. Considered generally, their origin is sufficiently known; for dramas of this kind, intended either for amusement or instruction, were, in the middle ages, performed throughout the whole

[1] A mi me culpan . . . .
Que el un acto de cinco le he quitado,
Que reduci los actos en jornadas,
Qual vemos que *es en nuestro tiempo usado.*

of the south of Europe. In Spain, pilgrims assiduously devoted themselves to the dramatic representation of sacred histories, when they wished to find an edifying and agreeable relaxation from their severer duties of praying and journeying from place to place. In these sacred dramas, the authors often interwove the adventures, whether serious or comic, in which they had been engaged, or described what they had seen and learned in their holy pilgrimages; and the whole was usually seasoned with a sufficient quantity of jests in the popular style. To manifest, in as palpable a way as possible, the power of the sacrament, and the miraculous effects of faith, was the great object of the pilgrims; and there seems to be no doubt that their rude efforts formed the origin of that class of spiritual plays which, at a subsequent period, were performed on the festival of Corpus Christi, and on other solemn occasions; and which, from their allusion to the mystery of the sacrament, were styled *Autos Sacramentales.* But at what particular period these spiritual exhibitions were first committed to writing, and formed a portion of literature, cannot now be ascertained. They have sometimes been confounded with the lives of the saints (*vidas de santos*[1]), which were originally dramatized in monasteries, and performed by the pupils of the monks, but which are in fact quite a distinct class of representations. Nasarre states that until the middle of the eighteenth century the practice of acting these biographical dramas was continued in monasteries in different parts of Spain, particularly in Galicia, and possibly in that province they yet afford a source of amusement and edification on festival days, to the pilgrims who visit the shrine of St. Iago de Compostela.

The burlesque interludes called *Entremeses* and *Saynetes*, which were subsequently divided into various classes, and were performed between the preludes (*loas*) and the play, properly so called, appear also to have had their origin in the first half of the sixteenth century. Cervantes could refer to no entremeses of an older date, when he contributed to give to this species of dramatic composition a literary form and character.

[1] See the preface of Blas Nasarre, the latest editor of the plays of Cervantes.

What has been stated sufficiently proves the powerful control exercised by the public over the stage. The popular taste demanded an agreeable amusement, created by the boldest and most varied mixture of the serious and the comic, of intrigues, sallies of imagination and ingenious thoughts, of surprises and animated situations; but it was not required that either a comic or a tragic scene should tend to produce any moral impression on the heart, except indeed in so far as that object may be attributed to the spiritual pieces. But how did it happen that a people in whom moral gravity has ever been a national characteristic, should thus show themselves indifferent to the moral effects of their dramatic entertainments? The history of the formation of the Spanish character appears to disclose so clearly the cause of this incongruity, that it might be said, nature would have contradicted herself had not such been the consequence resulting from that cause. When the treasures of America came to be dispersed through Spain, luxury and extravagance superseded the old Spanish simplicity. The age of chivalry was past; and the ecclesiastical fetters imposed upon opinion and conscience afforded so little freedom to the mind, that it was not possible the public could endure, still less enjoy, moral reflection on the stage. The Spaniard, as a catholic Christian, devoutly and implicitly submitted his understanding to the doctrines and mandates of the church; but as a man he ardently longed for amusements, in which he might allow his heart freely to participate. Moral reflection then could not be pleasing in any place where he sought to be gratified by the unconstrained exercise of his feelings; for every moral thought tended to revive the recollection of the Inquisition. Meanwhile, the progress of luxury and the love of pleasure stimulated the imagination, and increased the appetite for sports of wit and fancy, which were carried to the most extravagant excess. A people whose ardent and enthusiastic temperament was fostered by a genial climate, were always eager to partake of pleasures which no king or grand inquisitor threatened to disturb. With a taste thus formed, and with such claims on dramatic entertainment, the Spaniards were not to be satisfied with the most ingenious comedies or tra-

gedies, unless excitement and interest were kept up by wild revels of imagination, unrestrained by either moral maxims or rules of art. To see a variegated ideal world, a diversified picture of romantic existence, was the object for which the Spaniard visited the theatre, where he could endure no sort of artistic regularity, not even that which the nature of the subject seemed most to require.

This portion of the history of Spanish dramatic poetry must not be terminated without a particular notice of two tragedies by Geronymo Bermudez, a Dominican monk of Galicia, who, at the period when he wrote them, was probably the inmate of a cloister.[1] He did not think proper to acknowledge himself the author of these dramas, and he published them under the assumed name of Antonio de Silva.[2] Among his other poetical works, some Spanish writers mention in terms of respect, a dull encomium on the duke of Alba, of whom this ecclesiastic was an enthusiastic admirer.[3] He lived until the year 1589. His two tragedies are imitations of the ancient drama, but they must not be confounded with the essays of the same kind which have already been mentioned. Bermudez conceived the happy idea of selecting a subject from the history of Spain and Portugal, and dramatizing it according to the rules of the Greek tragedy, without destroying the modern character of his materials. The well known story of the unfortunate Ines de Castro seemed particularly suited to the object he had in view. Being a Galician, he had, through his native language, a national relationship to Portugal, and he consequently took more personal interest

[1] See the account prefixed to the sixth vol. of the Parnaso Español, and Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 200.

[2] *Primeras tragedias Españoles, de Antonio de Silva*, is the title of the edition which I have now before me, published at Madrid, in 1577, in 8vo.

[3] This piece of silly adulation, is entitled *Hesperodia*; that is to say, evening song or morning song. The former, however, appears to be the more appropriate title, since the author, doubtless, wrote it in his old age. It has been drawn from the obscurity in which it ought to have remained, and is printed in the eighth vol. of the *Parnaso Español*. Bermudez, in an affected strain of language, and with true Dominican fanaticism, extols the monstrous barbarity with which the great duke of Alba persecuted the heretics of the Netherlands, and made "the cold northern waters flow the more fiercely from the infusion of warm blood."

in the tragical fate of his heroine than was felt by Spaniards in general. He did not commence his task without apprehension of its success; for, as a Spaniard, he wished to write in Castilian, and he was, therefore, in some measure under the necessity of studying a foreign language. This difficulty he mentions in his preface. But with all its faults, his attempt proved so fortunate, that his two tragedies may justly be styled the first in their kind. Though they are intimately connected, yet each forms in itself a complete tragic drama. Their titles are whimsical and affected: the first is denominated *Nise Lastimosa* (the Lamentable Nise); and the second, *Nise Laureada* (the Glorified Nise); and under these titles they are reprinted in the *Parnaso Español*, vol. vi. The characters preserve their historical names. The first of these tragedies sufficiently proves what may be effected by a dramatist of even moderate talent, when thoroughly penetrated with a poetic subject, and at the same time possessing the power of eloquent expression. The Nise Lastimosa, it is true, is far from approaching the ideal of tragic perfection; but some of the scenes fulfil all that the theory of the dramatic art can require; and energy and dignity of expression are not wanting even in those passages where the action is tedious and the incidents ill connected. The plot is simple, and towards the conclusion its interest declines. But Bermudez has introduced, by turns aptly and inaptly, a chorus composed of Coimbran women, which is sometimes interwoven with the action of the drama, and sometimes quite independent of it. The unities of time and place the author has totally disregarded. The first act opens with a soliloquy by the Infante Don Pedro, in which the prince deplores his separation from his beloved wife.[1] This soliloquy is succeeded by a long conversation between the

[1] This is a beautiful piece of writing, though somewhat too long. It commences as follows:—

> Otro cielo, otro sol, me parece este,
> del que gozava yo sereno, y claro,
> alla de donde vengo, ay triste cielo,
> como en ti veo el tranze de mis hados.
> Ay que donde no veo aquellos ojos,
> que alumbran estos mios, quanto veo
> me pone horror, y grima, y se me antoja.

Infante and his secretary, in which the latter, with all due courtesy, hints that the attachment of the prince for a lady, not of royal birth, is incompatible with the welfare of the state.[1] The scene then changes, and the chorus of Coimbran women is very absurdly introduced to moralize on love. Thus closes the first act. In the second, the scene changes to the court, and exhibits the king amidst his assembled council; the advice of the ministers prevails over the good disposition of the monarch, and he consents to the death of Ines de Castro. A soliloquy by the king follows, in which he offers up his prayers. The scene again changes, and the fair Coimbrans once more appear to moralize on human happiness. In the third act, however, a new spirit is infused into the piece, and the chorus partakes in the action. Ines de Castro appears. The women of the chorus form her attendants, and offer her consolation and advice. Ines is informed of the reports that are circulated respecting her fate;[2] but throughout

Mas triste que la noche, y mas escuro,
alla (ay dolor) los dexo alla en Coymbra
tierra donde parò la hedad dorada,
ò que no es tierra aquella, parayso
la llamo de deleytes y frescuras.
Alli tan claro es todo que aun la noche
mas dia me parescè que de dia,
alli es esmalte del florido suelo,
mas que estrellado cielo representa;
alli el concento de las avezillas,
es un reclamo dulze de las almas.

[1] A few lines of this scene will serve to show how Bermudez has imitated the dialogic antitheses of the Greek tragedy:—

In. Adonde huyre porque me dexen?
Se. Huyr auras de ti por tu remedio.
In. Ya no me vale hazer lo que no puedo.
Se. Tu mismo te pusiste en tal flaqueza.
In. No puedo, ni querria arrepentirme.
Se. Con essa voluntad el yerro cresce.
In. Si es yerro como dizes, otros uvo.
Se. Uvo, mas toda via fueron yerros.

[2] Here the chorus, like the other characters of the play, speaks in iambics; for example:—

Doña Ines. Que dizes? Habla!
Cho. No puedo; lloro. *Do.* De que lloras?

this act, the progress of the story is nearly suspended. The fourth act may, however, be regarded as almost a masterpiece. Ines, attended by her children, and the chorus, appears before the king to receive her sentence. Nothing can be more impressive than the dignity with which she demands justice, or more affecting than the tenderness for her children, which continually breaks forth in her discourse. At length she pictures to herself in vivid colours the sorrow that awaits her husband, till, exhausted by the vehemence of her feelings, she begins for the first time to think of her own situation, and anticipating the horrors of death, she swoons, exclaiming, *Jesus Maria!* This scene exhibits a picture so replete with real pathos, that it may be truly said, modern tragic art has seldom attained so high a point of perfection.[1] The fifth act is merely a tedious supplement. The prince is made acquainted with the death of his wife, and he vents his sorrow in long lamentations.

Cho. Veo, esse rostro, y sos ojos, esa. *D.* trista:
triste de mi que mal, que mal tamaño,
es ese que me traes. *Cho.* Mal de muerte:
D. Mal grande. *C.* todo tuyo. *D.* que me dizes
es muerto mi Señor, infante mio?
Cho. Los dos morireys presto. *D.* ò nuevas tristes!
Como, porque razon, que me le matan? &c.

[1] Only the latter part of this scene can conveniently be transcribed here. Ines speaks:—

Tapiceria triste,
yrase donde yo me paseava,
no me vera, no me hallara en el campo,
no en el jardin, ni camara; hele muerto.
Ay veote morir mi bien por mi,
mi bien ya que yo muero vive tu,
esto te pido y ruego, vive, vive,
ampara estos tus hijos tan queridos,
y esta mi muerte pague los desastres
que a ellos esperavan. Rey señor,
pues puedes socorrer a males tantos
socorreme, perdoname. No puedo,
no puedo mas dezirte:
Señor por que me matas?
en que te lo merezco?
ay, no me mates, ay!
Jesus, Maria!

The tragedy of *Nise Laureada* is far inferior to that just described. The story is below criticism; and towards the end becomes revolting to feelings not blunted by inquisitorial horrors, or sunk to the level of brutality. The Infante Don Pedro, who has now ascended the throne, orders the remains of his judicially murdered wife to be taken from the tomb; he then, with great solemnity, invests the corpse with the dignity of queen, and the ceremony of the coronation is succeeded by a marriage. Two of the counsellors, whose perverted and inhuman patriotism had urged them to sacrifice the unhappy Ines, receive sentence of death, and are executed. This is the whole plot, if so it may be called; and among the acting and speaking characters, the executioners play a prominent part. The first act contains many beautiful passages; but when the last judicial ceremonies commence, horror and disgust fill the mind of the reader. The hearts of both culprits are extracted from their bodies, the one through the breast, and the other through the back. The most brutal exclamations accompany the execution of the royal sentence, and the chorus utters shouts of joy, while the executioner discharges his barbarous task. That these horrors might be regarded as pathetic incidents by the Spaniards of that age, accustomed as they were from early childhood to stifle every sentiment of humanity, and to allow fanatical exultation to overcome the natural emotions of the heart, whenever a brutal sentence was pronounced by ecclesiastical or royal authority, is unfortunately but too probable. Had it not been for this perversion of feeling, a people, otherwise so noble-minded, could not have attended the cruel festivals of their church, and witnessed the burning of Jews and heretics with as much pleasure as the exhibition of a bull fight.

In order to form a just estimate of the talent of Bermudez, it must be recollected that he was the first who conceived the idea of giving a poetic colouring to the history of Ines de Castro. Camoens had not, at that time, written his Lusiad, in which the same story forms the subject of a celebrated episode. It may also be observed, that the labour which Bermudez bestowed on his versification, and particularly on the varied metres of

the choruses of his dramas, ought to have served as an example to his successors in tragic composition.

HISTORY OF SPANISH PROSE DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Among the works of the poets which come within the period allotted to the first section of this book, it has already been necessary to notice some writings in prose. The connexion then subsisting between Spanish poetry and prose has thus been rendered more apparent, and the different works of each writer have been kept together in examining them. But the poetic talent of some authors of that age, for example, Perez de Oliva, will not bear comparison with their merits as prose writers; and many others who have obtained reputation for prose composition, must be totally excluded from the rank of poets. In general, the good taste of the best Spanish writers constantly prompted them to mark a distinct boundary between poetry and prose; and this separation was never more rigorously insisted on than during the first half of the sixteenth century, when the torrent of romances of chivalry which then inundated Spain threatened the common annihilation of genuine poetry and eloquent prose. But, however little of prose composition may have been produced in Spain, during the early part of the sixteenth century, yet there were, in that age, several good Spanish prose writers, whose names have hitherto scarcely appeared in the history of modern literature. To endeavour to obtain something like an accurate knowledge of those writers, will repay the labour bestowed on the task.

Every one who has read Don Quixote must be aware of the enthusiasm with which romances of chivalry were admired by the Spaniards, at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the reign of Charles V. this passion became almost an epidemic; for then the art of printing gave general circulation to the old romances, and new imitations were not wanting. But a particular account of this portion of Spanish literature does not belong to the present subject, and ought to form

the conclusion of the history of the romantic literature of the middle ages. But though the influence of the chivalrous romances of the sixteenth century operated on the public taste, yet every poet and prose writer, of cultivated talent, laboured to oppose the contagion. There were, however, many literary partisans who did not scruple to feed the false taste of the public by the grossest absurdities. A writer named Geronymo de Sanpedro, with the most devout piety, selected stories from Scripture, and clothed them, as he expresses himself, in the allegoric costume of romance. He entitled his fantastical work, "The Book of Celestial Chivalry from the Foot of the Fragrant Rose-bush."[1] In this edifying production, the Deity is introduced as emperor, and the Saviour as knight of the Lion, (*Caballero del Leon.*) In the meantime, an opponent of the zealots of chivalry, named Doctor Alexio de Venegas, anathematised all romances, which he styled, "Satan's Sermon Books," (*Sermonarios de Satanas.*)[2] In this manner parties contended one with another in Spain, until at length the romantic literature disappeared like a stream lost amidst sand.

At this period there appears to have existed no novels or romances in the modern style, except the *Lazarillo de Tormes* of Diego de Mendoza. The well-known imitations of this first romance of knavery (*del gusto picaresco*) did not come into circulation before the end of the sixteenth century. Little stories in the style of the Italian novels were, it is true, written at an earlier period; but their author, the bookseller Timoneda, the same individual who collected the comedies and pastoral dramas of Lope de Rueda, did not venture to prefix to them the title of *Novelas.* He was aware that he could better recommend his works to the Spanish public by giving them the old denomination of *Patrañas* (Tales).[3] Timoneda evi-

[1] *Libro de caballeria celestial del pie de la rosa fragrante, &c. por D. Geronymo de Sanpedro*, Anvers, 1554, in 8vo. The Gottingen university possesses a copy of this book.

[2] This phrase occurs in a preface which Venegas wrote to a moral allegorical novel by Luis Mexia, which will hereafter be noticed.

[3] I have seen only the *Primera* parte de las Patrañas de Juan Timonede, Sevilla, 1583, in 8vo.

dently imitated the Italian novelists, though he by no means equalled them. Still, however, these antiquated tales may be perused with pleasure, particularly by those who have a taste for complicated intrigue. The author, it would appear, endeavoured to surpass the Italian writers in romantic adventures and unexpected incidents; at least, in his preface, he expressly promises this kind of entertainment to his readers.

But it was not merely with romances and novels that genuine prose literature had to contend in Spain. Several men of distinguished talent, however far they carried their notions of patriotism in other respects, were of opinion that the Spanish language was incapable of expressing grave and noble ideas in prose. Some would write only in Latin, and others only in Italian. Alphonso de Ulloa, who was an assiduous historical and political author, wrote chiefly in Italian.[1] He was, it is true, born in Italy; but he was of a Spanish family, and the Spanish language was perfectly familiar to him. The want of confidence thus shown by Spanish writers in the force and precision of their own language seems inexplicable, when it is recollected at how early a period Spanish prose began to be cultivated. Their intercourse with the Italians had, however, made the Spaniards perceive a want of elegance in their own colloquial phraseology and literary style. That grace, which their poets soon began to imitate from the Italians, is but feebly indicated in the works of the early Spanish prose writers, whatever other rhetorical merits they might possess, and an earnest simplicity of expression appears still to have constituted the main character of Spanish prose. Besides, Italian prose, which, with the exception of the writings of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, is distinguished by a playful and too often superficial elegance, could not be very congenial to Spanish taste, which required a grave and energetic style. To imitate the ancient classics was the only means whereby the prose literature of Spain could have been cultivated so as to meet the approval of enlightened men

[1] See Nicolas Antonio, article Alfonso de Ulloa.

in the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, the ecclesiastical and political despotism of that period left no free scope for the mental powers of those Spaniards who were desirous of constructing a national prose style on the ancient models. Neither the didactic nor the historical styles could be freely developed; and for the formation of the oratorical style, circumstances were, if possible, still more unfavourable. Impeded by such obstacles, and permitted only to copy in the strictest sense the rhetorical forms of the ancients, without their energy and solidity of thought, or their force of expression, the Spanish prose writers certainly could not be expected to produce works worthy to be ranked with the classic examples they would have wished to emulate; but their efforts to open the career of genuine eloquence in their national literature, deserves, notwithstanding, to be honourably recorded.

1. Didactic Prose is, in the Spanish language, indebted for its first formation to Fernan Perez de Oliva of Cordova. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, this learned man travelled through Italy and France, and during three years which he spent in Paris he delivered public lectures on philosophy and ancient literature. On his return to Spain, he settled at Salamanca, where he became professor (*cathedratico*) of theology, and delivered lectures on the Aristotelian philosophy. He died in 1533, before he had completed his thirty-sixth year.[1] His philosophic and theological studies, and his intimacy with ancient classic literature, did not withhold him from the cultivation of his native language; and he even endeavoured, by his translations already mentioned,[2] to naturalise the Greek tragedy in Spain. He also wrote several poems, which, in honour of his memory, are still preserved. But Perez de Oliva was no poet; and to judge from his translations, he appears to have had scarcely any true poetic feeling, though he possessed a correct and delicate taste for the rhetorical beauty of prose. His most celebrated work is

[1] Nicolas Antonio does not mention the date of either his birth or death. More precise information respecting him may be found in the sixth vol. of the *Parnaso Español*.

[2] See p. 197.

his Dialogue on the Dignity of Man (*Dialogo de la Dignidad del Hombre*) in the manner of Cicero.[1] It would be vain to seek in this didactic dialogue for ideas which present the merit of novelty in the present age; and it can by no means be regarded as a model of dialogue style, any more than the similar works of Cicero. But it was the first specimen, in Spanish literature, of clear and connected discussion, maintained in correct, dignified, and elegant language. The colloquial form serves to connect, though somewhat loosely, the two portions into which the work is divided. Two philosophic friends meet, and their conversation turns on solitude: they endeavour to explain the causes which induce man to seek retirement, and which render him dissatisfied with the society of his fellow creatures. One of the friends inveighs against human society, while the other extols its advantages. In the meanwhile, they are joined by a third philosopher, who becomes the arbiter. Before this judge, each disputant propounds his opinions in an uninterrupted discourse. The oratorical style is thus mingled with the didactic and the colloquial. This blending of various styles must doubtless be regarded as a subject of critical censure by many readers; but with the exception of the oratorical passages, the dialogue of Perez de Oliva is written in a natural and easy manner.[2] The ideas are, for the most part, clearly and accurately developed,[3]

[1] This dialogue, with the continuation by Ambrosio de Morales, and other works of a similar kind, have been elegantly printed under the general title of *Obras, que Cervantes de Salazar ha hecho, glosado y traducido*, &c. Madrid, 1772, in 4to.

[2] For example:—

Aur. Bien veo, Antonio, que ai essos provechos que dices de la soledad: pero yo tengo creido, que otra causa mayor ai. *Ant.* Que causa puede aver mayor? *Aur.* El aborrecimento, que cada hombre tiene al genero humano, por el qual somos inclinados a apartarnos unos de otros. *Ant.* Tan aborrecibles te parecen los hombres, que aun ellos mesmos por huir de sì, busquen la soledad? *Aur.* Pareceme tanto, que cada vez que me acuerdo, que soi hombre, querria, o no aver sido, o no tener sentimiento dello. *Ant.* Maravillome, Aurelio, que los autores excelentes, que acostumbras a leer, i los sabios hombres, que conversas, no te ayan quitado de esse error.

[3] As for instance in the annexed passage:—

Assi que todos estos i los demas estados de los hombres no son sino diversos modos de penar, do ningun descanso tienen, ni seguridad en alguno dellos: porque la fortuna todos los confunde, i los revuelve con

and the oratorical language, particularly where it is appropriately introduced, is powerful and graphic.[1]

Perez de Oliva had a successful pupil in his nephew Ambrosio de Morales, who was also a native of Cordova. This learned writer was born in the year 1513. After having finished his academic studies at the university of Alcala de Henares, he delivered public lectures on philosophy and ancient literature, by which he soon acquired an honourable reputation. Charles V. appointed him classical tutor to his natural son, Don John of Austria, who afterwards became so celebrated. On the death of Charles V., Ambrosio de Morales was installed by king Philip II. in the post of historiographer or chronicler (*coronista*) of Castile. From the period when he entered upon this office he appears to have devoted himself exclusively to historical studies. He died at an advanced age. His didactic works consist of treatises (*discursos*) on various subjects of practical philosophy and literature. In one of these treatises, he expressly and urgently recommends the rhetorical cultivation of the Spanish language, which the writers of that age so unjustly disowned and neglected, to the great prejudice of literature and even of philosophy.[2] Other dissertations of this meritorious writer, which are not so much known, relate to the importance of rhetorical studies; the distinction between Plato's and Aristotle's

---

vanas esperanzas i vanos semblantes de honras i riquezas, en las quales cosas mostrando quan facil es i quan incierta, a todos mete en desseos de valer, tan desordenados, que no ai lugar tan alto, do los queramos dejar. Con estos escarmios de fortuna cada uno aborrece su estado con codicia de los otros; do si llega, no halla aquel reposo que pensaba. Porque todos los bienes de fortuna al dessear parecen hermosos, i al gozar llenos de pena.

[1] For example, the conclusion of the discourse of Aurelio, who, it is true, describes rather than censures the dark side of human society:—

Todo esto se va en humo, hasta que tornan los hombres a estar en tanto olvido, como antes que naciessen: i la misma vanidad se sigue despues, que primero avia. Hasta aquí, Dinarco, me ha parecido decir del hombre: agora yo lo dejo a él i su fama enterrados en olvido perdurable: i no sé con que razones tu, Antonio, podrás resucitarlo. Dale vida, si pudieres, i consuelo contra tantos males, como has oido: que si tu assi lo hicieres, yo seré vencido de buena gana, pues tu vitoria será gloria para mi, que me veré constituido en mas excelente estado, que pensava.

[2] Only this treatise of Morales, *Sobre la lengua Castellana*, is reprinted in the collection mentioned in note [1], page 218.

methods of instruction; the duty of man to exert himself to the utmost when he wishes for the assistance of the Almighty; the difference between a great and a good understanding; the value of wealth, independent of personal merit in the possessor; and such like objects of general utility. He only occasionally casts a side glance on the region of speculative philosophy, so that among Germans he might with propriety be called the Spanish Garve. Like that author, his views were clear, rather than profound; and like him also, his object was to write pure didactic prose. His style, though neither energetic nor impressive, is natural, clear, and precise, and not unfrequently adorned with pleasing images.[1] The pedantic allusions to scripture and to classic literature must be attributed to the taste of the age and country to which Morales belonged.[2]

Pedro de Valles, another native of Cordova, followed the example of Perez de Oliva, in cultivating prose writing; but he inclined to the pomp and antitheses of Seneca, which he was perhaps induced to imitate from respect for his countryman; for the learned of Cordova have always prided themselves in being natives of a city which had produced an ancient author of so much celebrity.

[1] The following passage, from the treatise on the Spanish language, forms an addition to the history of the cultivation of prose rhetoric among the Spaniards in the age of Morales:—

Para que pues era este cuidado? de que servia esta diligencia entre gente tan prudente i de tanto miramiento, si naturaleza lo suplia, i avia ella de hazerlo mejor? Veían sin duda, como sin tales exemplos no se podia perfeccionar el uso della lengua en aquella parte, i que a faltar lo que proveian, faltaria el bien que deseavan: i lo mismo es en las formas i maneras particulares de hablar, que llaman *phrasis*, i en todas las otras partes del lenguage, donde ayudada naturaleza con el mejor uso, saca mas ventaja i perfeccion. Pues qué los otros, que todo lo tienen en Castellano por afectado? estos quieren condenar nuestra lengua a un estraño abatimiento, i como enterrarla viva, donde miserablemente se corrompa i pierda todo su lustre, su lindeza i hermosura: o desconfian, que no es para parecer, i esta es ignorancia; o no la quieren adornar como deven, i esta es maldad. *Yo no digo que afeites nuestra lengua Castellana, sino que le laves la cara.* No le pintes el rostro, mas quitale la suciedad: no la vistas de bordados, recamos, mas no le niegues un buen atavio de vestido, que aderece con gravedad.

[2] Fourteen of the discourses of Morales form an appendix to his edition of the Obras de Perez de Oliva, already mentioned.

Morales, in his collection of his own and his uncle's works, has inserted a treatise by Valles on the Fear of Death.[1]

Francisco Cervantes de Salazar, who lived about the same period, likewise followed the track which had been marked out by Perez de Oliva. Respecting the life of this writer, but few particulars are known; and the resemblance of his name to that of the celebrated Cervantes Saavedra does not appear to be a sufficient reason for concluding that he was related to that distinguished author. Cervantes de Salazar wrote a continuation of Oliva's dialogue on the Dignity of Man; for he regarded it as unfinished, because Oliva allows the friend and the enemy of human nature to deliver their opinions, while the third party, who is appointed the philosophic arbiter, draws no inference from the arguments he hears. Through the medium of this third character, Salazar circumstantially recapitulates the whole theme, and arrives at a decided conclusion. Salazar is a more contemplative writer than Oliva, who, in other respects, appears to have been his model. He translated from the Greek the Tabla of Cebes, and from the Latin, the Introductio ad sapientiam of Luis Vives, one of those learned Spaniards who did not choose to write in their native tongue. He published his continuations and translations along with the original works. Hence the title: "*Obras* que Francisco Cervantes de Salazar ha *hecho, glosado, y traducido.*"[2]

Among the various works which Cervantes de Salazar published and elucidated, is an allegorical romance, entitled "*Labricio*, or the fable (*Apologo*) of Idleness and Industry." This romance may be placed, if not among, at least beside, didactic works, for the allegorical form serves merely to clothe the ideas, which are very methodically developed. The author, Luis Mexia, or Messia, was a learned theologian and jurist. His object was to draw an interesting and animated picture of the dangers of idleness, the pleasures of occupation, and the value of well directed industry. Notwithstanding the faults inseparable from the class of writing to which this work belongs, it possesses

[1] This treatise also forms an appendix to the collection before-mentioned.

[2] See note [1], p. 218.

the charm of an animated picture, conveyed in language which, though occasionally declamatory, is, upon the whole, pure and elegant.[1]

2. Historical Prose was, during this period, cultivated by no author in so high a degree as by Diego de Mendoza, whose History of the Wars of Granada has already been particularly mentioned; all the other Spanish historians were inferior to Mendoza in everything that constitutes the historical art. But they had begun to study that art, in which they would no doubt have distinguished themselves, had they not on the one hand been intimidated by the despotism of the government, and on the other, influenced by a spirit of opposition which induced them to banish from genuine history every trace of imaginative colouring, lest they should be confounded with the romance writers of the age.

The historical institution, established by Alphonso the Wise, still subsisted; for the Spanish government was afraid to incur the shame of allowing it to perish. National historiographers or chroniclers were accordingly appointed, and paid in the same manner as formerly; but after the accession of Charles V. those chroniclers could not venture to write with freedom, even in favour of the court party. Charles V. thought it prudent to obliterate, as far as possible, the recollection of the powerful opposition he had experienced on his succession to the Spanish crown. His chronicler, Florian de Ocampo, was a man of talent and shrewdness; and these qualifications soon enabled him to perceive the necessity of evading, in the best manner he could, the duty assigned to the old Spanish chroniclers of writing the history of their own age. Fortunately for him, there existed at that period no ancient history of Spain; and this was a subject on which he could enter without fear or constraint, while, at the same time, it afforded scope for a singular display of

[1] As a useful moral book, this romance is, perhaps, worthy of being translated or newly modelled. Tasteless morality is, to be sure, no more commendable in literature than tasteful immorality; and any attempt to revive the fashion of moral allegories would deserve condemnation. But a work like the allegorical romance of Mexia might probably possess more value than many of our modern tales for youth.

erudition. Ocampo accordingly wrote his five books of a General Chronicle of Spain. By the selection of this deceiving title, the historiographer appeared to be fulfillling the duties of his office; but the five books of his General Chronicle contain nothing more than the history of ancient Hispania from the deluge to the second Punic war.[1] The work is not badly written, though it presents nothing particularly attractive either in the style or in the handling of the subject. Ocampo selected his materials chiefly from the ancient authors, with whom he must have been intimately acquainted; but as far as relates to historical art, he avoided imitating his classical models, because, as he says, he was afraid to substitute for truth "the rhetorical flourishes and vanities which appear in other books of this present time."[2] Like some German historians, he seems to have prided himself in his dulness.

Those truths which dared not be publicly told in the reign of Charles V., still remained secrets under the government of Philip II. But even the latter monarch did not suffer the office of national chronicler to be discontinued; and he nominated a particular historiographer for the provinces of Castile, and another for those of Arragon. The learned Ambrosio de Morales, who took so lively an interest in the advancement of the rhetorical art, was, as has already been mentioned, appointed chronicler for the Castilian provinces. But with all his talent and information, Morales was not the man precisely calculated to occupy that situation, had he wished strictly to discharge its duties. He had little taste for politics, and modern history was not the branch of literature in the cultivation of which he was likely to find the employment best suited to his talents. He therefore could do nothing which better accorded with his own inclination, and the circumstances in which he was placed, than to follow the footsteps of

[1] Los cinco libros primeros de la Coronica General de España, que recopilava el Maestro Florian de Ocampo, &c. Alcalà, 1578, in folio. This is the first, and perhaps the only edition of the work.

[2] Mi principal intencion, he says, ha seido, contar la verdad entera y sencilla, *sin que en ella aya engaño ni cosa que le adorne*—sin envolver en ella las *rhetoricas y vanidades, que por otros libros deste nuestro tiempo se ponen.*

Ocampo, and to continue the ancient history of Spain from the second Punic war to the establishment of Christianity.[1] He vied with his predecessor in research and erudition; while, at the same time, he devoted far more attention to composition and style. In his preface, he states that he availed himself of this opportunity of proving the dignity and majesty of the Spanish language; and in that respect he rose far superior to the usual chronicle style. In point of elegance, however, he did not equal cardinal Bembo, while he really had no more idea than that author of the soul of the historical art, of which elegance is merely an accessory.[2] Towards the close of his work, when he came to the Christian ages, his zeal induced him to insert the lives of the saints of Spanish origin; and certainly no writer before his time ever gave to that description of biography so much elegance and historical dignity. Indeed, the simplicity to which Morales was always faithful is a remarkable feature in the works of an author who was so ambitious of distinguishing himself by a fine style.

There appeared, however, at this time, another author, who might have become, if not the Livy, at least the Machiavelli of Spain, had he been placed in more favourable circumstances, and disposed to devote himself to the rhetorical cultivation of his talent for historical composition. He was a native of Arragon, and his name was Geronymo Zurita, Surita, or Çurita, for it is written in these different ways. Philip II. appointed him historiographer of the Arragonian provinces, an office he was well qualified to fill. Like all educated Arragonese, he wrote Castilian with as much facility as his mother tongue. As a politician, however, he entertained views respecting the practical application of history, which, though clear and well founded, were not likely to be very acceptable to a despotic sovereign. Zurita undertook the tedious task of exploring the old chronicles and records, to which he had access, in order to produce a complete history of the kingdom of Arragon, from the Moorish invasion to the reign of Charles V., and he was moreover desirous that his histo-

[1] This is the Coronica General de España por Don Ambrosio de Morales; Alcalà de Henàres, 1574, in folio.

[2] See my *History of Italian Literature*, vol. ii.

rical labour should exhibit a faithful view of the rise and formation of the national constitution of Arragon. The modern historian who may wish to investigate this particular point, should consult the pages of Zurita, for it will be difficult for him to find a more instructive author. Zurita gave to his historical work the title of Annals,[1] which he conceived to be more appropriate than that of Chronicle. But he felt the difficulty of the task he had undertaken, when he attempted to develop the republican principles of the Arragonian provinces, and at the same time to do homage to the caprice of an absolute monarch. He must necessarily have written this part of his work in the total absence of inspiration, for the only practical conclusion he draws from his researches is the trite maxim, "that subjects ought to be content if peace and tranquillity prevail in the country in which they live;"[2] and it must be confessed that for peace and tranquillity, in a certain sense, Philip II., with the help of the duke of Alba and the Inquisition, had sufficiently provided. But in order to judge how Zurita would have written, had he been permitted to write freely, the grounds of the decision must be collected only from detached passages of his work. His execution, indeed, is not so inviting as to excite a strong desire for the perusal of the whole. He seems, during his laborious researches, unconsciously to have imbibed the formal style of the chroniclers, their constantly recurring *and* not excepted; while he did not allow himself time to separate the important from the unimportant, and, by a judicious distribution of his materials, to compose a pleasing

[1] *Anales de la corona de Aragon Caragoça*, 1616, six vols. small folio. This work was not printed till after the death of Philip II. The two last volumes contain the history of foreign affairs in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

[2] He says:—

Esta fue muy acatada entre todas gentes, porque siempre convino tener presente lo passado, y considerar con quanta constancia se deve fundar una perpetua paz y concordia civil, pues *no se puede ofrecer mayor peligro, que la mudança de los estados en la declinacion de los tiempos.* Teniendo cuenta con esto, siendo todos los sucesos tan inciertos a todos, y sabiendo quan pequeñas ocasiones suelen ser causa de grandes mudanças, el conocimiento de *las cosas passadas nos enseñara, que tengamos por mas dichoso y bienaventurado el estado presente:* y que estemos siempre con recelo del que està por venir.

historical picture. In a literary contest which arose respecting the merits and defects of these Annals of Arragon, their value in a rhetorical point of view, was never taken into consideration.

3. Oratorical Prose. — To other classes of prose writing, the Spaniards at this time devoted little attention; but two printed discourses by Perez de Oliva well deserve to be more generally known. The one was delivered at the request of a society of patriotic citizens of Cordova, and it relates to the advantages to be derived from the navigation of the Guadalquivir. In the first part of this discourse, the learned orator certainly wanders far from his subject, for he speaks of the Greeks and Romans, and even of the Trojan war; but the second part contains a view of the business in question, which is vigorously unfolded, full of sound sense, and divested of all affectation and pedantry. The second discourse promises but little, for it is merely described as an occasional and defensive academic address; but it contains a very good explanation of the literary duties of a professor of moral philosophy, together with some particulars respecting the literary life of the author, which are related in an excellent oratorical style.[1]

4. Of the Epistolary Prose of this age but few printed specimens exist; and it may be presumed that the Spaniards could not experience much pleasure in written correspondence, after their epistolary style had, like that of their social conversation, become subject to the restraint of those ceremonial forms with which the Italians and the Germans were about the same time infected. With whatever ease

[1] The following observations, concerning the conduct of professors of moral philosophy, may serve as a specimen of Pedro de Oliva's eloquence:—

Yo en contrario dello no dire de mi lastimas ningunas, porque no lo acostumbro en tales casos. Pero si la cathedra de philosophia moral supiesse hablar, que lastimas piensan vuestras mercedes que diria? Ella por si diria, que miren quan olvidada ha estado, y quan escureceda, muchas vezes por passiones de los que la han proveydo, y que miren, que agora la demandan unos llorando, y otros no se en que confiando; y que unos la quieren, para cumplir sus necessidades, y otros para cumplir las agenas; no siendo aquesto lo que ella ha menester. Porque ella demanda hombre, que en las adversidades no gima, ni en los casos de justicia solicite.

vuessa merced (your grace or your worship), especially when contracted in conversation into *usté*, might glide, as a mere form of courtesy, through Spanish lips, its frequent recurrence could not fail to have a very embarrassing effect in the periods of familiar letters. This formula, which every man of education employed in addressing his equals, exhibits a striking contrast to the higher ceremonial style, which the king himself observed in corresponding with his relatives. Among the Spanish epistolary documents of the sixteenth century there has been preserved a letter from Philip II. to his natural brother, Don John of Austria. This letter appears to be a kind of supplement, written by the king himself to the commission by which Don John was appointed high admiral of the Spanish fleets (*capitan general de la mar*). The king, with old Spanish cordiality, calls Don John "brother" (*hermano*), without any other title; and when he addresses him in the course of the letter, he uses the pronoun *you*, after the old fashion. In reminding his natural brother of his duties, he recommends to him integrity, as next in importance to religion.[1]

There is also preserved a letter from the duke of Alba, of odious celebrity, to Don John of Austria. It contains military instructions expressed with precision and dignified simplicity; but the style is encumbered by the repetition of titles. Both letters are contained in a collection published by the diligent Gregorio Mayans y Siscar.[2]

[1] As Philip II. is but little known in the character of a letter writer, it may not be improper to quote a passage which reflects honour on him as a man:—

La verdad, i cumplimiento de lo que se dice, i promete, es el fundamento del credito, i estimacion de los hombres, i sobre que estriva, i se funda el trato comun, i confianza. Esto se requiere, i es mucho mas necessario en los mui principales, i que tienen grandes, i publicos cargos; porque de su verdad, i cumplimiento depende la Fé, i seguridad publica. Encargoos mucho, que tengais en esto gran cuenta, i cuidado; i se entienda, i conozca en Vos en todas partes, i ocasiones, el credito, que pueden, i deven tener de lo que digeredes: que demàs de lo que toca a las cosas publicas, i de vuestro cargo importa esto mucho a vuestro particular honor i estimacion.

[2] This collection is entitled: *Cartas morales, militares, civiles y literarias de varios autores Españoles, recogidos, &c. por D. Gregorio Mayans y Siscar*, 1734, in 8vo. Most of these letters are productions of the seventeenth century.

SPANISH CRITICISM DURING THE PERIOD OF THIS SECTION.

It would scarcely be worth while to say anything relative to Spanish criticism during the period this section embraces, were it not that, among the books of instruction on poetry and rhetoric then produced, there was one which, besides being extraordinary for the age in which it appeared, may be regarded as the first of its kind in modern literature. It is entitled the Philosophy of the Ancient Style of Poetry, which in Spanish is somewhat fantastically expressed, *Philosophia Antigua Poetica.* This work is the production of Alonzo Lopez Pinciano, physician to Charles V., who, it has been mentioned, was likewise the author of an unsuccessful heroic poem.[1] Though Pinciano possessed few qualifications for a poet, he nevertheless conceived the idea of writing an Art of Poetry, which should be something more than a mere introduction to versification and instructions relative to correct and figurative expression. Speculations on the elements of poetry constituted the author's chief occupation, when relieved from the duties of his profession. Pinciano had so carefully studied Aristotle's Art of Poetry, and so attentively compared it with the other writings of the same author, that of all the admirers of that work, he was probably the first who discovered its imperfection. He says, "What is called Aristotle's Art of Poetry, cannot, if rightly understood, be regarded in any other light than as a fragment; for Aristotle, in various passages of his other works, refers to a second part of this Art of Poetry, which is lost." Pinciano's conjectures respecting the contents of the lost part, and its connexion with the fragment now existing, have, it is true, been contradicted by more modern critics; but the Spanish critic was, nevertheless, the first to observe that

[1] See page 186. This book, the title-page of which runs as follows:—*Philosophia Antigua Poetica, del Doctor Alonzo Lopez Pinciano, Medico Cesareo, dirigida al Conde Joannes Kevenhiler* (Khevenhüller), &c.—also contains a full detail of the titles of the count to whom it is dedicated. It was printed at Madrid, 1596, in quarto.

imperfection which had escaped the notice of all previous commentators on Aristotle. He remarks, that philologists and commentators have written very learned works; which, however, are as imperfect as the text which they elucidate. With the view of restoring poetry to its ancient dignity, and establishing and developing its true spirit, Lopez Pinciano commences with an Analysis of the Wants of Human Nature. He treats minutely of the senses, of the affections, the faculties of the soul, wisdom, and the pleasures peculiar to cultivated minds, but always with reference to the works of Aristotle, whom, like other writers of that age, he merely designates by the title of the *philosopher*. Like Aristotle, he makes imitation the essence of poetry; but with a particular and more precise definition of what, in his opinion, constitutes poetic imitation. He then enters upon reflections concerning poetic language, and gives a detailed theory of the several kinds of poetry. The present, however, is not the proper place to present an explanation of this theory. Whenever Lopez Pinciano abandons Aristotle, his notions respecting the different poetic styles are as confused as those of his contemporaries; and only a few of his notions and distinctions can be deemed of importance at the present day. But his name is deserving of honourable remembrance, for he was the first writer of modern times who endeavoured to establish a philosophic art of poetry; and with all his veneration for Aristotle, he was the first scholar who ventured to think for himself, and to go somewhat further than his master. He also evinced a laudable perseverance in the execution of his task. Pinciano's learned and ingenious work was not quite so useful as it might have been, owing, in a great measure, to its artificial and formal manner of composition, which, however, the author considered singularly easy and natural. This Art of Poetry is written in the form of letters (a novelty at that age), and in these letters, conversations are occasionally introduced. The friend who answers, invariably gives an abstract of the letter he has last received, as a proof that he understands its contents and its object. Lopez Pinciano, however, cannot be regarded as a model in epistolary and conversational prose, any more than in poetry.

The authors of the other arts of pôetry which appeared about this time in the Spanish language, merely confined themselves to the explanation of metrical forms and the establishment of subordinate principles. Among these authors were Sanchez de Viena, Geronymo de Mondragon, and Juan Diaz.[1] An Art of Poetry of the same description, in verse, by Juan de la Cueva, has already been mentioned. From a philosophic treatise of this kind, Spanish poetry could derive no advantage, unless its origin had been totally different from that which it really was. Theories, even the most popular, can contribute only in a very slight degree to the formation of the poetic genius, either of nations or individuals.

Several works on the art of rhetoric, in which the principles of Aristotle were followed, appeared about this time in Spain; but they produced nothing valuable with respect to theory, and exercised no remarkable influence on the improvement of Spanish prose.

SECOND SECTION.

HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE, FROM THE AGE OF CERVANTES AND LOPE DE VEGA TO THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Spanish literature had now assumed a new character. Classical poets wrote in the Castilian language; and elegant prose was cultivated with equal facility and success on the model of the ancients. No great advantage could henceforth be derived from the imitation of the Italian poets, for the genius of the Spanish nation had well nigh decided how far and under what limitations Italian poetry could be naturalized in Spain. But laurels were yet to be gathered on the new Parnassus; and the conflict between the ancient and modern styles had, through the disputes of the different parties, who sought to rule the Spanish

[1] Velasquez and Dieze, p. 505, furnish bibliographic notices of the works of these authors. See also Blankenburg on the same subject.

drama, at length arrived at a crisis. Under these circumstances, Cervantes and Lope de Vega entered upon the career which their predecessors had opened for them.

CERVANTES.

The life of this extraordinary man, whom for the space of two centuries civilized Europe has admired above every other Spanish writer, has been so frequently related, that a brief abstract of his biography, derived from the most authentic sources, will be sufficient for the purpose of this history.[1]

It is a singular fact, that the contemporaries of this celebrated man, whom every town, not merely in Spain, but throughout the world, would be proud to have produced, should have neglected to record his native place. After long investigations and warm disputes, which call to mind the contests of the seven Greek towns for the honour of having given birth to Homer, it is at length agreed that, according to the most probable supposition, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was born at Alcala de Henàres in the year 1547. His parents, who were not rich, were merely enabled to give him a moderate, but at the same time a literary education.

They sent him to the schools of Madrid, where he acquired some knowledge of classical learning. At Madrid he had an opportunity of witnessing the dramas which the ingenious Lope de Rueda represented on his rudely constructed stage. Juan Lopez, the tutor of Cervantes, was an indefatigable writer of poetry, particularly of romances, and he sought every means of cherishing his pupil's taste for poetic composition. Some verses by Cer-

[1] Cervantes spent that portion of his life during which his name is particularly conspicuous among Spanish poets, so remote from literary society, that at his death sufficient notices did not exist to form a complete narrative of his life. The well-known biography by Mayans y Siscar, which was not written till the eighteenth century, deserved to be valued only for want of a better. It is prefixed to many editions of Don Quixote. The preference, however, must be given to the more recent life of Cervantes, by Don Vicente de los Rios, which is prefixed to the splendid edition of Don Quixote published at Madrid, 1781, in royal quarto.

vantes were introduced in a description of the funeral of a Spanish princess, which Lopez published in 1569.

But young Cervantes, who had now attained his twenty-second year, seems to have had no certain means of gaining a subsistence. He wrote numerous romances and sonnets; and it was probably about this period that he composed a pastoral romance, entitled *Filena*, which, if we may give credit to his own testimony, was very generally read.[1] It appears that he thought he could better his condition by travelling; and he resolved to proceed to Italy. Here commences the period of his adventures. In Rome, cardinal Acquaviva for a short time became his patron and protector. But, impelled either by necessity or choice, he entered into the military profession. He enlisted under the banners of his sovereign, to serve in the wars against the Turks and the African corsairs, who at that time disturbed the tranquillity of Spain and Italy. During the war he proved himself to be wholly devoted to his new profession; and being engaged in the great battle of Lepanto, in 1572, he received a wound which deprived him of his left hand together with a part of the arm. This honourable mutilation, to which he proudly alludes in his latter writings, obliged him to return to Spain. The ship, however, in which he had embarked, was captured by an Algerine corsair, and Cervantes was conveyed to Algiers and sold for a slave. His captivity, which lasted for nearly eight years, must have been of the most romantic description, if the fact be, as has frequently been conjectured, that Cervantes described his own adventures in the novel of the Captive.[2] He was at length ransomed, and in the year 1581 he returned to his native country.

The third period of the life of Cervantes was exclu-

[1] In his Viage al Parnaso, chap. iv. he says:—

> Yo he compuesto *Romances infinitos*
> Y el de los Zelos es aquel que estimo
> Entre *otros, que los tengo par mal ditos.*
> * * * * * *
> *Mi Filena* * * * *
> Resonò *por las selvas*, &c.

[2] Don Vicente de los Rios entertains so little doubt of the reality of the romantic events recorded in the Captive, that he has interwoven them in his account of the life of Cervantes.

sively devoted to literature. He had now attained his thirty-second year, and with a matured understanding, joined to considerable practical knowledge of the world, and an ardent passion for literature, he resolved to withdraw from the busy scene of life. In his retirement he wrote his second pastoral romance, entitled Galatea, which has so eclipsed Filena, that the latter is quite neglected and forgotten. He shortly afterwards married, and it would appear that he lived for some time on his wife's dowry. At length he began to write for the stage; but the dramas which he composed at this period of his life, though amounting to about thirty in number, are nearly all lost.[1] About this time arose the rivalry between Cervantes and Lope de Vega, whose dramas were so much admired that they bore away the palm of public favour. Mortified, as it would appear, by the ill success of his dramatic efforts, Cervantes laid aside his pen for a considerable period. It is conjectured, that in the meanwhile he obtained a post in Seville, the emoluments of which enabled him to subsist. He did not again appear in the literary world until the death of Philip II. in the year 1598.

It can scarcely be doubted, though no Spanish writer has advanced the conjecture, that the death of Philip II. had a favourable influence on the genius of Cervantes. After the accession of the indolent Philip III., every man in Spain felt that he might then have more freedom than he had dared to take during the gloomy intolerance of the preceding reign. The Spaniards now ventured to sport with the chains which they had not the power to break, and delicate satire was soon freely employed. Cervantes quickly found a subject for ridicule, in a furious contest which arose in Seville between the spiritual and municipal authorities, concerning the funeral obsequies of the deceased monarch. There is reason to believe that he composed, about the same period, some of the instructive novels (*Novelas Exemplares*) which he subsequently published. What accident gave rise to the idea of his Don Quixote is unknown; for his having, while travelling

[1] These dramas must not be confounded with the eight well-known comedies which Cervantes subsequently wrote. His tragedy of Numantia, and his comedy of Life in Algiers, (*Trato de Argel,*) appear to belong to the more early period.

through the province of La Mancha, become engaged in disputes with some of the inhabitants, and his being, on that account, for a short time imprisoned, ean, at most, be only supposed to have suggested the idea of making that province the scene of the first part of his romance. Some fortunate circumstance, which cannot now be traced, seems to have impressed Cervantes, who was then in his fiftieth year, with the consciousness of the true bent of his genius. The commencement of Don Quixote was first published at Madrid, in 1606; but the enthusiastic reception which this original romance experienced from the Spanish public, produced very little change in the author's fortune; for the folly which felt itself disturbed in its security, united with envy in seeking to trace in the work allusions of an offensive kind. Cervantes accordingly continued poor, and had now to contend with exasperated enemies. Those enemies imagined they had completely defeated him, when an unknown writer, of their own party, under the name of Avellaneda, published a continuation of Don Quixote, full of invective against the original author. Precisely at the period when this continuation appeared, Cervantes published the sequel of his instructive novels, which he dedicated to the count of Lemos. In that nobleman he found a protector who never withdrew his favour, and who, as it appears, afforded him support in various ways. Pecuniary necessity seems, however, to have urged him, as a last resource, to write for the stage.

The latest works of Cervantes were the genuine continuation and completion of Don Quixote, the Journey to Parnassus, which was first published in 1614, and finally the romance of Persiles and Sigismunda, for which, a few days previous to his death, he wrote a dedication to the count of Lemos. From various passages in the prefaces and introductions to these last works, it is obvious how highly Cervantes prized that celebrity which, after many abortive efforts, he had at length obtained in his old age. But even where his vanity is not disguised, it is easy, from the candid tone in which he speaks of himself, to recognise the man of firm and upright spirit, the declared enemy of every sort of affectation, and the honest and liberal judge of himself and of others. He died in poverty, though not

in extreme want, at Madrid, in 1616, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was buried privately, without any kind of distinction, and not even a common tombstone marks the spot where the ashes of Cervantes repose.

Were we to arrange the works of Cervantes according to their merits, the first place must be assigned to Don Quixote, which is moreover entitled to the supremacy, inasmuch as it is single in its kind.

To enter into a description of the contents of this universally known masterpiece, or to give a circumstantial analysis of its plan, would be equally superfluous. A few words, however, on the happy and original idea which forms the foundation of the whole work, may here be introduced. It has often been said, though the opinion has, perhaps, not been fully weighed, nor even expressed with sufficient precision, that the venerable knight of La Mancha is the immortal representative of all men of exalted imagination, who carry the noblest enthusiasm to a pitch of folly; because, with understandings in other respects sound, they are unable to resist the fascinating power of a self-deception, by which they are induced to regard themselves as beings of a superior order. None but an experienced observer of mankind, endowed with profound judgment, and a genius to whose penetrating glance one of the most interesting recesses of the human heart had been newly disclosed, could have seized the idea of such a romance with energetic precision. None but a poet and a man of wit could have thrown so much poetic interest into the execution of that idea; and none but an author who had at his disposal all the richness and variety of one of the finest languages in the world, could have diffused over such a work that classical perfection of expression which gives the stamp of excellence to the whole. The originality of the idea of Don Quixote is not only historically demonstrated by no romance of a similar kind having previously existed—for pictures of ingenious roguery, in the style of Lazarillo de Tormes, belong to a totally different species of comic romance—but it is also psychologically certain, that a creative fancy, which was only capable of continuing to invent where another had stopped, could not, with the boldness of Cervantes, have combined traits, apparently

heterogeneous, in order thereby to exhaust to the utmost the idea by which he was inspired. Those who are acquainted with Don Quixote only through the medium of the common translations, will not certainly be inclined to regard it as a work of inspiration, in the highest sense of the word. But it is impossible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than to consider it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the absurd passion for reading old romances of chivalry. Doubtless this is one of the objects which Cervantes had in view; for among the romances which the Spanish public indefatigably perused, few were tolerable, and only one or two possessed first-rate merit. We must not, however, attribute to him the absurd conceit of wishing to prove the prejudicial influence which the reading of bad romances produced on the taste of the Spanish nation, by exhibiting the individual folly of an enthusiast, who would have been just as likely to have lost his senses by the study of Plato or Aristotle, as by the reading of romances of chivalry. The merit and the richness of the idea of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant degree of wishing to restore the age of chivalry, must be regarded as the seed of inspiration whence the whole work originated. As a poet, Cervantes was aware of the resources which this idea furnished; and he must also have been satisfied with his power to prosecute it, as he has proved in the execution what he was capable of accomplishing. In the invention of a series of comic situations of the most burlesque kind, he found full scope for the exercise of his fancy. The painting of these situations afforded opportunities for the free and energetic development of his poetic talent. Finally, he knew how to combine the knowledge of human nature he had acquired during a life of fifty years, with the most delicate satire, so as to render his comic romance also a book of moral instruction, to which no parallel existed. These brief remarks on the idea forming the foundation of the romance of Don Quixote, must be allowed to supply the place of a detailed analysis of the manner in which that celebrated work is composed. Other critics have sufficiently proved

that the composition is by no means faultless. In the preface to the second part, Cervantes has himself pointed out some inadvertencies which produce incongruities in the history, but he disdained to correct them, because he conceived that they had been too severely condemned.

The character of the execution of this comic romance is no less original than the invention. Character in the strictest sense of the term is here meant. The superficial sketches of a sportive fancy, for which the Spaniards in the age of Cervantes entertained so high a predilection, had not sufficient interest for him. He felt a passion for the vivid painting of character, as all his successful works prove. Under the influence of this feeling, he drew the natural and striking portrait of his heroic Don Quixote, so truly noble-minded, and so enthusiastic an admirer of everything good and great, yet having all those fine qualities accidentally blended with a relative kind of madness; and he likewise portrayed, with no less fidelity, the opposite character of Sancho Panza, a compound of grossness and simplicity, whose low selfishness leads him to place blind confidence in all the extravagant hopes and promises of his master. The subordinate characters of the great picture exhibit equal truth and decision: but the characteristic tone of the whole is still more remarkable. A translator cannot commit a more serious injury to Don Quixote, than to dress that work in a light, anecdotical style. A style perfectly unostentatious and free from affectation, but at the same time solemn, and penetrated, as it were, with the character of the hero, diffuses over this comic romance an imposing air, which, were it not so appropriate, would seem to belong exclusively to serious works, and which is certainly difficult to be seized in a translation. But it is precisely this solemnity of language which imparts a characteristic relief to the comic scenes. It is the genuine style of the old romances of chivalry, improved and applied in a totally original way; and only where the dialogue style occurs is each person found to speak, as he might be expected to do, and in his own peculiar manner. But wherever Don Quixote himself harangues, the language re-assumes the venerable tone of

the romance style;[1] and various uncommon expressions of which the hero avails himself, serve to complete the delusion of his covetous squire, to whom they are only half intelligible.[2] This characteristic tone diffuses over the whole a poetic colouring, which distinguishes Don Quixote from all comic romances in the ordinary style; and that poetic colouring is moreover heightened by the judicious choice of episodes. The essential connexion of these episodes with the whole has sometimes escaped the observation of critics, who have regarded as merely parenthetical, those parts in which Cervantes has most decidedly manifested the poetic spirit of his work. The novel of *El Curioso Impertinente* cannot indeed be ranked among the number of these essential episodes; but the charming story of the shepherdess Marcella, the history of Dorothea, and the history of the rich Camacho and the poor Basilio, are unquestionably connected with the interest of the whole. These serious romantic parts, which are not, it is true, essential to the narrative connexion, but strictly belong to the characteristic dignity of the whole picture, also prove how far Cervantes was from the idea usually attributed to him of writing a book merely to excite laughter. The passages which common readers feel inclined to pass over, are, in general, precisely those in which Cervantes is most decidedly a poet, and for which he has manifested an evident predilection. On such occasions, he also introduces among his prose, episodical verses, for the most part excellent in their kind, and no translator can omit them without doing violence to the spirit of the original.

Were it not for the happy art with which Cervantes has contrived to preserve an intermediate tone between pure poetry and prose, Don Quixote would not deserve to be cited as the first classic model of the modern romance or

[1] For example, when Don Quixote speaks of the achievements of the old knights, he always uses the antiquated expression:—Las *fazañas* que han *fecho*, instead of *hazañas* que han *hecho*.

[2] In the original Spanish, the term *insula* is uniformly employed instead of the common word *isla*. Sancho probably understood what an *isla* signified; but an *insula* was a word which conveyed to his mind the idea of something magical and extraordinary. He accordingly takes a great pleasure in emphatically repeating it.

novel. It is, however, fully entitled to that distinction. Cervantes was the first writer who formed the genuine romance of modern times on the model of the original chivalrous romance, that equivocal creation of the genius and the barbarous taste of the middle ages. The result has proved that modern taste, however readily it may in other respects conform to the rules of the antique, nevertheless requires, in the narration of fictitious events, a certain union of poetry with prose, which was unknown to the Greeks and Romans in their best literary ages. It was only necessary to seize on the right tone, but that was a point of delicacy which the inventors of romances of chivalry were not able to comprehend. Diego de Mendoza, in his Lazarillo de Tormes, departed too far from poetry. Cervantes, in his Don Quixote, restored to the poetic art the place it was entitled to hold in this class of writing: and he must not be blamed if cultivated nations have subsequently mistaken the true spirit of his work, because their own novelists had led them to regard common prose as the style peculiarly suited to romance composition. Don Quixote is, moreover, the undoubted prototype of the comic novel. The humorous situations, are, it is true, almost all burlesque, which was certainly not necessary, but the satire is frequently so delicate, that it escapes rather than obtrudes on unpractised attention; as for example, in the whole picture of the administration of Sancho Panza in his imaginary island. The language, even in the description of the most burlesque situations, never degenerates into vulgarity; it is on the contrary, throughout the whole work, so noble, correct, and highly polished, that it would not disgrace even an ancient classic of the first rank.[1] This explanation of a part of the merits of a work,

[1] As one specimen out of many, it will be sufficient to quote the speech of the shepherdess Marcella. It is in the true prose style of Cicero, and it is altogether a composition which has seldom been equalled in any modern language:—

Hizome el Cielo, segun vosotros dezis, hermosa, y de tal manera, que sin ser poderosos à otra cosa, à que me ameyš os mueve mi hermosura. Y por al amor que me mostràys, dezis, y aun quereys que estè yo obligada à amaros. Yo conozco con el natural entendimiento, que Dios me ha dado, que todo lo hermoso es amable, mas no alcanço, que por razon de ser amado, esté obligado lo que es amado por hermoso, à amar

which has been so often wrongly judged, may perhaps seem belong rather to the eulogist than the calm and impartial historian. Let those who may be inclined to form this opinion study Don Quixote in the original language, and study it rightly, for it is not a book to be judged by a superficial perusal. But care must be taken lest the intervention of many subordinate traits, which were intended to have only a transient national interest, should produce an error in the estimate of the whole.

It would be scarcely possible to arrange the other works of Cervantes according to a critical judgment of their importance; for the merits of some consist in the admirable finish of the whole, while others exhibit the impress of genius in the invention, or some other individual feature. A distinguished place must, however, be assigned to the Novelas Exemplares (Moral or Instructive Tales). They are unequal in merit as well as in character. Cervantes doubtless intended that they should be to the Spaniards nearly what the novels of Boccacio were to the Italians: some are mere anecdotes, some are romances in miniature; some are serious, some comic, and all are written in a light, smooth, conversational style. With regard to the practical knowledge which these novels are intended to convey to the reader, Cervantes has effected more than Boccacio; and at all events he extended the literature of his country by their publication, for no similar compositions had previously existed in the Spanish language. In the Novelas Exemplares Cervantes has again proved himself the experienced judge of mankind, and has given, with admirable success, truly genuine and judicious representations of nature, in the various situations of real life. The

---

à quien le ama. Y mas que podria acontecer, que el amador de lo hermoso fuèsse feo; y siendo lo feo digno de ser aborrecido, càe muy mal el dezir: Quièroos por hermosa, hasme de amar, aunque sea feo. Pero puesto caso que corran igualmente las hermosuras, no por esso han de correr iguales los desseos; que no todas las hermosùras enamòran, que algunas alegran la vista, y no riuden la voluntad: que si todas las bellezas enamorassèn, y rindiessèn: serià un andar las voluntades confusas, y descaminadas, sin saber en qual avian de parar; porque siendo infinitos los Sujetos hermosos, infinitos avian de ser los dessèos: y segun yo he oydo dezir, el verdadero Amor no se divide, y ha de ser voluntario, y no forçoso.

reader must naturally feel inclined to pardon the want of plan which this little collection of novels occasionally exhibits, when he finds that the author, through the medium of his characters, relates and describes all that he had himself seen and experienced under similar circumstances, particularly during his abode in Italy and Africa. The history of the Licenciado Vidriera, which is the fifth in the collection, is totally destitute of plan, and is related in simple prose like a common anecdote. But the novel of La Gitanilla, (the Gipsey Girl)[1] is ingeniously conceived and poetically coloured; and the same may be said of some others. The story of Rinconete y Cortadilla, or Lurker and Cutter, as the names with reference to their etymology may be translated,[2] is a comic romance in miniature.

Galatea, the pastoral romance which Cervantes wrote in his youth, is a happy imitation of the Diana of Montemayor, but exhibiting a still closer resemblance to Gil Polo's continuation of that poem.[3] Next to Don Quixote and the Novelas Exemplares, this pastoral romance is particularly worthy of attention, as it manifests in a striking way the poetic direction in which the genius of Cervantes moved even at an early period of life, and from which he never entirely departed in his subsequent writings. As, however, the Galatea possesses but little originality, it constantly excites the recollection of its models, and particularly of the Diana of Gil Polo. Of the invention of the fable, likewise, but little can be said, for though the story is continued through six books, it is still incomplete. In composing this pastoral romance, Cervantes seems to have had no other object than to clothe in the popular garb of a tale, a rich collection of poems in the old Spanish and Italian styles, which he

[1] On this novel is founded the *libretto* of Weber's beautiful opera of "Preciosa."—T.

[2] From *rincon*, (a corner,) and *cortar*, (to shorten or cut.) They are merely two humorous names for pick-pockets or purse-cutters. To those who wish to become acquainted with the *Novelas Exemplares*, I would recommend the edition published at Madrid in 1783, by Antonio Sancha, which, as far as I know, is the latest.

[3] A new and elegant edition of the Galatea was printed at Madrid in 1784, by Antonio Sancha.

could not have presented to the public under a more agreeable form. The story is merely the thread which holds the beautiful garland together; for the poems are the portion of the work most particularly deserving attention. They are as numerous as they are various: and should the title of Cervantes to rank among the most eminent poets, whether in reference to verse or to prose, or should his originality in versified composition, be called in question, an attentive perusal of the romance of Galatea must banish every doubt on these points. It was remarked by the contemporaries of Cervantes that he was incapable of writing poetry, and that he could compose only beautiful prose; but that observation referred solely to his dramatic works. Every critic sufficiently acquainted with his lyrical compositions, has rendered justice to their merit. From the romance of Galatea, it is obvious that Cervantes composed in all the various kinds of syllabic measure which were used in his time. He even occasionally adopted the old dactylic stanza.[1] He appears to have experienced some difficulty in the metrical form of the sonnet, and his essays in that style are by no means numerous;[2] but his poems in Italian octaves display the utmost facility; and among the number, the song of Calliope, in the last book of the Galatea, is remarkable for

[1] The following is a specimen of Cervantes' *Versos de Arte Mayor*:—

Salid de lo hondo pecho cuitado
Palabras sangrientas con muerte mezcladas,
Y si los suspiros os tienen atadas,
Abrid y romped el siniestro costado:
El aire os empide que está ya inflamado
Del fiero veneno de vuestros acentos,
Salid, y si quiera os lleven los vientos,
Que todo mi bien tambien han llevado.

[2] The subjoined extract will show that Cervantes endeavoured to combine in his sonnets the old Spanish style with that of Petrarch:—

Ligeras horas del ligero tiempo
Para mí perezosas y cansadas,
Si no estais en mi daño conjuradas,
Parezcaos ya que es de acabarme tiempo.
Si agora me acabais, hareislo á tiempo
Que estan mis desventuras mas colmadas,
Mirad que menguarán si sois pesadas,
Que el mal se acaba, si da tiempo al tiempo.

graceful ease of versification.[1] In the same manner as Gil Polo in his Diana makes the river Turia pronounce the praises of the celebrated Valencians, the poetic fancy of Cervantes summoned the muse Calliope before the shepherds and shepherdesses, to render solemn homage to those contemporaries whom he esteemed worthy of distinction as poets. But the critic can scarcely venture to place reliance on praises dealt out with such profuse liberality. The most beautiful poems in the Galatea are a few in the cancion style, some of which are in iambics,[2]

No os pido que vengais dulces sabrosas,
Pues no hallareis camino, senda, ó paso
De reducerme al ser que ya he perdido.
Horas á qualquier otro venturosas,
Aquella dulce del mortal traspaso,
Aquella de mi muerte sola os pido.

[1] It commences with the following sonorous stanzas:—

Al dulce son de mi templada lira
Prestad, pastores, el oido atento.
Oireis como en mi voz y en él respira
De mis hermanas el sagrado aliento:
Vereis como os suspende y os admira,
Y colma vuestras almas de contento,
Quando os dé relacion aqui en el suelo
De los ingenios que ya son del cielo.
Pienso cantar de aquellos solamente
Aquien la parca el hilo aun no ha cortado.
De aquellos que son dignos justamente
De en tal lugar tenerle señalado:
Donde á pesar del tiempo diligente,
Por el laudable oficio acostumbrado
Vuestro vivan mil siglos sus renombres,
Sus claras obras, sus famosos nombres.

[2] For example:—

O alma venturosa,
Que del humano velo
Libre al alta region viva volaste,
Dexando en tenebrosa
Carcel de desconsuelo
Mi vida, aunque contigo la llevaste!
Sin tí, escura dexaste
La luz clara del dia,
Por tierra derribada
La esperanza fundada
En al mas firme asiento de alegria:
En fin con tu partida
Quedó vivo el dolor, muerta la vida.

and some in trochaic or old Spanish verse.[1] Cervantes has here and there indulged in those antiquated and fantastic plays of wit, which at a subsequent period he himself ridiculed.[2] The prose of the Galatea, which is in other respects so beautiful, is also occasionally overloaded with epithet.[3]

Cervantes displays a totally different kind of poetic talent in the Viage al Parnaso (Journey to Parnassus), a work which cannot properly be ranked in any particular class of literary composition, but which, next to Don Quixote, is the most exquisite production of its extraordinary author. The chief object of the poem is to satirize the false pretenders to the honours of the Spanish Parnassus, who lived in the age of the writer. But this satire is of a peculiar character: it is a most happy effusion of sportive humour, and yet it remains a matter of doubt whether Cervantes intended to praise or to ridicule the individuals whom he points out as being particularly worthy of the favour of Apollo. He himself says—"Those whose names do not appear in this list may be just as well pleased as those who are mentioned in it." To characterize true poetry according to his own poetic feelings, to manifest in a decided way his enthusiasm for the art even in his old age, and to hold up a mirror for the conviction of those who were only capable of making rhymes and inventing

[1] Agora que calla el viento,
Y el soseogar està en calma,
No se calle mi tormento,
Salga con la voz el alma
Para mayor sentimiento;
Que para contar mis males,
Mostrando en parte que son
Por fuerza, han de dar señales
El alma, y el corazon
De vivas ansias mortales.

[2] For example:—

Con tantas *firmas afirmas*
El amor que està en tu pecho, &c.

And these antiquated expressions are sometimes combined with fantastical ideas.

[3] For example:—Mastines *fieles*, guardadores de las *simples* ovejuelas, que debaxo de su amparo estan seguras de los *carniceros* dientes de los *hambrientos* lobos.

extravagances, seem to have been the objects which Cervantes had principally in view when he composed this satirical poem. Concealed satire, open jesting, and ardent enthusiasm for the beautiful, are the boldly combined elements of this noble work. It is divided into eight chapters, and the versification is in tercets. The composition is half comic and half serious. After many humorous incidents, Mercury appears to Cervantes, who is represented as travelling to Parnassus in the most miserable condition; and the god salutes him with the title of the "Adam of poets."[1] Mercury, after addressing to him many flattering compliments, conducts him to a ship entirely built of different kinds of verse, and which is intended to convey a cargo of Spanish poets to the kingdom of Apollo. The description of the ship is an admirable comic allegory.[2] Mercury shows him a list of the poets with whom Apollo wishes to become acquainted; and this list, owing to the problematic nature of its half ironical and half serious praises, has proved a stumbling block to commentators. In the midst of the reading, Cervantes suddenly drops the list. The poets are now described as crowding on board the ship in numbers as countless as drops of rain in a shower, or grains of sand on the sea coast; and such a

[1] Mercury thus accosts him:—

> O Adan de poetas, o Cervantes!
> Que alforjas y que trage es este, o amigo?

[2] De la quilla à la gavia, ó estraña cosa!
> Toda de versos era fabricada,
> Sin que se entremetiesa alguna prosa,
> Las ballesteras eran de ensalada
> De glosas, todas hechas á la boda
> De la que se llamó Malmaridada.
> Era la chusma de romances toda.
> Gente atrevida, empero necesaria,
> Pues à todas acciones se acomoda.
> La popa de materia extraordinaria,
> Bastarda, y de legitimos sonetos,
> De labor peregrina en todo y varia.
> Eran dos valentisimos tercetos
> Los espaldares de la izquierda y diestra,
> Para dar boga larga muy perfetos.
> Hecha ser la crugia se me muestra
> De una luenga y tristisima elegia,
> Que no en cantar, sino en llorar es diestra.

tumult ensues, that, to save the ship from sinking by their pressure, the sirens raise a furious storm. The flights of imagination become more wild as the story advances. The storm subsides, and is succeeded by a shower of poets, that is to say, poets fall from the clouds. One of the first who descends on the ship is Lope de Vega, on whom Cervantes seizes this opportunity of pronouncing an emphatic eulogium. The remainder of the poem, a complete analysis of which would occupy too much space, proceeds in the same spirit. One of the most beautiful pieces of verse ever written by Cervantes, is his description of the goddess Poesy, whom he sees in all her glory in the kingdom of Apollo.[1] To this fine picture the portrait of the goddess Vain-Glory, who afterwards appears to the author in a dream, forms an excellent companion.[2] Among the pas-

[1] A portion of this masterly description may be quoted here.—

Bien asi semejaba, que se ofrece
Entre liquidas perlas y entre rosas
La aurora que despunta y amanece.
La rica vestidura, las preciosas
Joyyas que la adornaban, competian
Con las que suelen ser marabillosas.
Las ninfas que al querer suyo asistian
En el gallardo brio y bello aspecto,
Las artes liberales parecian.
Todas con amoroso y tierno afecto,
Con las ciencias mas claras y escogidas,
Le guardaban santisimo respeto.
Mostraban que en servirla eran servidas,
Y que por su ocasion de todas gentes
En mas veneracion eran tenidas.
Su influjo y su reflujo las corrientes
Del mar y su profundo le mostraban,
Y el ser padre de rios y de fuentes.
Las yerbas su virtud la presentaban,
Los arboles sus frutos y sus flores,
Las piedras el valor que en sì encerraban.

[2] The following is a passage from the description of *Vanagloria*:—

En un trono del suelo levantado,
(Do el arte à la materia se adelanta
Puesto que de oro y de marfil labrado)
Una doncella vì desde la planta
Del pie hasta la cabeza asi adornada,
Que el verla admira, y el oirla encanta.

sages which for burlesque humour vie with Don Quixote is the description of a second storm, in which Neptune vainly endeavours to plunge the poetasters to the bottom of the deep. Venus prevents them from sinking, by changing them into gourds and leather flasks.[1] At length a formal battle is fought between the real poets and some of the poetasters. The poem is throughout interspersed with singularly witty and beautiful ideas; and only a very few passages can be charged with feebleness or languor. It has never been equalled, far less surpassed by any similar work, and it had no prototype. The language is classical throughout; and it is only to be regretted that Cervantes has added to the poem a comic supplement in prose, in which he indulges a little too freely in self-praise.

The dramatic compositions of Cervantes, were they all extant, would be the most voluminous, though certainly not the best portion of his works. Possibly those which are now lost may yet be recovered; for a fortunate accident brought to light two dramas which had remained concealed in manuscript till near the end of the eighteenth

Estaba en él con magestad sentada,
  Giganta al parecer en la estatura,
  Pero aunque grande, bien proporcionada.
Parecia mayor su hermosura
  Mirada desde lejos, y no tanto
  Si de cerca se ve su compostura, &c.

[1] Turbose en esto el liquido elemento,
  De nuevo renóvose la tormenta,
  Sopló mas vivo y mas apriesa el viento.
La hambrienta mesnada, y no sedienta,
  Se rinde al uracan recien venido,
  Y por mas no penar muere contenta.
O raro caso y por jamas oido,
  Ni visto! ó nuevas y admirables trazas
  De la gran reina obedecida en Guido!
En un instante el mar de calabazas
  Se vió quajado, algunas tan potentes,
  Que pasaban de dos, y aun de tres brazas.
Tambien hinchados odres y valientes,
  Sin deshacer del mar la blanca espuma,
  Nadaban de mil talles diferentes, &c.

century.[1] Cervantes includes some of his dramas among those productions with which he was himself most satisfied; and he seems to have regarded them with the greater self-complacency in proportion as they experienced the neglect of the public.[2] This conduct has sometimes been attributed to a spirit of contradiction, and sometimes to vanity. The editor of the eight plays (chiefly heroic) and eight interludes, which were the last dramatic productions of the author, has adopted the absurd notion that Cervantes, in writing these pieces, intended to parody and ridicule the style of Lope de Vega;[3] which is merely saying that he attacked the whole literary public of Spain in the most discourteous way. No traces of parody appear in any of those dramas. They are, however, with the exception of a few successful scenes, so dull and tedious, that one might be inclined to regard them as counterfeit productions by another author, were it not that their authenticity seems to be sufficiently proved. The little interludes alone exhibit burlesque humour and dramatic spirit. That the penetrating and profound Cervantes should have so mistaken the limits of his dramatic talent, would not be sufficiently accounted for, had he not unquestionably proved by his tragedy of Numantia how pardonable was the self-deception of which he could not divest himself. Cervantes was entitled to consider himself endowed with a genius for dramatic poetry; but he could not preserve his independence in the conflict he had to maintain with the conditions required by the Spanish public in dramatic com-

[1] These two dramas, the tragedy of Numancia and the comedy of El Trato de Argel, were first printed in an appendix to the new edition of the *Viage al Parnaso*, published at Madrid by Don Antonio Sancha, in the year 1784.

[2] In the supplement to the Viage al Parnaso, Cervantes particularly mentions his nine dramas in terms of the most decided self-satisfaction. "If they were not my own, (he says,) I should declare that they merit all the praise they have obtained." He alludes with particular complacency to his comedy, entitled, La Confusa, which he styles a *good one among the best.* But La Confusa, as well as the others which Cervantes praises, is lost. Among the eight which are known, La Gran Sultana seems to be that which Cervantes mentions under the title of La Gran Turquesca.

[3] See the first preface to the *Comedias y Entremeses de Miguel de Cervantes*, published by Blas Nasarre, Madrid, 1749, 2 vols. 4to.

position; and when he sacrificed his independence, and submitted to rules imposed by others, his invention and language were reduced to the level of a poet of inferior talent. The intrigues, adventures, and surprises which in that age characterized the Spanish drama, were ill suited to the genius of Cervantes. His natural style was too profound and precise to be reconciled to fantastical ideas, expressed in irregular verse. But he was Spaniard enough to be gratified with dramas which, as a poet, he could not imitate; and he imagined himself capable of imitating them, because he would have shone in another species of dramatic composition, had the public taste accommodated itself to his genius.

With all its imperfections and faults, Cervantes' tragedy of Numantia is a noble production, and, like Don Quixote, it is unparalleled in the class of literature to which it belongs. It proves that under different circumstances the author of Don Quixote might have been the Æschylus of Spain. The conception is in the style of the boldest pathos, and the execution, at least taken as a whole, is vigorous and dignified. The ancient Roman History from which Cervantes selected the story of the destruction of Numantia, afforded but few positive facts of which he could avail himself. He therefore invented along with the subject of his piece a peculiar style of tragic composition, in doing which he did not pay much regard to the theory of Aristotle. His object was to produce a piece full of tragic situations, combined with the charm of the marvellous. The tragedy is written in conformity with no rules save those which the author prescribed to himself; for he felt no inclination to imitate the Greek forms. The play is divided into four acts, (*jornadas,*) and no chorus is introduced. The dialogue is sometimes in tercets, and sometimes in redondillas, and for the most part in octaves, without any regard to rule. The diction does not maintain equal dignity throughout; but it is in no instance affected or bombastic. Cervantes has evinced admirable skill in gradually heightening the tragic interest to the close of the piece. The commencement is, however, somewhat cold and tedious. Scipio appears with his generals in the Roman camp before Numantia. In a speech which

might have been improved by abridgment, he reprimands his troops, whose spirit has begun to be superseded by effeminacy. The soldiers are re-inspired with courage. Numantian ambassadors enter with proposals for peace, which are rejected. It is here that the tragedy properly begins. Spain appears as an allegorical character, and she summons the river Duero, or Durius, on whose banks Numantia stands. The old river god appears, attended by a retinue of the deities of the smaller rivers of the surrounding country. These ideal characters consult the book of fate, and discover that Numantia cannot be saved. Whatever may be said against the bold idea of endeavouring to augment the tragic pathos by means of allegorical characters, it must be acknowledged that in this case the result of the experiment is not altogether unsuccessful, and Cervantes justly prides himself in the novelty of the idea. The scene is now transferred to Numantia. The senate is assembled to deliberate on the affairs of the city, and among the members the character of Theagenes shines with conspicuous lustre. Bold resolutions are adopted by the senate. The transition into light redondillas, for the purpose of interweaving with the serious business of the fable, the loves of a young Numantian, named Morandro, and his mistress, is certainly a fault in the composition of the tragedy. But to this fault we are indebted for some of the finest scenes in the following act. A solemn sacrifice is prepared; but amidst the ceremony an evil spirit appears, seizes the victim, and extinguishes the fire. The confusion in the town increases. A dead man is resuscitated by magic, and the scene in which this incident occurs has a most imposing effect.[1] All hope has now vanished.

[1] The departed spirit which is conjured back to the dead body, delivers the following terrific address:—

> Cese la furia del rigor violento,
> Tuyo, Marquino, baste, triste, baste
> La que yo paso en la region escura,
> Sin que tu crezcas mas mi desventura.
> Engañaste, si piensas que recibo
> Contento de volver á esta penosa,
> Misera y corta vida, que aora vivo,
> Que ya me va faltando presurosa;

After the return of a second unsuccessful embassy, the Numantians, by the advice of Theagenes, resolve to burn all their valuable property, then to put their wives and children to death, and lastly, to throw themselves into the flames, lest any of the inhabitants of the town should become the slaves of the Romans. Scenes of the most heart-rending domestic misery, and the noblest traits of patriotism, then ensue.[1] Famine rages in Numantia.[2] Morandro, accompanied by one of his friends, ventures to enter the Roman camp. He returns with a piece of bread smeared with blood, and, presenting it to his famished mistress,

> Antes me causas un dolor esquivo,
> Pues otra vez la muerte rigurosa
> Triunfará de mi vida y de mi alma,
> Mi enemigo tendrá doblada palma; &c.

[1] One of the Numantian women, for example, addresses the following speech to the senators:—

> Basta que la hambre insana
> Os acabe con dolor,
> Sin esperar el rigor
> De la aspereza Romana.
> Decildes que os engendraron
> Libres, y libres nacistes,
> Y que vuestras madres tristes
> Tambien libres os criaron.
> Decildes que pues la suerte
> Nuestra va tan de caida,
> Que como os dieron la vida,
> Ansi mismo os den la muerte.
> O muros desta ciudad,
> Si podeis hablad, decid,
> Y mil veces repetid:
> Numantinos, libertad!

[2] A mother enters with her two starving children. She carries one at the breast, and the other, whom she leads by the hand, thus addresses her:—

> *Hijo.* Madre, por ventura habria
> ¿Quién nos diese pan por esto?
> *Madre.* Pan, hijo, ni aun otra cosa,
> Que semeje de comer!
> *Hijo.* Pues tengo de parecer
> De dura hambre rabiosa?
> Con poco pan que me deis,
> Madre, no os pediré mas.
> *Madre.* Hijo, qué penas me das!
> *Hijo.* Pues qué, madre, no quereis? &c

falls at her feet mortally wounded.[1] The action proceeds with unabated interest to the end. An allegorical character of Fame enters at the close of the piece, and announces the future glory of Spain.

Allegorical characters, for instance, Necessity and Opportunity, likewise appear in Cervantes' comedy, El Trato de Argel, (Life in Algiers, or Manners in Algiers.) But their introduction amidst scenes of common life injures the story, which is besides by no means ingenious, and imparts a cold and whimsical character to the piece. This comedy, however, which is divided into five acts, is not destitute of interest and spirit.

The romance of Persiles and Sigismunda, which Cervantes finished shortly before his death, must be regarded as an interesting appendix to his other works.[2] The language and the whole composition of the story exhibit the purest simplicity, combined with singular precision and polish. The idea of this romance was not new, and scarcely deserved to be reproduced in a new manner. But it appears that Cervantes, at the close of his glorious career, took a fancy to imitate Heliodorus. He has maintained the interest of the situations, but the whole work is merely a romantic description of travels, rich enough in fearful adventures, both by sea and land. Real and fabulous geography and history are mixed together in an absurd and monstrous manner; and the second half of the romance,

[1] *Morandro.* Ves aqui, Lira, cumplida
Mi palabra y mis porfias
De que tú no moririas
Mientras yo tuviese vida.
Y aun podré mejor decir
Que presto vendràs á ver
Que á ti sobrará el comer,
Y á mi faltará el vivir.
Lira. — Qué dices, Morandro amado?
Morandro. Lira, que acortes la hambre,
Entretanto que la estambre
De mi vida corta el hado.
Pero mi sangre vertida
Y con este pan mezclada,
Te ha de dar, mi dulce amada,
Triste y amarga comida.

[2] A new and elegant edition of the *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, was published at Madrid in 1781, by Don Antonio de Sancha, in 2 vols.

in which the scene is transferred to Spain and Italy, does not exactly harmonize with the spirit of the first half.

If we cast a glance on the collected works of Cervantes, in order to ascertain what their author was entitled to claim as his original property, independently of his contemporaries and predecessors, we shall find that the genius of that poet, who is in general only partially estimated, shines with the brighter lustre the longer it is contemplated. That kind of criticism which is to be learned, contributed but little to the development and formation of his genius. A critical tact, which is a truer guide than any rule, but which abandons genius when it forgets itself, secured the fancy of Cervantes against the aberrations of common minds, and his sportive wit was always subject to the control of solid judgment. The vanity which occasionally made him mistake the true bent of his talent, must be confessed to have been pardonable, considering how little he was known to his contemporaries. He did not even know himself, though he felt the consciousness of his genius. From the mental height to which he had raised himself, he might, without too highly rating his own abilities, look down on all the writers of his age. More than one poet of great, of immortal genius, might be placed beside him in his own country; but of all the Spanish poets, Cervantes alone belongs to the whole world.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, the triumphant rival of Cervantes in the conflict of dramatic art, was born at Madrid, in the year 1562. He was consequently fifteen years younger than Cervantes. Marvellous stories are related respecting the early development of his poetic genius, and his talent for composing verses. Though his parents were not rich, yet he received a literary education; and he is also said to have distinguished himself in corporeal exercises. He lost his parents before he was old enough to attend the university; but through the assistance of Don Geronymo Manrique, the grand inquisitor, and bishop of Avila, who was much attached to him, he was enabled to complete a course of philosophy at Alcala. After obtaining his degree at that

university, he returned to Madrid, where he became secretary to the duke of Alba. He shortly afterwards married; and from the period of that event, which seemed to promise a career of tranquil happiness, the stormy vicissitudes of his life commenced. He became engaged in a quarrel, fought a duel, dangerously wounded his antagonist, and was obliged to fly. For several years he lived an exile from Madrid; and on his return his wife unfortunately died. Harassed by this series of calamities, and being as warm a patriot as he was a sincere catholic, he entered into one of the military corps which embarked on board the invincible armada for the invasion of England. Though he himself returned in safety to Madrid, yet he was deeply grieved at the ill success of the armada. His vigorous constitution, however, enabled him to keep up his spirits; he again became a secretary, once more entered into the married state, and passed some time in uninterrupted domestic happiness. On the death of his second wife, who survived her marriage only a few years, he resolved to forego the pleasures of the world, and for that purpose took holy orders. He did not, however, retire to a convent; but he devoted himself wholly to the study of poetry,—that study, which from childhood upwards had principally engrossed his mind, and in the active prosecution of which he produced so extraordinary a result, that it is difficult to conceive how any man could, even during the most protracted existence, write as much as Lope de Vega. Nevertheless he spent a part of his life in civil business, and in the discharge of military duties. He composed in all the various kinds of verse which were in use in his time; and in all he succeeded. But his dramas in particular were received with an enthusiasm which the labours of no other Spanish poet had ever excited. He so precisely struck the chord which harmonized with the taste of the Spanish public, that he has been worshipped as the inventor of the national comedy, though he only pursued the tract which Torres Naharro originally opened.

Lope de Vega's fertility of invention is as unparalleled in the history of poetry, as the talent which enabled him to compose regular and well constructed verses with as much facility as if he had been writing prose. Cervantes

styles him *el monstruo de naturaleza*, (the prodigy of nature,) and this name was not given him merely in levity. He was constrained by no rules of criticism; not that he was ignorant of the theory of the ancient poetry, but he took delight in letting his verses flow freely from his pen, confident in the success of whatever he might produce. The public, he observed, paid for the drama, and he thought it but fair that those who paid should be served with that which suited their taste. Lope de Vega required no more than four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves, and from beginning to end abounding in intrigues, prodigies, or interesting situations. This astonishing facility enabled him to supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of two thousand original dramas, of which not more than three hundred have been preserved by printing. In general the theatrical manager carried away what he wrote before he had even time to revise it; and immediately a fresh applicant would arrive to prevail on him to commence a new piece. He sometimes wrote a play in the short space of three or four hours. The profits which the theatrical managers derived from the writings of Lope de Vega, enabled them to bestow such liberal payment on the author, that at one time he is supposed to have been possessed of upwards of a hundred thousand ducats. But he did not long preserve his fortune, though from the commencement of his celebrity he always possessed enough to enable him to live with comfort. His purse was ever open to the poor of Madrid.

But Lope de Vega's poetic talent procured him even more glory than gain. No Spanish poet was ever so much honoured during his life. The nobility and the public vied in expressing their admiration of him. He was chosen president (*capellan mayor*) of the spiritual college of Madrid, to which he had previously been admitted as a member. Pope Urban VIII. sent him the cross of Malta, and the degree of doctor of theology, accompanied by a flattering letter. The pope also appointed him fiscal of the apostolic chamber. For these distinctions Lope de Vega was not indebted merely to his poetic talents. No Spanish poet of celebrity had hitherto manifested in his

writings such enthusiastic interest for the triumph of the catholic religion. He was accordingly appointed familiar to the Inquisition, a post which was at that period regarded as singularly honourable. But the Spanish public adopted another mode of expressing their admiration of their favourite dramatist. Whenever Lope de Vega appeared in the streets, he was surrounded by crowds of people, all eager to gain a sight of the prodigy of nature. The boys ran shouting after him, and those who could not keep pace with the rest, stood and gazed on him with wonder as he passed. He died in 1635, in the sixty-third year of his age. His funeral was conducted with princely magnificence. The ceremony was directed by his patron, the duke of Susa, whom he appointed executor of his will. The music of the high mass which was celebrated at his funeral was performed by the musicians of the chapel royal. During the exequies, which lasted three days, three bishops officiated in their pontifical robes. The memory of the "Spanish Phenix," as he was usually styled by the publishers of his plays, was celebrated with no less pomp in all the theatres of Spain. Arithmetical calculations have been employed, in order to arrive at a just estimate of Lope de Vega's facility in poetic composition. According to his own testimony, he wrote on an average five sheets per day; it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five, and that, allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of twenty-one millions, three hundred thousand verses.[1]

Nature would have overstepped her bounds, and have produced the miraculous, had Lope de Vega, along with

[1] The biographer who wishes to compile, in a perfect and authentic way, the life of Lope de Vega, already so often related, must not neglect the collection of elegies and epitaphs, which have been lately printed, along with the hitherto scattered works of the great Spanish dramatist, (*Obras Sueltas de Lope de Vega;* Madrid, 1776, &c., 21 vols., 4to.) Even Nicolas Antonio, whose manner is so jejune, and who usually dismisses poets with very little ceremony, bestows a long eulogium on Lope de Vega.

this rapidity of invention and composition, attained perfection in any department of literature. But Nature did her utmost for Lope de Vega; for even the rudest, most incorrect, and verbose of his works, are imbued with a poetic spirit which no methodical art can create. This poetic spirit is at the same time so national and so completely Spanish, that without an intimate acquaintance with the works of other Spanish poets, and particularly those who flourished at an early period, it is impossible to perceive Lope de Vega's merits and defects, or to understand their connexion with each other. On this account, however, he was in a peculiar manner the poet of the Spanish public, the favourite of all ranks; and on this account have his writings always been partially or erroneously judged.

Lope de Vega was born for dramatic poetry. In every other class of composition he was merely an accurate imitator, or if he struck out a new course, it was in so imperfect a way, that his example was injurious to the cause of literature. But if, as a dramatic poet, he did not create the Spanish comedy, properly so called, his inexhaustible fancy and the fascinating ease of his animated composition impressed upon it that character by which it has since been distinguished. All subsequent Spanish dramatic poets trod in the footsteps of Lope de Vega, until genius was banished from the sphere it occupied by the introduction of the French taste in Spain. The successors of Lope de Vega merely improved the models which he had created. He fixed for a century and a half the spirit and the style of nearly all the different kinds of dramatic entertainment in Spain. It may therefore be proper to unite with a notice of the dramatic works of Lope de Vega, a sketch of the characteristics of the various species of plays then performed in Spain; and this sketch will at the same time serve as a key to all the peculiarities of the Spanish drama.

Since the age of Lope de Vega, the word comedy (*comedia*) has had in the dramatic language of Spain a totally different signification from that which was attached to it by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and which it retains in most countries of modern Europe. It is the

generic name of several species of drama, some being, according to our established notions, neither comedies nor tragedies; but all approximating to one common spirit of invention and execution. The critic will inevitably form an erroneous judgment of these works, if he be guided by notions deduced from the Greek and Roman drama, and which, with certain limitations, are applicable to all dramatic compositions except the Spanish comedy. The spirit of the Spanish comedy must not be sought for in that popular satire which constitutes the very essence of the ancient and modern comedy, properly so called. The compositions in which that spirit is to be found are of a totally different nature. In them, stories of country and city life are clothed in romantic poetic colours, and blended with the interesting inventions of a bold and irregular fancy, without any distinction between the gay and the serious, or the comic and the tragic. In a word, a Spanish comedy is in its principle a dramatic novel; and as there are tragic, comic, historical, and purely imaginative novels, so, in like manner, the Spanish comedy readily adopts those various modes of exciting interest on the stage. In Spanish comedies, as in novels, princes and potentates are no more out of place than lackeys and fops; and these dissimilar characters may all be introduced on the stage at once, should the progress of the intrigue require so heterogeneous an approximation. Satire is therefore merely an agreeable accessory in the Spanish comedy, of which the poet may avail himself at his pleasure. In these comedies the powerful delineation of character is no more essential than in novels. Even a motley combination of burlesque and serious, vulgar and pathetic scenes, is not hostile to the spirit of a Spanish comedy, the object of which is not to maintain the interest in a particular direction. The subject of the piece may excite sympathy or horror; still the picture presented is interesting, but interesting in a manner totally different from that kind of comedy which exhibits the follies of life in a satirical point of view. A continuance of the pathetic or the horrific would be as little congenial to the spirit of those dramatic novels which the Spaniards call comedies, as a continuance of the ludicrous. In this is manifested the first of the peculiar

conditions required by the Spanish public, of which notice has already been taken in treating of the origin of the Spanish comedy. With any other people than the Spaniards, these dramatic novels would have assumed a somewhat different character, without, however, departing from their original spirit. But this class of dramatic composition, which admits of the most singular mixture of the pompous and the ludicrous, was particularly suited to the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as by it they were relieved from any long duration of serious impressions. With this first requisite of a changeable dramatic form, which Lope de Vega completely satisfied, was associated a second. A complicated plot was indispensable in every drama, the subject of which was drawn from the sphere of common life. As a substitute for that sort of plot in historical comedies, extraordinary and striking adventures were introduced, and miracles in spiritual comedies. According to the universally received notion of a Spanish comedy, in Lope de Vega's time, no distinction was made between the sacred and the profane styles; for a legend was dramatised as a spiritual novel

Whether a nation which was satisfied with such comedies did or did not beguile itself of the purest and most perfect development of dramatic genius, is a question for separate discussion. But the Spanish comedy, considered in all its modifications, as a particular species of drama, may stand the test of sound criticism; and Lope de Vega in a great measure contributed to fix the national taste in these modifications. In his time, the classification was first made of sacred and temporal dramas, or, as the Spaniards called them, *comedias Divinas y Humanas.* The temporal comedies were again divided into *comedias Heroycas,* (Heroic comedies,) and *comedias de Capa y Espada,* (comedies of the Cloak and Sword.) The heroic comedies were originally the same as the historical, but the title was subsequently extended to mythological and allegorical dramas. The comedies of the *Capa y Espada* were founded on subjects selected from the sphere of fashionable life, and exhibited the manners of the age; they were likewise performed in the costume of the times. At a later period a subdivision of these *comedias de Capa y Espada*

was formed under the name of *comedias de Figuròn*, because the principal character was either a needy adventurer, representing himself as a rich nobleman, or a lady of the same class. In Lope de Vega's time also, the sacred comedies began to be divided into dramatised *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales*. Both classes were founded on the model of the dramas which used to be represented in the cloisters. The *Autos Sacramentales* had all a reference to the administration of the sacrament, according to catholic notions. They seem to have had their origin in the age of Lope de Vega; at least in the prelude to one of his *Autos* (the word literally signifies acts), a countrywoman questions her husband respecting the nature of these dramas.[1] Finally, to the different kinds of Spanish comedy existing in Lope de Vega's age, must be added the little preludes or recommendatory pieces, called *loas*, and the interludes, or *entremeses*, introduced between the prelude and the principal comedy, and which, when interspersed with music and dancing, are denominated *saynetes*.

Heroic and historical comedies form a considerable portion of the dramatic works of Lope de Vega, in so far as they have been preserved. The tragic scenes in many of these comedies so well harmonized with the national taste of the Spaniards, that they readily dispensed with genuine tragedy; and as vivid a recollection of the old national history was maintained by these theatrical representations as by the old romances. But few of Lope's historical comedies relate, like his *Gran Duque de Moscovia*, to foreign subjects. In point of composition, his dramas do not materially differ one from the other. Even in his historical pieces, he uses such freedoms with respect to the unity of action, that only a slight similitude connects

[1] In the prelude to the Auto *El Nombre de Jesus*, (the Name of Jesus.) See the *Obras Sueltas de Lope de Vega*, vol. xviii. The countrywoman asks:—

> Y que son Autos?

And the husband replies:—

> *Comedias a gloria y honor del pan*
> Que tan devota celebra
> Esta coronada villa.

the acts and scenes together; and he totally disregards the unities of time and place. The execution of these dramas is no less irregular than their composition. According to the humour in which the author happened to be when engaged in his literary labour, his descriptions and language are vigorous or feeble, noble or mean, unpolished or highly refined. A description of *Las Almenas de Toro* (the Battlements of Toro), one of the best productions in the class to which it belongs, will afford a tolerably correct idea of Lope de Vega's historical comedies. The subject of this piece is the murder of king Don Sancho, by Bellido Dolfos, a knight whom the king had offended by a violation of his promise, a story which has likewise furnished materials for several old romances. The Cid Ruy Diaz is a principal character in this comedy, which, like all others of the same kind, is divided into three acts.[1] The scene opens with a view of the country before the strongly fortified town of Toro in Leon. The king Don Sancho, the Cid, and a count Anzures enter. The king explains to the two knights, that state reasons prevent him from fulfilling his father's will, and that he cannot leave his two sisters, the infantas Elvira and Urraca, in possession of the strong fortresses of Toro and Zamora.[2]

[1] Lope de Vega, in his dramas, employs the terms *actos* and *jornadas* indiscriminately.

[2] From the very commencement of the scene, it is obvious how well Lope de Vega understood the art of composing spirited dialogue:—

D. San. A mi me cierra la puerta?
Anz. Tiene muy justo temor.
Cid. Con ser muger se concierta.
An. De que te espantas señor
que no te la tenga abierta?
Dizen que en el Dios que adoro
juraste quitar agora
sin guardarles el decoro
a doña Urraca a Zamora,
y a Elvira su hermana a Toro.
Pues si muerto el Rey Fernando,
el primero de Castilla
que está en el cielo reynando
por eterno cetro y silla,
la silla mortal dexando,
eres quien has de amparalles,

The Cid with noble sincerity avows his opinion of the king's injustice towards his sisters, and offers himself as a mediator in the dispute. The king and count Anzures retire. The Cid advances to the walls, and meets a knight named Ordoñez, who has just come out of the fortress to execute some enterprise in favour of the infanta Elvira. Both knights are about to draw; but they recognise each other, and embrace. The Cid is portrayed in all the greatness of his character.[1] The infanta appears on the walls, and states to the Cid her reasons for not opening the gates to her brother. The king re-appears, and orders preparations for storming the garrison. The scene changes —Don Vela, an old knight, who has withdrawn from the tumult of public life, appears in front of his country residence. He communes with himself in a speech full of dignity and beauty, but in some passages too poetical

pues otro padre no tienen,
y quieres desheredallas.
Que mucho si se previenen
a defender sus murallas?
D. San. Conde Ançures, si juré,
gusto de mi padre fue,
guardè respeto a su muerte, &c.

[1] Ordonez is exhibited in rather a ludicrous light:—

Cid. No os prevengais que no quiero
reñir con vos. *D. Bie.* Porque no?
Cid. Porque nunca en quien temio
manchè mi gallardo azero.
D. B. Aquien yo he temido, es hombre
que a vos os hara temblar.
Cid. Si es el Invierno, en lugar
frio temblar hazer a un hombre.
D. B. No es sino el Cid.
Cid. Pues si vos
temeys solo al Cid, oyd,
que a mi me temeys,
que el Cid soy. *D. B.* El Cid vos?
Cid. Si por Dios.
D. B. Ya que os he dicho en la cara,
invicto Cid, mi temor,
sabed, que yo soy señor,
don Diego Ordoñez de Lara.

for the drama.[1] His daughter enters singing, and surrounded by a rustic group. This scene introduces a romantic episode, which is interwoven with the main action, and the hero of which is a prince of Burgundy, disguised as a peasant, who is enamoured of the daughter of Don Vela. The scene again changes to the neighbourhood of Toro. The infanta Elvira appears on the battlements, and negotiations are once more set on foot. The king himself holds a conversation with his sister, which, however, produces no conciliatory result. This brief, pointed, and not very courteous dialogue, is interspersed with plays of wit on the word *Toro*, the name of the fortress, which in Spanish signifies a bull.[2] The king instantly commands

[1] He thus apostrophizes his rural retreat in the idyl style:—

Vel. Montes que el Duero baña,
y en cadenas de yelo
os tiene por los verdes pies atados
desde que nuestra España
Pelayo (o fuesse el cielo)
os restauró del barbaro habitados;
de mis nobles passados,
vega de Toro hermosa,
que hazes competencia,
no solo con Plasencia,
y a la orilla del Betis generosa,
de fertiles trofeos,
mas a los campos celebres Hibleos.
Aqui donde esta casa
solar de mis abuelos
las jambas cubre de despojos Moros,
por donde alegre passa
Duero que quiebra yelos,
y cuyas Ninfas van cantando a coros,
haziendo que los poros
de la hermosa ribera,
broten las altas cañas,
anchas como espadañas,
de trigo fertil la mançana y pera;
y el razimo pessado
con verdes hilos al sarmiento atado.

[2] What might not this scene have been rendered by a poet of a more regular imagination! There is, however, a certain degree of dignity in the commencement, to which the close forms a contrast the more discordant:—

D. S. Dexa las armas Elvira,
mira hermana que me corro
de sacarlas contra ti.

scaling ladders to be brought, and the storming of the fortress commences, but the besiegers are repulsed. Thus the first act concludes. With the commencement of the second act the rural episode becomes more nearly allied to the main action. A sonnet in which the disguised prince of Burgundy, and his mistress Sancha, express their sentiments of mutual attachment, affords an instance of that protracted kind of metaphor, which Lope de Vega employed on such occasions, and which, a hundred years afterwards, Metastasio likewise adopted in his opera songs, as the poetic language of passion.[1] Don Bellido Dolfas prevails on the king to promise him the hand of

Elv. Pues vete hermano piadoso,
y dexame en mis almenas.
D. S. Si al assalto me dispongo,
como no vees, que este muro
quedarà de sangre rojo?
Elv. Si quedarà, mas serà
de la vuestra. *D. S.* Pues yo rompo
la obligacion de sangre.
Elv. Y yo la defensa tomo,
que si fueras el Gigante
que tuvo el cielo en los ombros,
no pusieras pie en el muro.
D. S. *Mira hermana que eres monstruo*
porque con tanta hermosura
tienes pensamientos locos.
Elv. *El loco, el monstruo, eres tu,*
pues que tu, hermano alevoso,
me quieres quitar la herencia.

[1] The following metaphorical sonnet is declaimed by Sancha:—

El agua que corrio de clara fuente
por cristalino surco al verde prado,
detiene al labrador, porque al sembrado
acuda con mas prospera corriente.
No sale el agua, que los muros siente
del cesped, que por uno, y otro lado
cercan su arroyo, que en la presa atado
hazen, que a ser estan que el curso aumente.
Ansi sucede amor en sus antojos,
quando el honor del resistirse vale,
callando penas, y sufriendo enojos.
Dexale el al alma, que la presa yguale,
y brota por los cercos de los ojos,
ò rompe la pared, y junto sale.

the infanta Elvira, on condition of his taking the fortress. By dint of perfidy, Bellido Dolfos succeeds; but the king, who is of opinion that a traitor should be rewarded with treachery, refuses to abide by his promise. Bellido Dolfos meditates revenge. Meanwhile Elvira escapes in the disguise of a peasant, and takes refuge in the house of Don Vela. With this combination of the heroic and tender, domestic and rural situations, the action proceeds, until Bellido Dolfos murders the king; an incident, however, which does not take place on the stage. The infanta Elvira returns to Toro, where she receives the homage of her people, and the prince of Burgundy, avowing his real character, is united to his beloved Sancha.

Lope de Vega's *Comedias de Capa y Espada*, or those which may properly be denominated his dramas of intrigue, though wanting in marked delineation of character, are romantic pictures of manners, drawn from real life. They present, in their peculiar style, no less interest with respect to situations than his heroic comedies; and they exhibit the same irregularity in the composition of the scenes. The language, too, is alternately elegant and vulgar, sometimes highly poetic, and sometimes, though versified, reduced to the level of the dullest prose. Lope de Vega seems scarcely to have bestowed a thought on maintaining probability in the succession of the different scenes; ingenious complication being with him the essential point in the interest of his situations. Intrigues are twisted and entwined together, until the poet, in order to bring his piece to a conclusion, without ceremony cuts the knots he cannot untie; and then he usually brings as many couples together as he can by any possible contrivance match. He has scattered through his pieces occasional reflections and maxims of prudence; but any genuine morality which might be conveyed through the stage, is wanting, for its introduction would have been inconsistent with that poetic freedom on which the dramatic interest of the Spanish comedy is founded. His aim was to paint what he observed, not what he would have approved, in the manners of the fashionable classes of his age; and he leaves it to the spectator to draw his own inferences. In this indirect way only could the Spanish

public tolerate moral applications in the drama; for the Spaniard always considered the morality with which he was occupied in church sufficient. An exuberant gallantry, not always veiled by decorum, and only slightly restrained by notions of honour, but never by a sense of moral duty, constitutes the very essence of these dramas, *de Capa y Espada.* Where the passion is vehement, it advances with true Spanish ardour to the attainment of its object; where it is tender and sentimental, the romantic tirades and far-fetched plays of wit are inexhaustible. That *love excuses everything,* was at that time the darling maxim of the gay world in Madrid; and in conformity with its spirit, Lope de Vega s young heroes and heroines plunge headlong into intrigue. Free scope is given to the basest artifice and perfidy; the man of fashion draws his sword on the slightest provocation; and whether he desperately wounds, or even kills his adversary, is a matter of indifference. Disguises, too, abound in these dramas. One of the most interesting of Lope's comedies in this class, is La Villana de Xetafe, (the Peasant Girl of Xetafe, a village in the vicinity of Madrid.) It exhibits a series of the boldest and most dexterous impostures, by means of which the interesting heroine succeeds in entrapping her lover, who is a man of rank, into the bonds of matrimony. The confessors must have found some difficulty in counteracting the ill effects which could not fail to be occasionally produced by such examples, though they were by no means set up as models. The fascinating natural painting of these intrigues, which at the same time always possess a certain poetic elevation, constitutes the chief charm of Lope de Vega's comedies. The deviation from nature in expression, which has frequently been a subject of reproach to this prolific writer, is in most instances merely attributable to negligence or rapidity of composition. He faithfully embodies the general forms of character, which, to be sure, are all alike in the class of Spanish comedies now under consideration. The *vejete* (old man), the *galan* (lover), the *dama* (young lady), together with a suitable number of servants and waiting women, are the standing characters which are constantly introduced, with no variety, except in the

situations; but at the same time, they are drawn in such animated colours, that the perusal of one or two of these dramas of intrigue is sufficient to render the reader familiar with the whole world which the poet describes. In Lope's comedies, as in real life, the (*gracioso*) buffoon and the fool are occasionally the same character. They have also superfluous parts; personages totally unconnected with the business of the drama are sometimes introduced.

In order to afford an idea of the composition of this portion of the dramatic works of Lope de Vega, we may select, as a specimen, the comedy entitled, *La Viuda de Valencia* (the Widow of Valencia). It is one of the pieces of this master in the art of intrigue in which the complication is best contrived, and it is, besides, remarkable in the class to which it belongs for the unity preserved in the action. The scene is laid in Valencia in the time of the carnival. Leonarda, a young, rich, and handsome widow, living according to her own fancy, has resolved never to re-marry. She enters with a book in her hand; for she reads works of all sorts, sacred and profane, not from piety or love of literature, but merely to amuse herself, while she never deigns to bestow a thought on the suitors by whom she is surrounded. On the subject of her reading she discourses very reasonably with her waiting woman.[1] Her arch attendant turns the conversation in

[1] Among other things she says:—

Como he dado en no casarme,
leo por entretenerme,
no por Bachillera hazerme
y de aguda graduarme.
Que a quien su buena opinion
encierra en silencio tal,
no halla en los libros mal,
gustosa conversacion.
Es qualquier libro discreto
que si causa de hablar dexa,
es amigo que aconseja
y reprehende en secreto.
Al fin despues que los leo
y trato de devocion
de alguna imaginacion
voy castigando el desseo.
Ju. Y en que materia leias?

such a way, that the young widow, with all her pretended wisdom, is induced to view herself in a looking-glass, and in the very act of doing so, she is surprised by a visit from her uncle. The old gentleman assures his fair niece, who is highly vexed at the surprise, that she does well to convince herself of the power of her charms by such indisputable testimony.[1] When, however, he begins to talk of marriage, the lady contemptuously sketches a burlesque portrait of a Madrid beau,[2] and describes, though in a less

Leo. De oracion. *Ju.* Quien no se goza
de ver que tan bella moça
tan santas costumbres crias.

[1] *Leo.* Juzgaras a liviandad
hallarme con el espejo,
Que suele ser conocida
la mucha de una muger
en yrse, y venirse a ver
despues de una vez vestida.
Y yo conforme a mi estado
hago en esso mas delito.
Lu. A enojo siempre me incito
con tu melindre estremado.
Es mucho que una muger
que ha de estar un dia compuesta,
vaya a ver si està bien puesta
la toca o el alfiler?
Quien se lo dira mejor
si esta bien, o si està mal
que esse palmo de cristal?
Leo. Como disculpas mi error.

[2] This sketch is well worth transcribing:—
No sino venga un mancebo
destos de aora de alcorça
con el sombrerito a horza,
pluma corta, cordon nuevo,
cuello abierto muy parejo,
puños a lo Veneciano,
lo de fuera limpio, y sano,
lo de dentro suzio y viejo,
botas justas sin podellas
descalçar en todo un mes,
las calças hasta los pies,
el vigote a las estrellas;
xabonzillos, y copete,
cadena falsa que assombre
guantes de ambar, y grande hombre

happy style, the unfortunate consequences of an inprudent match. The old uncle takes his leave, and the scene changes, or rather it is transferred to the other division of the stage. The three admirers of the beautiful Leonarda meet each other in front of her house. They express their wishes and hopes in sonnets, the subjects of which are long-winded metaphors. As none of the party can boast of his mistress's favour, they mutually acknowledge their ill success, and each describes a burlesque adventure, which has occurred to him during the night, in front of Leonarda's house. One relates, that under the supposition that he was stabbing a rival, he thrust his poniard into a skin of stolen wine.[1] Meanwhile Leonarda hastily returns

de un soneto, y un villete:
y con sus manos lavadas
los tres mil de renta pesque
con que un poco se refresque
entre savanas delgadas:
y passados ocho dias
se vaya a ver forasteras,
o en amistades primeras,
buelva a deshazer las mias.

[1] This whimsical adventure is thus described —

Yo que estava en un esquina
mirandolo desde lexos.
apresure luego el passo.
llevandome el ayre en peso.
Llegando a la amada puerta
vi un bulto a mis ojos negro,
con su capa, y con su espada,
mirando, y hablando a dentro.
Lleguemе a el, y metime
hasta la barba el sombrero,
y dixele: a gentilhombre!
terciando el corto herreruelo.
Como no me respondia,
saco la daga de presto,
y por el pecho a mi gusto
hasta la cruz se la meto.
Diome la sangre en el mio.
y bueto mi casa huyendo
miro a una luz la ropilla,
y olia como un incienso.
Tomo una linterna, y parto,
y quando a mirar le buelvo,
hallo derramado el vino,
y el cuero midiendo el suelo.

from church, where she has seen a young gentleman with whom she has fallen deeply in love. She immediately forms a plan to induce this gentleman, whose name is Camillo, to visit her, without either knowing who she is or whither he is conducted. The whole intrigue is managed by Leonarda's coachman, Urbano, who is at the same time the *gracioso*, or buffoon of the piece.[1] While Urbano is gone out in quest of Camillo, the three suitors, without any previous arrangement with each other, arrive disguised as dealers in books and copper-plate prints. They obtain an interview with Leonarda, and make avowals of their passion; but she receives them very unfavourably, and they are all obliged to make a rapid retreat to avoid being roughly handled by the servants. This scene is highly amusing. In the second act Camillo appears, and after long hesitation, he consents to engage in the romantic adventure. Urbano dresses him in a doctor's cloak, and drawing the hood (*capirote*) over his eyes, he conducts him blindfold, with comic effect, through a variety of windings, to the house of Leonarda. The lady receives him in the dark. Lights are afterwards brought in, but Leonarda remains masked. A sumptuous collation is prepared, of which the young gentleman's doubt and embarrasment will not permit him to taste a morsel. He compares himself to Alexander, when he took the suspected goblet from the hand of his physician.[2] A tender dia-

[1] Those who are unacquainted with the Spanish language, must not suppose that the term *gracioso*, as applied to this kind of character, is an extraordinary instance of that figure of speech called euphemism. In Spanish, *gracioso* more frequently signifies comic and ludicrous, than graceful.

[2] *Ju.* La colacion viene. *C.* En vano,
viene, a fe de gentilhombre
que no tengo de comer.
Leo. A lo manos el provar
no lo podeys escusar,
que soy honrada muger.
Cam. Es lo del veneno? *Leo.* Si,
por mi vida que proveys.
Cam. Si ese juramento hazeys
aya mil muertes aqui.
Quiero tomar el veneno
que Alexandro del Doctor,
que dende la fe es mayor,
no le haze el daño ageno.

logue ensues, after which the hood is again drawn over the eyes of Camillo, and he is conducted from Leonarda's house. In this manner the intrigue proceeds; but between many of the scenes, whole days, and even weeks are suppose to intervene. Leonarda and her lover become more and more intimate, though he neither knows who she is, nor where she resides. All his endeavours to discover these secrets are unavailing; and at length he begins to suspect that his unknown mistress is an old cousin of Leonarda. In the meantime, the three rejected suitors, who still mix in the plot, become jealous of the coachman Urbano; and one spirited scene succeeds another until an affray occurs in which an honourable suitor of Leonarda is wounded. This accident produces the denouement. Camillo recognises in his unknown mistress the beautiful widow with whom he was previously acquainted, and whose hand he joyfully accepts. Thus the piece is a comedy from beginning to end.

Lope de Vega's spiritual comedies afford a picture of the religious notions of the Spaniards in the age in which he lived, not less faithfully portrayed than that by which his dramas of intrigue represent the manners of Spanish society. Pure piety, according to catholic ideas, blended with the most contradictory chimeras, and these chimeras again ennobled by the boldest flights of imagination, form altogether a monstrous and extravagant patchwork; but this hererogeneous variety is, nevertheless, united by the ramifications of a poetic spirit, into a whole, to which no European imagination could now be expected to produce a resemblance. But Lope de Vega seems not to have come to a positive determination respecting what ought to have been the true spirit of these dramatic pictures of religious faith. The mixture of poetic and unpoetic elements is very unequal in his different spiritual comedies. His Lives of the Saints possess far more dramatic spirit than his Autos Sacramentales; while, on the other

Urb. O lo que sabe de historia.
Ju. En verdad que es muy leydo.
Urb. No lo tomeys tan polido,
que en verdad que es çanalforia
Entro, y la bevida saco.

hand, allegory imparts a higher dignity to the religious mysticism of the latter. Both, however, have in common a kind of operatic style, combined with the display of theatrical machinery and decoration, calculated to captivate the senses. Of all the dramatic works of Lope de Vega, the Lives of the Saints are, in every respect, the most irregular. Allegorical characters, buffoons, saints, peasants, students, kings, God, the infant Saviour, Satan, and all the most heterogeneous beings that the wildest imagination could bring together, are introduced. Music seems always to have been an indispensable accessory. Lope de Vega's spiritual comedy, entitled the Life of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino,[1] commences with a conversation maintained by a party of students, who make a display of their wit and scholastic learning. Among them is the future saint, whose piety shines with the brighter lustre when contrasted with the disorderly gaiety of those by whom he is surrounded. Satan, disguised by a mask, joins the party. A skeleton appears in the air; the sky opens, and the Almighty is discovered sitting in judgment, attended by Justice and Mercy, who alternately influence his decisions. Next succeeds a love intrigue between a lady named Rosalia, and a gentleman named Feniso. The future saint then re-enters, attired in canonicals, and delivers a sermon in redondillas. The parents of the saint congratulate themselves on possessing such a son; and this scene forms the conclusion of the first act. At the opening of the second, a party of soldiers are discovered; the saint enters, accompanied by several monks, and offers up a prayer in the form of a sonnet. Brother Peregrino relates the romantic history of his conversion. Subtle theological arguments ensue, and numerous anecdotes of the lives of the saints are related. St. Nicolas prays again through the medium of a sonnet. He then rises in the air, either by the power of faith, or the help of the theatrical machinery; and the Holy Virgin and St. Augustin descend from heaven to meet him.[2] In the third act

[1] St. Nicolas de Tolentino is a saint of modern creation.

[2] The sonnet by which St. Nicolas performs this miracle is the most beautiful in this sacred farce :—

the scene is transferred to Rome, where two cardinals exhibit the holy cerecloth to the people by torch light. Music performed on clarionets adds to the solemnity of the ceremony, during which, pious discourses are delivered. St. Nicolas is next discovered embroidering the habit of his order; and his pious observations, while engaged in this occupation, are accompanied by the chaunting of invisible angels. The music attracts Satan, who endeavours to tempt St. Nicolas. The next scene exhibits souls in the torments of purgatory. Satan again appears, attended by a retinue of lions, serpents, and other hideous animals; but in a scene which is intended for burlesque, (*graciosamente*,) a monk, armed with a great broom, drives off Satan and his suite.[1] At the conclusion of the piece, the saint, whose beatification is now complete, descends from heaven in a garment bespangled with stars. As soon as

> Virgen, Paloma candida, que al suelo
> Traxo la verde paz; arco divino,
> Que con las tres colores a dar vino
> Fe del concierto entre la tierra, y cielo;
> Dadme remedio, pues sabeys mi zelo!
> No coma carne yo, porque imagino,
> Que solo he de comer, puesto que indigno
> La de mi dulce amor en blanco velo.
> No me dexeys, Christifera Maria,
> Y vos mi Padre amado, Agustin Santo,
> Y mas si llega de mi muerte el dia.
> Dadme los dos favor, pues podeys tanto,
> Si mereciere la esperança mia,
> Que del Sol que pisays pase mi llanto.

[1] The following is the edifying scene. *Dem.* is a contraction for Demonio, Satan. *Rup.* stands for Ruperto, the monk, who attacks and subdues him with the broom. *Pri.* signifies prior.

> *Rup.* Aqui Padres aqui, mueran los perros.
> *Pri.* Que visiones estrañas? *Rup.* Sombras vanas.
> Ruperto soy: figuras Antonianas,
> dexad mi Santo. *Dem.* Infame tu te pones
> con nosotros a manos, y razones?
> *Rup.* Fuera digo, bellacos. *Dem.* Pues infame
> concorrion assi te atreves? *Rup.* Bestia,
> sal de la celda. *Dem.* O vil espuma ollas.
> *Rup.* Hago muy bien, vos espumays calderas.
> Llegue Padre Prior. *Pri.* Aqui a este lado
> digo los exorcismos de la Iglesia.
> *Dem.* O perro motilon. *Rup.* A fuera. *Dem* O pesia.

he touches the earth, the souls of his father and mother are released from purgatory and rise through a rock; the saint then returns hand-in-hand with his parents to heaven, music playing as they ascend.

The *Autos Sacramentales* of Lope de Vega must have been far less attractive than his Lives of the Saints. Compared with the latter, their construction appears very simple, and they are executed in a style of theological refinement which could not have been perfectly intelligible to the multitude. But the allegorical characters, which are the most prominent in these pieces, produce an imposing effect. The dramas themselves are in general short. In one which represents the Fall, Man disputes with Sin and Satan, and Earth and Time take part in the dialogue. Next are discovered Justice and Mercy seated beneath a canopy, and at a table furnished with writing materials. Man is interrogated before this tribunal. The Prince of heaven, the Saviour, enters. Reflection, or Care, (*Cuidado*,) kneels and delivers a letter to him. The Saviour subjects Man to another judicial examination, and pardons him.[1] But Satan re-appears and protests against the pardon.[2] Man has next to contend with Vanity and Folly,

[1] Care announces Man.

Cuidad. El Hombre está aqui.
Homb. Dame essos pies. *Principe.* Ya te doy
el corazon. *Homb.* Luz mas pura
que el sol, imagen divina
de tu Padre; que diré
de tu piedad ? que daré
a tu amor" *Principe.* La vista inclina
al supremo tribunal :
sube conmigo y haremos
esta escritura. *Homb.* Qué extremos
de amor, piedad celestial !
Principe. Sube tú como deudor
a los estrados que ves,
amigo, que yo despues
bajaré como fiador.

[2] Reflection disputes with Satan on this point.

Demon. Mienten, que un hora segura
aun no logré mi ventura,
pues de qué logrero soy,
si ha tantos años que estoy
sin Dios en carcel tan dura"
Qué es lo que estan escribiendo ?

who are introduced as allegorical characters. Christ again appears with the crown of thorns. In conclusion, the heavens open, and the Saviour ascends to his celestial throne, with the usual accompaniment of music. Direct allusions to the sacrament of the altar were seldom necessary in the Autos, as the whole tendency of the allegorical action was directed to that object.

Lope de Vega's *Loas*, and more particularly his *Entremeses* and *Saynetes*, seem to have been intended to indemnify the audience for the theological allegory of the sacramental dramas; for it is only in connexion with the Autos that these preludes and interludes are to be found. The Loas are not always comic, and are sometimes only spirited monologues. The interludes, or Entremeses and Saynetes, may also be called preludes, for though they were performed after the Loa, which was properly the prologue, yet they preceded the Auto. These interludes are burlesque from beginning to end, and form a preparation for the devotion of the Auto, quite in the Spanish taste. Farces of this kind, portraying the incidents of common life, never destitute of genuine comic spirit, and written for the most part in verse, soon became indispensable to the Spaniards, and even to this day are never omitted in their dramatic performances. The interludes of Lope de Vega and Cervantes seem to have been the models of all that succeeded them.

The dramatic genius of Lope de Vega has rendered him immortal. In the seventeenth century, his plays were universally read and performed throughout Spain. In general they were first published singly, and for the most part with the bookseller's epithet—*Comedia Famosa* (the Celebrated Comedy), which subsequently became a universal device, affixed to all comedies printed in Spain. In

Cuidad. La fianza. *Demon.* Quién le fia?
Cuidad. Dios, que Dios solo podia.
Demon. Dios fia? *Cuidad.* Ya están leyendo.
Justic. Oid. *Princ.* Ya estoy oyendo.
Justic Que os obligáis, gran Señor,
como principal deudor
a padecerlo y servir.
Demon. Ha se visto tanto amor!

this manner Lope de Vega's most popular comedies were, partly during the life of the author, and partly after his death, collected in five-and-twenty volumes;[1] exclusively of the Autos, preludes, and interludes, which afterwards formed a separate publication.[2] Among Lope's scattered dramas which have been printed at a later period, are some which are expressly denominated tragedies. For example, *El Castigo sin Venganza*, (The Punishment without Revenge,) in the *Obras Sueltas*, vol. viii.

The other poetic works of this prolific writer must be very briefly noticed; for to give anything like a particular account of them would require the space of a considerable volume.[3] In epic poetry he maintained an unsuccessful contest with Tasso. His Jerusalem Conquistada[4] consists indeed of twenty cantos in octaves, and contains some beautiful passages, but it will in no respect bear a comparison with the Italian poem. Lope de Vega also augmented the number of the continuators of Ariosto's Orlando, by the publication of La Hermosura de Angelica,[5] (the Beauty of Angelica,) which is also a narrative poem in twenty cantos, though shorter than those of the Jerusalem. His other attempts at epic composition are—*La Corona Tragica*,[6] (the Tragic Crown,) or the history of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland; and the *Circe* and *Dragontea*.[7] The *Corona Tragica* is full of furious invective against the protestants, and against queen Elizabeth in particular. The hero of the *Dragontea* is admiral Drake, who is introduced in this poem as the tool of Satan, in

[1] A list of the dramas contained in these twenty-five volumes is given by Nicolas Antonio, who likewise communicates information concerning Lope's other works. A gleaning of some pieces may be found in the *Obras Sueltas*; see note, p. 256. I have never yet seen all the twenty-five volumes together. Even in Spain, a complete collection is but rarely to be met with. Single dramas by Lope are to be found in most of the numerous collections of Spanish comedies by various authors. La Huerta in his collection has not included a single play of Lope de Vega, doubtless for reasons which will hereafter be noticed.

[2] The twelve collected by Ortiz de Villena, together with the Loas and Entremeses belonging to them, are newly printed in the *Obras Sueltas*, vol. xviii.

[3] The *Obras Sueltas* contain abundant materials for such a work.

[4] See the *Obras Sueltas*, vols. xv. and xvi.

[5] Vol. ii.

[6] Vol. iv.

[7] Vol. iii.

order that he may finally serve as an example of poetic justice. To compete with Sanazzar, Lope wrote a second Arcadia,[1] in the style of the Italian. He likewise wrote several poems, which may be called eclogues in the proper sense of the term. His *Arte Nueva de Hazer Comedias*, (New Art of Writing Comedies,) is a humorous satire on his opponents under the appearance of ridiculing himself.[2] He anonymously supplied the Romancero General with thirty-six romances.[3] His spiritual poems are to be found in great profusion; and the number of his sonnets, some of which possess first-rate merit, is considerable. His Laurel de Apolo, a eulogy on various Spanish poets, which has been frequently quoted, is but an indifferent production.[4] His epistles are sufficiently numerous. Among his miscellaneous poems, those of the comic kind have most originality, as for example: La Gatomachia, (the Battle of Cats,)[5] and the whole collection of miscellaneous poems which he published under the assumed name of the Licentiate Tomè de Burguillos.[6] Among his most celebrated prose works, are El Peregrino en su Patria, (the Stranger in his own Country,) a tolerably long novel.[7] Dorothea, a dramatic story, or as it is called, Accion en Prosa;[8] and a Collection of Novels.[9]

THE BROTHERS LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Among the poets who flourished during the period now under consideration, the place next in rank to Cervantes and Lope de Vega must be assigned to two brothers, whom their countrymen have surnamed the Horaces of Spain. Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, born in 1565, and Bartholemè Leonardo de Argensola, born in 1566, belonged to a respectable family, of Italian origin, but settled in Arragon. Lupercio, who pursued his academic studies in Saragossa, had the satisfaction to witness the

[1] See the *Obras Sueltas*, vol. vi. [2] Vol. iv. [3] Vol. xviii.

[4] Vol. i. and the succeeding volumes.

[5] Vol. xix. and likewise in the *Parnaso Español*.

[6] Vol. xix. [7] Vols. v. and vi. [8] Vol. vii.

[9] Vol. viii.—It is presumed that these bibliographic notices will not be unacceptable to those who wish to become acquainted with individual works of Lope de Vega.

successful performance of three tragedies, which he wrote in the twentieth year of his age, and which are honourably mentioned by Cervantes in his Don Quixote. His taste, however, led him to cultivate another style of poetry, in which he could imitate Horace, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer. His family connexion facilitated his introduction to persons of rank; and he became secretary to the empress Maria of Austria, who at that time resided in Spain. He was soon after appointed chamberlain to the archduke Albert of Austria. King Philip III. nominated him one of the chroniclers or historiographers of Arragon, and directed him to continue the annals of Zurita; and the states of Arragon, which already possessed their own particular chronicler, seized some plausible excuse for dismissing him, in order that Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola might also be appointed historiographer for them. He then determined to devote himself exclusively to the duties of his office; but he was induced to go to Italy in company with the count de Lemos, the celebrated patron of Cervantes, who was at that time viceroy of Naples. Lupercio was appointed secretary of state and of war for Naples; but amidst the varied and laborious duties attached to such a situation, he actively pursued his poetic studies, and did not even discontinue his Arragonese annals. He was the principal founder of the academy at Naples. While prosecuting this honourable career, he died in 1613, in the fortieth year of his age. Like Virgil, when he felt the approach of death, he burned a considerable portion of his poems.

Bartholemè, the younger Leonardo de Argensola, entered the ecclesiastical state. During the first half of his life, his success in the world was inseparably connected with the fortunes of his brother. He was chaplain to the empress Maria of Austria, then a canon in Saragossa; and he afterwards proceeded to Naples in company with his brother and the count de Lemos. He quitted Italy on the death of his brother, and was appointed to complete the continuation of the annals of Arragon which Lupercio had left in an imperfect state. This task he executed in a way that gave universal satisfaction. While the count de Lemos was president of the council of the Indies, Bar-

tholemè Leonardo de Argensola wrote a history of the conquest of the Molucca islands. He was indefatigable in the pursuit of his historical and poetic studies; and after passing a tranquil and honourable life, he died at Saragossa in 1631, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.[1]

The poetry of these two brothers, who, in a critical point of view, may both be regarded as one individual, is not characterized by originality, or by depth of genius, in the extended sense of the word. It is, however, remarkable for a fine poetic feeling distinct from enthusiasm, a vigorous and aspiring spirit, a happy talent for description, poignant wit, classic dignity of style, and, above all, singular correctness of taste. Both pursued the same course with equal ardour and adroitness; but Bartholemè had the better opportunity of cultivating his talent, because he lived longest. Next to Luis de Leon, they are the most correct of all Spanish poets.

The tragedies with which Lupercio commenced his poetic career, considered as youthful essays, are worthy to be remembered, though they do not merit the unbounded praise which Cervantes bestowed on them in a fit of panegyrical enthusiasm. It appears that they did not long maintain their place on the stage. Two of the three mentioned by Cervantes were, at no very remote period, rescued from oblivion, and the third still remains undiscovered.[2] The two which have been recovered, and which are entitled, the one Isabella, and the other Alexandra, afford excellent specimens of language and versification. The Alexandra contains scenes, particularly in the second and third acts, which the greatest tragic writer might advantageously adopt and interweave into a better constructed piece.[3] The Isabella is a trivial web of love

[1] An account of the life of these brothers is prefixed to their works in the *Parnaso Español*, vols. iii. and vi.; and also to the new edition of their *Rimas*, by Don Ramon Fernandez, Madrid, 1786, 3 volumes, 8vo

[2] They are printed in the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Español*.

[3] The king shows to his faithless consort, Alexandra, the body of her murdered lover.

> Cómo, Alejandra, no miras
> este noble corazon,
> dó se forjó la traycion,
> cubierto de mil mentiras?

intrigues, and it terminates in a manner sufficiently awful: but the piece is totally destitute of tragic dignity, notwithstanding that it exhibits the languishing and raging of two Moorish kings, with all the pomp of oriental accessories. Alexandra presents more numerous and correct traits of resemblance to the ancient drama; and yet towards the close the action becomes most extravagant, and is marked by all the tumult of a modern theatrical spectacle.

But the poetic fame of Lupercio Leonardo de Argen-

Y pues el tuyo, cruel,
te bolvió conmigo dura,
miralo, que por ventura
está tu retrato en él.
Esos son aquellos brazos,
por los quales me aborreces,
que ciñeron tantas veces
tu cuello con torpes lazos.
Estos son contra mi honra
aquellos brazos valientes,
y estos los pies diligentes
en procurar mi deshonra.
Mira tambien la cabeza,
la boca, los claros ojos:
huelga con tales despojos:
miralos pieza por pieza;
que por quererlos tú tanto,
los he mandado guardar.
Piensasle resuscitar
aora con ese llanto?

After a pause of horror and grief, Alexandra breaks forth in the following monologue:—

No puedo triste vengarme.
O vosotros, soberranos!
ya que me faltan las manos,
dadme voz para quejarme.
Cielos, justicia venganza!
No os atapeis los oidos
dioses sordos adormidos,
si algo con ruegos se alcanza.
Y pues que los celestiales
niegan tambien su favor,
salid del eterno horror,
negros dioses infernales.
Por qué no temblaste, suelo?
por qué las piedras no saltan?
Qué es esto, que todos faltan,
y no llueve sangre el cielo?

sola, does not rest on his tragedies. His lyric poems, epistles, and satires in the manner of Horace, have transmitted his name, without the aid of any recommendation, to posterity. Lupercio formed his style after that of Horace, with no less assiduity than Luis de Leon; but he did not possess the soft enthusiasm of that pious poet, who, in the religious spirit of his poetry, is so totally unlike Horace. An understanding at once solid and ingenious, subject to no extravagant illusion, yet full of true poetic feeling, and an imagination more plastic than creative, impart a more perfect Horatian colouring to the odes, as well as to the canciones and sonnets of Lupercio. He closely imitated Horace in his didactic satires, a style of composition in which no Spanish poet had preceded him. But he never succeeded in attaining the bold combination of ideas which characterizes the ode style of Horace; and his conceptions have, therefore, seldom anything like the Horatian energy. On the other hand, his poems are marked by no less precision of language than the models after which he formed his style. His odes, in particular, are characterized by a picturesque tone of expression, which he seems to have imbibed from Virgil rather than from Horace.[1] The extravagant metaphors by which some of

[1] For example, the following:—

> Bramando el mar hinchado
> Con las nubes procura
> Mezclar sus olas, y apagar la lumbre
> Del concavo estrellado,
> Y de la horrible hondura
> Trasladar sus arenas à la cumbre;
> Pero con la costumbre
> De estos trabajos graves,
> El hijo de Laertes
> Rompe con brazos fuertes,
> Lo que apénas pudieran altas naves
> Con las proas ferradas,
> Por otro Palinuro gobernadas.
> Mas Ino, inmortal Diosa,
> Viendo al prudente Griego
> En tan grande peligro de la vida,
> Benigna y amorosa
> Buscó remedio luego
> Para facilitalle la salida;
> Y de piedad movida

Herrera's odes are deformed, were uniformly avoided by Lupercio. His best sonnets are those of a sententious cast, which have some moral idea for their subject.[1] He was likewise successful in the composition of popular songs in redondillas. His epistles in tercets present, in their kind, about the same degree of resemblance to the epistles of Horace, as is observable between his odes and those of his classic model. The ideas are expressed in a clear, precise, and pleasing style; and these compositions are not destitute of poetic and didactic interest. Still, however, the vigour of Horace is wanting.[2] Lupercio did not enter

Le dió el divino velo,
Con que cubrir solia
El cabello, que hacia
Escurecer al Dios nacido en Delo;
Y en virtud de esta toca
El mar se allana, y él la tierra toca.

[1] As in the following:—

Imagen espantosa de la muerte,
Sueño cruel, no turbes mas mi pecho,
Mostrándome cortado el nudo estrecho,
Consuelo solo de mi adversa suerte.
Busca de algun tirano el muro fuerte,
De jaspe paredes, de oro el techo;
O el rico avaro en el angosto lecho
Haz que temblando con sudor despierte.
El uno vea el popular tumulto
Romper con furia las herredas puertas,
O al sobornado siervo el hierro oculto.
El otro sus riquezas descubiertas
Con llave falsa, o con violento insulto;
Y dexale al amor sus glorias ciertas.

[2] The following satirical passage occurs in his longest epistle, which is addressed to a friend, and in which he has developed his whole turn of temper and thought:—

Aunque el pintado pabo y la gallina
De l'Africa jamás como á los Grandes,
Ni un Mase Jaques honre mi cocina:
Ni lo traiga pagado desde Flandes,
Porque sabe á la hambre hacer cosquillas,
Y entretenerla todo lo que mandes.
Ni me alegren los ojos las baxillas,
Que lo ménos que tengan sea el ser oro,
Tanto el Arte estremo sus maravillas.
Que si en mi casa, como digo, móro,
No trocaré mi vida con sosiego
Por el Romano, ni el Imperio Moro.

with sufficient decision into the true spirit of Horatian satire. He consigned to his brother the task of cultivating that class of composition, in which poetry is scarcely distinguishable from spirited prose. Among his writings which escaped the flames, there is only one piece of satirical raillery, in the form of an epistle to a coquette.[1]

The poetic works of Bartholemè, the younger Leonardo de Argensola, which have been preserved, are twice as numerous as those of Lupercio. The style of the two brothers is so similar, that in some cases it is difficult, and in others totally impossible to distinguish the one from the other. This extraordinary conformity of character, talent and taste, appears at first sight no less singular a phenomenon than the inexhaustible fertility of Lope de Vega. But it will be recollected that these brothers, whose ages were nearly parallel, who were almost inseparable companions, and constantly occupied in the study and imitation of the same models, could not fail, by the cultivation of similar (and in neither, original) talents, closely to approximate. Still, however, traces of difference are discoverable in their works. Bartholemè, by his numerous,

---

Ni Mercurio jamas oirà mi ruego
Un Cielo mas arriba de la Luna,
Ni en su Altar por mis manos verá fuego.
Ni yo diré mas mal de la fortuna
Que de una viuda santa y recogida,
(Si santa y recogida se halla alguna.)

[1] The irony might be more delicate; but it is, nevertheless, well expressed:—

Escríbate pues sátiras quien quiera,
Que yo alabanzas solas quiero darte,
Hasta que tú te canses, ó yo muera.
Ya, ya me tienes, Flora, de tu parte,
Que, como tus costumbres amo tanto,
Mudable soy tambien por imitarte.
Quiero dexar la pluma, que me espanto
De ver ese furor tras ordinario,
Y dar de contricion señal con llanto.
Pero tengo conmigo un tu contrario,
Que tiene prometido defenderme
Contra el poder de Xerxes, y de Dario:
Y no me dá lugar de recogerme,
Antes con amenazas me provoca:
Dios sabe si ofenderte es ofenderme.

epistles and satires, rendered greater services to Spanish poetry than his brother Lupercio. He was the first Spanish writer who introduced concentrated satire in sonnets, which he probably did after he became acquainted with the Italian poems of that class, but he has imitated them with the spirit of Horace, and has avoided everything like Italian flippancy. His spiritual canciones, which are not equalled by any in the poetic works of Lupercio, are among the best in the style to which they belong. His most esteemed works bear the impress of a more cultivated talent than is discernible in the writings of his brother. His longer and properly didactic satires are characterized by more causticity than gaiety in the ridicule of general and particular follies.[1] But the enthusiasm of the moralist never leads him into declamation in the manner of Juvenal; and these satires are equally replete with traits of mild philanthropy and sound judgment. His epistles on human felicity and human weakness have nearly the same character, but they are for the most part serious and devoid of irony.[2] His satirical sonnets present

[1] For example:—

Ni à Italia has de pasar por Beneficios,
Para darles asalto con la capa
De que son subrepticios, ó obrepticios.
Para engañarlo no verás al Papa,
Aunque te llame el golfo de Narbona
Tan pacífico en sí, como en el mapa:
Que si Micer Pandolfo trae corona,
Y prebendado ha vuelto ya, Dios sabe
Quál Simon le ayudo, Mago, ó Barjona.
Ya ni en sí mismo, ni en su Patria cabe,
Ni de su loba pródiga las baras
De gorgarán en su espaciosa nave.
Si tú por estos términos mediáras,
Qué bascas, qué visages y figuras
De puro escrupoloso nos mostráras!

[2] The following passage occurs in an epistle to a friend who wished to send his son to court while very young, in order that he might become early acquainted with the great world:—

Mirando estoy, que te santiguas desto,
Y que enojado quedas, ó risueño,
Llamándome Filósofo molesto.
Pues enfrena la risa, ò templa el ceño,
Y en mi defensa escuchame entretanto,
Que estas proposiciones desempeño.

unequal degrees of merit; but in the best, the pupil of Horace is more obviously recognisable.[1] That Bartholemè should have succeeded in spiritual canciones, may at first sight be deemed a psychological enigma. But it was precisely his critical and reflective turn of mind which proved most essentially serviceable in guiding him through the gloomy regions of catholic mysticism. Being an enthusiastic catholic, he wanted no extraordinary inspiration to furnish him with religious ideas; and the powers of a language eminently picturesque, supplied him with new views and images which he alternately developed in majestic descriptions and pleasing comparisons.[2]

Si está en verdad, que no nos mueve tanto
Docta declamacion, Griega, ó Latina,
Como el exemplo vivo, ó torpe, o santo:
Del padre, que á sus hijas disciplina
Con mal exemplo, quien dirá que es prueba
De la águila, que al sol los exàmina?
Pues dar rienda á la edad ferviente y nueva,
No es culpa de indiscreto amor paterno,
Que á manifiesta perdicion la lleva?
El diestro agricultor al arbol tierno,
De recientes raices, no lo expone
Luego á las inclemencias del inbierno.

[1] The following sonnet, addressed to an old coquette, may serve as an example:—

Pon, Lice, tus cabellos con legias
De venerables, si no rubios, rojos,
Que el tiempo vengador busca despojos,
Y no para volver huyen los dias.
Ya las mexillas, que avultar porfias,
Cierra en perfiles lánguidos, y flojos:
Su hermosa atrocidad nobó á los ojos,
Y apriesa te desarma las encías.
Pero tú acude por socorro al arte,
Que, aun con sus fraudes, quiero que defiendas
Al desengaño descortés la entrada.
Con pacto (y por tu bien) que no pretendas
Reducida á ruinas, ser amada,
Sino es de tí, si puedes engañarte.

[2] For example, the first stanzas of an ode on the immaculate conception of the holy virgin:—

A todos los espíritus amantes,
Que en círculo de luz inaccesible
Forman amphiteatros celestiales,

The praises lavished on the Argensolas by all parties, would afford sufficient ground for the conjecture that their poetic works had produced some influence on their contemporaries. But that influence is chiefly obvious from the poetic style of the men of talent with whom they lived on terms of intimacy, of one of whom, named Alonzo Esquerro, there is extant a short but excellent epistle, published along with the answer of Bartholemè de Argensola.

The historical works of the younger Argensola are also deserving of honourable mention in an account of the polite literature of Spain. Few narratives of Indian affairs are written with so much judgment and elegance

---

> Dixo el Padre comun, ya no terrible
> Bibrando rayos vengativos, antes
> Con manso aspecto, grato á los mortales:
> Ya es tiempo de admitir á los umbrales
> Del Reyno eterno los del baxo mundo,
> Que su gemido, y su miseria vence.
> Y porque la gran obra se comience,
> Muestre la idea del saber profundo
> Su concepto fecundo,
> La preservada esposa: que en saliendo,
> El pacífico cetro de oro estiendo.

Mary Magdalen is thus apostrophized:—

> O tu siempre dichosa pecadora,
> La que fuiste por tal con grande espanto
> Del vulgo con el dedo señalada!
> Tus lagrimas con Christo pueden tanto,
> Que la menor lo enciende y enamora,
> Y á la culpa mayor dexa anegada.
> Tu quedas en Apostol transformada,
> Y de ignorante y mala, santa y sabia.
> No es mucho que la zarza en flor se mude,
> Y que el álamo sude
> En competencia de la mirra Arabia;
> Y que quando de yerba al campo priva,
> La mies en abundancia se recoja.
> Venid á ver de rosas y azucenas
> Las montañas esteriles mas llenas,
> Y un arbol seco revestido de hoja.
> La planta antes inutil Dios cultiva:
> Regada en su jardin con agua viva,
> Es fructífera ya, y sus ramas bellas
> Tocan continuamente en las estrellas.

as his History of the Conquest of the Molucca Islands;[1] and his continuation of the Annals of Zurita[2] exceeds in rhetorical merit the work of the original historiographer The circumstances connected with the accession of Charles V. and the Castilian rebellion, subjects to which no Spanish writer had previously ventured to allude, are related by Argensola with no less freedom and fidelity than other events; though of course without his attempting to urge any apology for the rebels. In the reign of Philip III. but little danger was to be apprehended from such freedom; and when, in the year 1621, Philip IV. ascended the throne in the seventeenth year of his age, Argensola did not hesitate to dedicate his Arragonian Annals to the duke of Olivarez, who in the name of the young king was invested with unlimited sovereign authority. The duke of Olivarez, on receiving this dedication, little imagined that the recollection of the ancient privileges of the Arragonian states, which had been solemnly ratified by Charles V. and which were so much expatiated on in these annals, would, at no very remote period, rouse the people of Arragon to take up arms in defence of their constitution—that constitution on which the duke wished to encroach in order to recruit the exhausted strength of Castile.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE DURING THE AGE OF CERVANTES AND LOPE DE VEGA.

A very accurate idea of the general spirit of elegant literature in Spain, during the age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, will be obtained, if, to an examination of the works of those eminent men and the two Argensolas, be added a recollection of the labours of their immediate predecessors; for the other Spanish poets of that period fol-

[1] *Conquista de las Islas Molucas, al Rey Felipe III. &c.* (written at an earlier period than the Annals of Arragon), *por el Licenciado Bartholemè Leonardo de Argensola.* Madrid, 1609, in folio. The library of the University of Gottingen contains this work, and also that next noticed.

[2] *Primera parte* (a second part was intended to follow) *de los Anales de Aragon que prosigue los de G. Zurita*, &c., por el Dr. Barth. Leon. de Argensola. Zaragoza, 1630, one vol. thick fol.

lowed in the beaten path as far as they were able to go, and if any one ventured on a new course he only wandered into insipidity. These authors, though deficient in originality, are not without merit; but so great is their number, that it would be impossible to find room for even a very brief notice of all their works in a general history of literature. There was at this time a sort of poetical ferment in Spain, which can only be compared with that which prevailed in Italy during the sixteenth century. The blending of the Italian style with the old Spanish, had excited a new enthusiasm throughout the whole nation; and in proportion as the Spaniards were excluded from philosophic thinking, their passion for works of fancy was augmented. Under these circumstances, elegant prose writing could only follow in the train of poetry.[1]

FRESH FAILURES IN EPIC POETRY—ERCILLA'S ARAUCANA.

Success in epic poetry was still denied to the Spanish muse. The confounding of epic poetry with relations of actual events, embellished with poetic language, seems to have perverted the talent for true epopee. The Spanish poets who attempted this style, studied after the false model of Lucan, and, according to an old critical phrase, endeavoured to be more *Lucanists* than Lucan himself. The imagination, which possessed unbounded dominion over the stage, seems to have obtained in narrative poetry only the scanty privilege of inventing a few ornaments.

Among the unsuccessful attempts at epopee, particular distinction is due to the *Araucana* of the heroic and amiable Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuñiga, a poem which has the accidental advantage of being better known on this side of the Pyrenees than many other Spanish works of far superior merit. Ercilla has recorded the most remarkable events of his own biography in the *Araucana*, and

[1] The poetical lists, in Lope de Vega's *Laurel de Apolo*, in Cervantes' *Viage al Parnaso*, and in other laudatory or ironical poems, are in no way available either for the historian or the critic. Accident and caprice have introduced many obscure names into these poems, and many poetic writers of merit are not mentioned.

the rest of the poem also reflects an interest on the author. He was born at Madrid in 1540, or according to some in 1533, and became page to the prince of Asturias, Don Philip, with whom he travelled into Italy, the Netherlands, and England. At the age of twenty-two, he embarked as an officer for America, along with a newly appointed viceroy of Peru. He distinguished himself in the war against the Araucans, the bravest of the South American tribes. In the midst of his exploits, he conceived with youthful ambition the plan of writing a narrative of the conquest of Arauco in an epic form, but with the strictest regard to historical truth. He executed his project in spite of the dangers which surrounded him, and the fatigues he had to undergo. In a wilderness, inhabited by uncivilized people, surrounded by enemies, and in a resting place roofed only by the canopy of heaven, he composed at night the verses which were to be the memorials of the events of the day. In prosecution of his purpose, he was obliged to use scraps of waste paper, often too small to contain more than six lines, or to make pieces of leather supply the total want of paper. In this way he completed the first part of his poem, consisting of fifteen cantos. Before he was thirty years of age he returned to Spain, full of hope, both as a soldier and a poet; but the gloomy Philip, to whom he enthusiastically dedicated the *Araucana*, took little notice of him, and less of his work. Ercilla deeply felt this neglect; but nothing could damp his romantic attachment to his cold-hearted sovereign, whom he still persisted in celebrating in the sequel of his poem. He received no mark of favour except from the emperor Maximilian II., who appointed him one of his chamberlains. Dissatisfied with his fate, Ercilla travelled from place to place; but his journeys did not prevent him from proceeding with his poem until he completed it by the addition of a third part. When he died is not known, but it was after he had attained his fiftieth year.

The *Araucana*, so called from the country Arauco, is really no poem. It is, however, impossible to read the work without feeling interested in the author, and being delighted by his talent for lively description, which no

just critic can call in question. But notwithstanding that talent, Ercilla is merely a versifying historian, capable of clothing his subject in a poetic garb, but not of elevating it to the sphere of true poetry. His diction is natural and correct; and to this the *Araucana* is, in a great measure, indebted for its celebrity. Its descriptive beauties, and some scenes in the style of romantic love, certainly make the composition approximate to poetry; but the heroic spirit which pervades the whole work is by no means a poetic spirit. The principal events follow each other in chronological order. The combats are described in succession, as they actually arose, without any regard to poetic interest. Ercilla, indeed, prided himself on this historical precision, and he challenged any of his countrymen who were acquainted with the war in Arauco, to detect a single inaccuracy in his narrative. The historical succession of events imparts, however, a sort of epic unity to the work. The Spaniards in Arauco are surrounded by dangers, which gradually augment until they reach a crisis; when a reinforcement arrives from Peru, and the Spaniards experience a favourable change of fortune. The capture of Caupolican, the Araucan commander, who is put to death in a way repugnant to humanity, closes the narrative, though it does not terminate the war; but the barbarous and unjust execution of the brave chief being decreed by a Spanish council of war, is not censured by Ercilla. From the manner in which the poem concludes, it must be regarded as incomplete, considered as an historical narrative. Even the moral interest of the events operates in a way contrary to the intention of the author; for the feelings of the unprejudiced reader are, from the commencement, excited in favour of the brave savages, who, half-naked, and destitute of fire arms, contend for their natural freedom against enemies so superior in the art of war. The style of historical truth in which the principal events are narrated, forms an unpleasing contrast with the fiction in the details, which is intended to diffuse a poetic character over the whole work; for Ercilla at length found it necessary to depart from his plan, in order to escape from the monotony into which he had fallen. In the first fifteen cantos the poetic colouring

is merely confined to the descriptions; but in the two following parts,[1] the author has interwoven a number of fabulous accessories. He has introduced, for example, a poetic account of the magician Fiton's wonderful skill and his garden of paradise,[2] and also the story of the fair savage Glaura, who recounts the incidents of her life in the style of a Spanish romance.[3] Ercilla likewise relates the death

[1] The poetic narrative extends to thirty seven cantos.

[2] This description of the garden and palace of a magician in the wilds of America, oversteps the bounds of consistency as well as probability. The description of the magic palace deserves, however, to be quoted:—

> Tenia el suelo por orden ladrillado
> de cristalinas losas trasparentes,
> que el color contrapuesto y variado
> hacía labor y visos diferentes:
> el cielo alto diáfano estrellado
> de innumerables piedras relucientes,
> que toda la gran cámara alegraba
> la vária luz que dellas revocaba.
> Sobre columnas de oro sustentadas
> cien figuras de bulto entórno estaban,
> por arte tan al vivo trasladadas,
> que un sordo bien pensára que hablaban:
> y dellas las hazañas figuradas
> por las anchas paredes se mostraban,
> donde se vía el extremo y excelencia
> de armas, letras, virtud, y continencia.
> En medio desta cámara espaciosa,
> que media milla en quadro contenia,
> estaba una gran poma milagrosa,
> que una luciente esfera la ceñia,
> que por arte y labor maravillosa
> en el ayre por sí se sostenia
> que el gran círculo y máquina de dentro
> parece que estrivaban en su centro.

[3] Glaura thus speaks of the ardour of her lover's affection:—

> Visto yo que por muestras y rodeo
> muchas veces su pena descubria,
> conocé que su intento y mal deseo
> de los honestos limites salia:
> mas ay! que en lo que yo padezco veo
> lo que el misero entonces padecia,
> que a término he llegado al pie del palo,
> que aun no puedo decir mal de lo malo.
> Hallábale mil veces suspirando
> en mí los engañados ojos puestos,
> otros andaba tímido tentando
> entrada a sus osados presupuestos:

of Dido after Virgil, and in honour of his king, he gives a detailed account of the battle of Lepanto. In addition to the descriptions, some of the speeches, particularly that delivered by the cacique Colocolo in the second canto,[1] may be referred to as the best parts of this unpoetic poem.

Meanwhile the passion for epic poetry, which took possession of so many Spanish writers in the age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, gave birth to a torrent of heroic poems. To the Caroliads, which have already been noticed, there succeeded La Restauracion de España, (the Restoration of Spain,) by Christoval de Mesa; Las Navas de Tolosa, (the Plains of Toulouse,) by the same author; La Numantina, by Francisco de Mesquera; La Invencion de la Cruz, (the Invention of the Cross,) by Lopez Zarate;

yo la ocasion dañosa desviando,
con gravedad y términos honestos
(que es lo que mas refrena la osadia)
sus erradas quimeras deshacia.
Estando sola en mi aposento un dia
temerosa de algun atrevimiento,
ante mí de rodillas se ponia
con grande turbacion, y desatiento:
diciendome temblando: o Glaura mia,
ya no basta razon, ni sufrimiento,
ni de fuerza una mínima me queda,
que a la del fuerte amor resistir pueda, &c

[1] Even Voltaire bears testimony to the excellence of this speech; and Voltaire was certainly a judge of rhetorical, though not of poetical excellence. The address commences thus:—

Caciques del Estado defendores,
codicia del mandar no me convida
a pesarme de versos pretensores
de cosa que a mí tanto era debida;
porque segun mi edad, yá veis, señores,
que estoy al otro mundo de partida;
mas el amor que siempre os he mostrado,
a bien aconsejaros me ha incitado.
Por qué cargos honrosos pretendemos,
Y ser en opinion grande tenidos,
pues que negar al mundo no podemos
haber sido sujetos y vencidos?
y en esto averiguarnos no queremos
estando aun de Españoles oprimidos:
mejor fuera esta furia egecutalla
contra el fiero enemigo en la batalla, &c.

Maltea, by Hyppolyto Sanz; El Leon de España, (the Spanish Lion,) by Pedro de Vezilla; Saguntina, by Lorenzo de Zamora; Mexicana, by Gabriel Laso de Vega; Austriada, by Rufo Guttieraz, &c. None but men who make this branch of literature their particular study, now think of perusing these and similar patriotic effusions, which were at the period of their publication regarded as epic poems,[1] but which only serve to prove, with the greater certainty, that Spain is incapable of producing a Homer. A genuine subject for epopee was scarcely to be found in the national history of Spain, even during the ages of chivalry; and modern history was not then more susceptible than now of receiving a truly epic form.

LYRIC AND BUCOLIC POETS OF THE CLASSIC SCHOOL OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Lyric and bucolic poetry, and also elegant satire, after the two Argensolas had given the tone to that species of composition, continued to be cultivated by various pupils of the classic school of the sixteenth century. That school, which was then on the decline in Italy, still maintained its ground in Spain, and preserved its reputation in spite of the opposition made by the different parties who contended for their respective styles, particularly by that of Lope de Vega, and by one of a still more dangerous kind, which will soon be more distinctly noticed. The disciples of this classic school, together with those writers who, since the time of Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega, had formed their style on the model of the ancients and the most esteemed poets of Italy, may be called the Spanish *Cinquecentisti*, in a favourable sense of the term, though some of them wrote in the seventeenth century. The most distinguished among them really flourished in the sixteenth century; and the rest, whose number is incalculable, possessed, at least, the merit of endeavouring, like the Italian *Cinquecentisti*, to express sensible ideas in correct language.

[1] Velasquez and Dieze, p. 583, give numerous bibliographical notices of these works.

To this classic school belongs Vicente Espinel, an ecclesiastic of the province of Granada. He was likewise celebrated as a musician, and he perfected the Spanish guitar by the addition of the fifth string. He died in poverty, in the ninetieth year of his age, at Madrid, in 1634. His canciones, idyls, and elegies, though destitute of originality, are distinguished by a spirited and inartificial character, and they abound in beautiful images and descriptions. Espinel's poetic style is extremely melodious. In his idyls he has very successfully imitated the pleasing syllabic measure which Gil Polo introduced into Spanish literature under the name of *Rimas Provenzales;*[1] and he was one of those writers who most contributed to bestow a metrical polish on the redondilla stanzas of ten lines, (*decimas.*) He translated Horace's Art of Poetry, in iambic blank verse, and several of Horace's Odes after the manner of Luis de Leon. Some of this author's prose works will hereafter be noticed.[2]

[1] For example, in the following description of rural tranquillity :—

Ay apacible y sosegada vida,
de vulgar sujecion libre y esenta,
dó el alma se sustenta
con blanda soledad entretenida ;
dó nunca tuvo la malicia entrada,
ni desagrada
mansa pobreza :
todo es llaneza
sincéra y pura
dó nunca dura
el fingido doblez qué al alma gasta ;
ni al humílde espíritu contrasta !
Aqui sustenta el mísero villano,
sin artificio ó cautelosa mañana,
la bellota ó castaña,
apedreada de la simple mano.
Dale del agua pura y trasparente
la clara fuente
no le molesta
calor de siesta ;
y si le ofende
luego se tiende
bajo de un estendido sauce ó robre,
contento, sin mirar si es rico ó pobre, &c.

[2] Several of Espinel's prose works are inserted in the third volume of the *Parnaso Español ;* and the translation of the Epistle to the Pisones forms the commencement of the first volume of that collection.

Christoval de Mesa, an ecclesiastic of Estremadura, was contemporary with Torquato Tasso, with whom he maintained the most friendly intercourse. He made, however, very little improvement in epic art through his intimacy with that celebrated man. Of three compositions, which Christoval de Mesa intended for epic poems, not one has been preserved from oblivion. His tragedy of Pompey is likewise forgotten. He was, nevertheless, a good translator; and his translations of the Æneid and the Iliad are esteemed even at the present day. He also published a Spanish version of Virgil's Georgics.

Juan de Morales obtained a similar reputation through his translation of Horace's Odes and Virgil's Georgics. The particulars of his life are not known. He wrote some good sonnets.[1] This writer must not be confounded with his namesake, Ambrosio de Morales, the historian.

Augustin de Texada, or Tejada, who was born in the year 1635, is distinguished as a writer of spiritual odes and canciones. His poems in this class vie with those of the younger Argensola in poetic dignity of composition and genuine lyric diction.[2] He has, however, committed

[1] For example, the following. The prevailing idea is not new; but it is followed up in the genuine spirit of sonnet composition:—

Jamas el cielo vio llegar Piloto
 Al desseado puerto tan contento
 De las furiosas olas y del viento
 La nave sin timon, y el arbol roto,
Y tomando la tierra tan devoto
 Correr al templo con piadoso intento,
 Y en el por verse puesto en salvamento
 Colgar las ropas, y cumplir el voto:
Qual yo escape del mar del llanto mio,
 Passada la borrasca de mi pena,
 Y en el puerto surgi del desengaño.
Cuyo templo adorne de mi navio,
 Colge mis esperanças y cadena,
 Por ser mi bien el fruto de mi daño.

[2] The following is the first stanza of his cancion on the ascension of the Holy Virgin:—

Angelicas esquadras que en las salas
 Llenas de olor de gloria, con inmenso
 Gozo, de que llenays el claro Cielo,
 Andays batiendo las doradas alas,
 Y al eterno Regente days encienso,

the error of introducing mythological images in his Christian poetry. But in this respect he merely conformed with the bad taste of his age, which in Spain and Portugal favoured the most absurd misapplication of the Greek mythology; for, to humour the prejudices of the church, it was necessary that the heathen deities should appear only as allegorical characters in catholic poetry.

Andres Rey de Artieda, a brave Arragonian officer, was a very learned scholar and a particular friend of the Argensolas. Among other works, he wrote poetic epistles which are full of good sense and natural feeling.[1] His sonnets are remarkable for their novel and poignant style.[2]

Que olor espira de inmortal consuelo,
Torced el blando buelo,
Y recebid en vuestras bellas plumas
A la que encierra en si las gracias sumas,
Pues que rompiendo la fulgente massa
Del Cielo cristalina
Que a la tierra le sirve de cortina,
Veys que el un firmamento y otro passa
Hasta llegar al trono do reside
El que del Cielo el movimiento mide.

[1] His epistles in the satirical style are, however, so full of allusions to particular circumstances which occurred during the life of the author, that they are not easily understood. The following passage is from an epistle on the Spanish comedy.

Si quando Rey, como Señor se sienta
si cobra quando Cid tantos aceros,
que al parecer emprenderá a cinquenta,
Es a dicha Morales, o Cisneros?
o es la triste Belerma Mariflores,
quando a llanto y pasion puede moreros?
Claro es que no son ellos pues, Señores,
que importa a la Comedia que sean malos,
si para recitar son los mejores?
Los palos, que se dán alli son palos
a los que como simples los reciben.
El entremés fingido afrentarálos?
A dicha los que mueren no reviven?
y si es que lo requiere la maraña,
los que lo fingen paren, o conciben?
Sola la vista y opinion se engaña,
y asi el vicio y virtud de ellos no ofende,
ni a la Comedia en un cabello daña.

[2] The following colloquial sonnet may serve as an example:—

A. Quién vive aqui? *C.* Un pobre peregrino.

Gregorio Morillo imitated Juvenal in his didactic satires, and vented his spleen in well-turned verses.[1]

Luis Barahona de Soto is, in preference to many of his contemporaries, entitled to an honourable place among Spanish poets. He was born in the province of Granada, and was a physician by profession. His eclogues resemble those of Garcilaso de la Vega; and his canciones abound in romantic grace.[2] His satires, which were lately

A. Pues peregrino con hogar y casa?
C. No la veis toda ya desierta y rasa,
que solo este sobrado quedó en pino?
A. Quién os retrajo a tal lugar? *C.* Mi sino.
A. Quién sois? *C.* Soy viento que no vuelve, y pasa:
tuve favor del mundo, fuí del asa;
pasó el buen tiempo, y el adverso vino.
A. Qué haceis aqui? *C.* Un cesto, una canasta,
tal vez de mimbre, tal de seco esparto,
con que gano el sustento que me basta.
Y no me vi (os prometo) jamás harto
de pretensiones militares hasta
que el desengaño me alquiló este cuarto.

[1] For example:—

Quién se fuera a la Zona inhabitable
por no perder del todo la paciencia,
que quieren que lo sufra, y que no hable!
Tubieron Persio y Juvenal licencia
de corregir las faltas del Imperio;
y no he de hacer yo escrúpulo y conciencia,
Viendo en una ventana una Glicerio,
una segunda Venus, que la ocupa,
donde pensaste que era un Monasterio,
Y que a la mar se arroje le chalupa,
como la galeaza, y tienda velas,
y tanto aquesta, como aquella chupa?
Mas quién no ha de calzarsa las espuelas,
por no ver afeitada, como guinda,
la que ha perdido en navegar las muelas?

[2] One of these compositions commences in the following way:—

Qual llena de rocio
suele salir, los campos alegrando,
la clara Aurora con el rostro helado,
sutil aura soplando,
tal por el verde prado
salío mi pastorcilla al llanto mio,
dejando alegre el suelo,
y de sus gracias embidioso el cielo.

republished, have the spirit of Juvenal, but want the delicacy of Horace; they are, however, written in a clear and energetic style. This writer, moreover, gained celebrity by a continuation of the Orlando Furioso, which was highly esteemed by Cervantes, and is entitled, Las Lagrimas de Angelica, (the Tears of Angelica.)[1]

Pèdro Soto de Rojas, who was a particular favourite of Lope de Vega, endeavoured to introduce the academic systems of Italy, which had never been successfully imitated in Spain. A literary society established at Madrid, after the Italian fashion, received the ludicrous title of *Academia Selvaje*, (Academy of Savages;) and in this society Soto de Rojas was distinguished by the surname of *l'Ardiente*. His eclogues have the usual character of Spanish poems of that class, clothed in elegant and harmonious language.[2]

Esparcese sin arte
sobre la nieve del marmoreo cuello,
tirada en hebras larga vena de oro;
y para enriquecello
en dos madejas varias se reparte,
con bien mayor tesoro,
descubriendo la cara
mas que la luna y las estrellas clara.
La tierna yerva crece,
donde la planta sienta, y eria olores,
y el arbol que desgaja con su mano
pimpollos brota y flores,
y el ayre fresco y vano,
hablando con olores lo enriquece,
y lleno de alegria
promete al mundo venturoso dia.

[1] The curate in Don Quixote, during the examination of the knight's library, says, that if these Tears had been doomed to be burned, he himself should have shed tears. I have not seen the book in any collection.

[2] For example:—

Ya en sus troncos nativos
temerosa la sombra se recoge,
y deja la floresta
por bien pasar la fatigada siesta:
ya el zefiro ligero, que despliega
sus alas al nacer del Sol dorado,
con arrullos lascivos
al verdor de los hojas las entrega,
y al blanco lirio en el sediento prado

Luis Martin, or Martinez de la Plaza, an ecclesiastic of Granada, a province fertile in literary talent, was particularly celebrated for the grace of his madrigals, and other small poems of a similar kind.[1]

Balthazar del Alcazar, who appears to have been a native of Andalusia, sought to distinguish himself as a writer of epigrammatic madrigals. In his comic madrigals,[2] he was, however, less successful than in those of gallantry.[3] He also appears to have been one of the first

sobre los hombros de la flor vecina
el cuello enfermo del calor inclina:
Marcelo, al Olmo erguido, si te place,
los pasos encamina,
que al baño de las Náyades cortina
entretegido con la yedra hace:
sonará tu zampoña dulcemente,
suave tu zampoña,
con quien las duras sierpes su ponzoña,
los vientos su braveza,
y las fieras suspenden su aspereza.

[1] One of Martin's most charming madrigals may be transcribed here:—

Iba cogiendo flores,
y guardando en la falda
mi Ninfa, para hacer una guirnalda;
mas primero las toca
a los rosados labio de su boca,
y les dá de su aliento los olores;
y estaba (por su bien) entre una rosa
una abeja éscondida,
su dulce humor hurtando;
y como en la hermosa
flor de los labios se halló, atrevida,
la picó, sacó miel, fuese volando.

[2] The following seems to have been vastly admired by some critics, since it has found its way into various collections:—

Revelome ayer Luysa
Un caso bien de reyr,
Quierotelo, Ines, dezir,
Porque de caygas de risa.
Has de saber que su tia,
No puedo de risa, Ynes
Quiero reyrme, y despues
Lo dire quando no ria.

[3] For example, the following trifle:—

Madalena me picò
Con un alfiler el dedo,

Spanish poets who wrote odes in Sapphic feet, in so far as the Spanish language would permit the employment of that measure.[1]

Gonzalo de Argote y Molina, one of those brave men, who, in the reign of Philip II., fought gallantly for the honour of their country and their king, but whose valour remained unrequited, was more distinguished as an historian than as a poet. To his literary patriotism the Spaniards were indebted for the publication of the Infante Don Manuel's Conde Lucanor.[2] His poems are, however, worthy of honourable notice. An ardent feeling of patriotism is the soul of his canciones and other lyric compositions.[3]

Dixele: Picado quedo,
Pero ya lo estava yo.
Riose, y con su cordura
Acudio al remedio presto,
Chupòme el dedo, y con esto
Sane de la picadura.

[1] For example:—

Suelta la venda, sucio y asqueroso:
laba los ojos llenos de legañas:
cubre las carnes y lugares feos,
hijo de Venus.
Deja las alas, las doradas flechas,
arco, y aljuba, y el ardiente fuego,
para que en falta tuya lo gobierne
hombre de seso.

[2] See page 24.

[3] One of his canciones addressed to his country commences in the following manner:—

Levante noble España
tu coronoda frente,
y alégrate de verre renascida
por todo quanto baña
en torno la corriente
del uno y otro mar con mejor vida,
qual Fenix encendida
en gloriosa llama
de ingenio soberano
muy alto y muy humano,
que á tí y á sí dió vida y inmortal fama,
que durará en el suelo
quanto la inmortal obra de Marcelo.
Dejaron muy escura
las importunas guerras

Francisco de Figueroa spent a portion of his life in Italy, in the twofold capacity of an officer and a statesman. During his residence among the Italians, he enjoyed a degree of public esteem which was extended to few of his countrymen. He wrote poems in Italian as well as in Spanish. Among his friends and admirers he was called the *divine*, and he was ranked among the most eminent Petrarchists of his age. His amatory sonnets are written in a pleasing and natural style, and abound in the softest touches of romantic melancholy.[1] The admirers of Francisco de Figueroa likewise conferred on him the surname of the Spanish Pindar; but that was a mere whim.[2]

Christoval Suarez de Figueroa, an imitator of Montemayor, wrote a pastoral romance, entitled *Amarillis*, which was very generally read at the time of its publication. He also made a translation of Guarini's Pastor Fido, and

---

de Vándalos y Godos generosos
la antigua hermosura
de tus felices tierras
y sitios de tus pueblos gloriosos:
y al fin mas invidiosos
dé tu belleza ilustre
los fieros Africanos
con muy profanas manos
estragaron del todo el sacro lustre
del terreno mas lindo
que hay desde el mar Atlantico hasta el Indo.

[1] For instance, the following sonnet:—

Yace tendido en la desierta arena,
Que quasi siempre el mar baña y esconde,
De Tirsi el cuerpo; el alma alverga donde
Sembrò Amor la simiente de su pena:
Alli miéntras su llanto amargo suena
Entre las peñas, Eco le responde:
Tirsi cuitado, donde estas? Por donde
Saldràs á ver tu luz pura e serena?
Aqui el cielo nubloso, el viento ayrado
Mantienen con el mar perpetua guerra,
Y él con estas montañas que rodea.
Ay de ti, Tirsi, de dolor cercado,
Mas que de mar, quando será que lea
Fili en tu frente lo que el pecho encierra.

[2] A new edition of the best poems of Francisco de Figueroa was published by Ramon Fernandez at Madrid, in 1785, in 8vo.

cultivated with some degree of success the Italian lyric forms of pastoral romance. Some of the poems of the latter class contained in the *Romancero General*, appear to be written by this author. His *Endechas*, or Elegiac Songs in the popular style, though not particularly rich in ideas, are nevertheless pleasing with respect to language and versification.[1]

Another poet of this name, Bartholomè Cayrasco de Figueroa, is the author of a long series of spiritual canciones and tales called *cantos*, which were much esteemed on account of the edification attributed to their contents. In these poems the author explains the mysticism of the Christian religion, according to the Catholic dogmas and the scholastic ideas of Christian virtue, in a manner more pedantic than poetic; but yet in pure and elegant language. He was likewise one of the Spanish imitators of the Italian verse with dactyllic terminations, called *versos esdrujolos*, from the Italian *versi sdruccioli*.[2]

[1] One of his Endechas commences thus:—

Bella Zagleja
del color moreno,
blanco milagroso
de mi pensamiento:
Gallarda trigueña,
de belleza extremo,
ardor de las almas,
y de amor trofeo:
Suave Sirena,
que con tus acentos
detienes el curso
de los pasageros:
Desde que te vi
tal estoy que siento
preso el alvedrío,
y abrasado el pecho.

[2] For example:—

De las Damas fantásticas,
mas que la caña móviles,
presos de amor en esta red amplífica,
seglares y monásticas
de baja suerte ignóbiles,
de muy oscura fama y muy clarífica,
que lengua tan manífica
dirá los echos frívolos,
vanidades gentílicas,

Juan de Arguijo, a native of Seville, seems to have enjoyed high reputation among the poets of his time. Lope de Vega formally dedicated several of his works to him. Some well written sonnets and other small poems are the only productions of this author now extant.[1]

Pedro Espinosa, an ecclesiastic, who possessed some poetic talent, and who wrote on various subjects, compiled a lyric anthology of the works of the above and other Spanish poets, who adhered more or less rigidly to the principles of the old school, but whose fancy sometimes roamed unrestrained with Lope de Vega, or sometimes degenerated into affectation with Gongora.[2]

RISE OF A NEW IRREGULAR AND FANTASTICAL STYLE IN SPANISH POETRY.

It is impossible to draw a rigid line of separation between the disciples of the classic school, and the partisans of lyric irregularity, who indulged in no less freedom than Lope de Vega, while at the same time they endeavoured

pues templos y Basílicas
pretenden como dioses estos ídolos,
Lucrecias y Cleópatras,
que hacen á los necios ser idólatras?

[1] The following is one of his sonnets:—

Si pudo de Anfion el dulce canto
Juntar las piedras del Troyano muro,
Si con suave lira, oso seguro
Baxar el Tracio al Reyno del espanto;
Si la voz regalada pudo tanto,
Que abrio las puertas de diamante duro,
Y un rato suspendio de aquel escuro
Lugar la pena y miserable llanto;
Y si del canto la admirable fuerça
Domestica los fieros animales,
Y enfrena la corriente de los rios.
Que nueva pena en mi pesar se esfuerza,
Pues con lo que descrecen otros males,
Se van acrecentando mas los mios.

[2] The collection is entitled—*Flores de Poetas ilustres de España, &c. ordenado por Pedro Espinosa.* Valladolid, 1605, in quarto. From this anthology has been partly selected the specimens of the works of those poets who have just been noticed. The rest of the examples are scattered through the *Parnaso Español.*

to exceed him in forced conceits. Even the disciples of the classic school are not totally exempt from extravagant ideas and unnatural metaphors; and they occasionally pour forth a torrent of words, which though sometimes big with brilliant ideas, more frequently wastes itself in mere froth and foam. It cannot be doubted that the Italian school of the Marinists exercised an influence on these Spanish poets. But Marino, being a Neapolitan by birth, was a Spanish subject, and educated among Spaniards. It is therefore more natural to regard his style as originally Spanish, than to trace to Italy the source of those aberrations of fancy, which, in the age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, again found admirers in Spain. Marino's was the old Spanish national style, with all its faults, divested of its ancient energy and purity, polished after a new fashion, stripped of its simplicity, tortured into the most absurd affectation of refinement, and that affectation displayed in a boundless prolixity.

One of the most zealous adherents of this party was Manuel Faria y Sousa, a Portuguese by birth. Some cause of discontent had induced him to quit his native country and to fix his residence in Spain; and in composing both poetry and prose, he in general preferred the Castilian to his vernacular tongue.[1] It can scarcely be supposed that he introduced this perverted taste from Portugal; though his Portuguese poems exhibit no less affectation of style than those which he composed in Castilian, and in which a judicious direction of the fancy is seldom observable. His ideas are, for the most part, intolerably fantastic. One of his Castilian songs, for example, is composed in honour of his mistress's eyes, "in whose beauty," he says, "love has inscribed the poet's fate, and which are as large as his pain, and as black as his destiny, &c."[2] He displays similar extravagance in most of his

[1] His Castilian and Portuguese poems are published under the title:—*Fuente de Aganippe, o Rimas varias de Manuel de Faria y Sousa*, &c. Madrid, 1656, 4 vols. octavo. They are also included in his *Divinas y Humanas Flores*, Madrid, 1624, in octavo.

[2] This absurdity occurs in a gloss on an old couplet.

Ojos, en cuya hermosura
cifrò mi suerte el Amor,

Castilian sonnets; in one, for instance, he relates "how ten lucid arrows of crystal were darted at him from the eyes of his Albania, which produced a *rubious* effect on his pain, though the cause was crystaline," &c.[1] In this absurd style he composed hundreds of sonnets. Faria y Sousa, however, wrote several good works on history and statistics;[2] and it must be recollected that in his poetry he

---

grandes como mi dolor,
negros como mi ventura.
 En una hermosura de ojos
dixo Amor que me daria
a padecer sus enojos,
donde el Alma dexaria,
de su incendio, por despojos.
 Pues si en la belleza pura
de ojos, mi muerte procura;
si en vos mis ojos no fue,
que soys de Albania, no se,
ojos, en cuya hermosura.
 Quiso amor mostrarme ardiente
mi suerte en cifras algunas,
y vio de negro luziente
rayadas *dos medias lunas*
en el papel de la frente:
Y abaxo visto el valor,
ojos, de vuestro esplendor,
por ceros vino a teneros,
que en dos animados zeros
cifró mi suerte el Amor.

[1] In the original this odd conceit runs in the following way:—

 Flechando de sus manos peregrinas,
de cristal diez luzientes passadores,
de rubi fue *el efeto* en mis dolores,
si de Albania las *causas cristalinas*.
 Mas ya que, *humanas, quando no divinas*,
en *sangrienta ofension* forman amores,
de tantos *deificados esplendores*
desmentidos en nieve, y clavellinas.
 Amor en mis heridas reparando,
de flechas con dulcissimo decoro,
a mi noble aficion la vá inclinando.
 Yo de nuevo, aunque herido, me enamoro
de verle hermosamente estar flechando
en blancos de diamante empleos decoro.

[2] His *Europa Portuguesa*, (a bombastic title for *Portugal Europeano*,) is a work which contains considerable information on the statistics of Portugal.

merely followed the party which he most admired, and which indeed had its precursors in Portugal as well as in Spain.

This party, which soon became powerful, imitated the negligence of Lope de Vega. But Lope de Vega was not a pedant; and when he failed in producing real beauties, he did not coin false ones. His pretended imitators, however, used the alloy of pedantry most unsparingly, and thereby carried the affectation of ingenious thoughts, in the style of the Italian Marinists, to an incredible height.

GONGORA AND HIS ESTILO CULTO—THE CULTORISTOS—THE CONCEPTISTOS.

Luis de Gongora de Argote was the founder and the idol of the fantastical sect which at this period led the fashion in literature, and attempted to create a new epoch in Spanish poetry by dint of exquisite cultivation and refinement. Gongora was a man of shrewd and powerful mind; but his natural faculties were perverted by a systematic prosecution of absurd critical reveries. Through life he had to maintain a constant struggle with the frowns of fortune. He was born in Cordova, in the year 1561; and after completing his studies in his native city, found himself without any provision for the future. He took holy orders, and after eleven years of solicitation at the court of Madrid, obtained a scanty benefice. The dissatisfied turn of mind occasioned by his adverse fortune, contributed to develop that caustic wit for which he was particularly distinguished. He wrote satirical sonnets, which for bitterness of spirit can scarcely be exceeded;[1] and he was still more successful in romances and songs in the burlesque satirical style. Works of this

[1] The following, which is a description of Life in Madrid, may serve as a specimen of these satirical sonnets:—

> Una vida bestial de encantamiento,
> Harpias contra bolsas conjuradas,
> Mil vanas pretensiones engañadas,
> Por hablar un oidor, mover el viento;
> Carrozas y lacayos, pages ciento,
> Hábitos mil con virgenes espadas,
> Damas parleras, cambios, embaxadas,
> Caras posadas, trato fraudulento;

kind did not, it is true, possess the merit of novelty in Spanish literature; but Gongora's satirical poems are vastly superior to those of Castillejo. It would be scarcely possible to preserve, in translation, the caustic spirit of Gongora's romances and songs. To give full effect to these compositions, the genuine national spirit of the serious romances and canciones must never be lost sight of. In Gongora's satirical works the language and versification are correct and elegant, and the piquant simplicity of the whole style would never lead to the supposition that the ambition of marking an epoch in literature could have betrayed the author into the most intolerable affectation.[1] He was less successful in seizing the cordial tone of the

> Mentiras arbitreras, Abogados,
> Clerigos sobre mulas, como mulos,
> Embustes, calles sucias, lodo eterno;
> Hombres de guerra medio estropeados,
> Titulos y lisonjas, disimulos,
> Esto es Madrid, mejor dixera Infierno.

[1] The following *Letrilla* may be taken as a specimen of Gongora's artificial style:—

> Da bienes fortuna
> Que no están escritos,
> Quando pitos flautas,
> Quando flautas pitos.
> Quan diversas sendas
> Se suelen seguir
> En el repartir
> Las honras y haciendas.
> A unos dá encomiendas,
> A otros sambenitos,
> Quando pitos: &c.
> A veces despoja
> De choza y apero
> Al mayor cabrero,
> Y á quien se le antoja,
> La cabra mas coja
> Parió dos cabritos,
> Quando pitos, &c.
> Porque en una aldea
> Un pobre mancebo
> Hurtó solo un huebo,
> A sol bambonea,
> Y otro se pasea
> Con cien mil delitos,
> Quando, &c.

old narrative romances. But his canciones in the ancient Spanish style are in general masterly compositions, full of true natural and poetic feeling.[1]

It was doubtless in one of his fits of moody eccentricity that Gongora conceived the idea of creating for serious poetry a peculiar phraseology, which he called the *estilo culto*, meaning thereby the highly cultivated or polished style. In fulfilment of this object, he formed for himself, with the most laborious assiduity, a style as affected as it was uncommon, and at variance with all the ordinary rules of the Spanish language, either in prose or verse. He particularly endeavoured to introduce into his native tongue the intricate constructions of the Greek and Latin, though such an arrangement of words had never before been attempted in Spanish composition. He consequently found it necessary to invent a particular system of punctuation, in order to render the sense of his verses intelligible. Not satisfied with this heterogeneous kind of phraseology, he affected to attach an extraordinary depth of meaning to each word, and to diffuse an air of superior dignity over his whole style. In Gongora's poetry the most common words receive a totally new signification; and with the view of imparting perfection to the *estilo culto*, he summoned all his mythological learning to his aid. Such was Gongora's *New Art*. In this style he

[1] A charming little song by Gongora commences in the following manner.—

Las flores del romero,
Niña Isabel,
Hoy son flores azules,
Mañana seran miel.
Zelosa estás la niña,
Zelosa estás de aquel,
Dichoso pues lo buscas,
Ciego, pues no te vé.
Ingrato pues te enoja,
Y confiado, pues
No se disculpa hoy
De lo que hizo ayer.
Enjugen esperanzas
Lo que lloras por él,
Que zelos entre aquellos
Que se han querido bien,
Hoy son flores azules, &c.

wrote his Soledades, his Polyphemus, and several other works. Even the choice of the title Soledades, (Solitudes,) was an instance of Gongora's affectation; for he did not intend to express by that term the signification attached to a similar Portuguese word, (*Saudade*,) which is the title for a work relating to the thoughts and aspirations of a recluse. Gongora wished by his fantastic title to convey an idea of solitary forests, because he had divided his poem into *sylvas* (forests), according to a particular meaning which the word bears in Latin. This work, like all Gongora's productions in the same style, is merely an insipid fiction, full of pompous mythological images, described in a strain of the most fantastic bombast.[1] The duke of Bejar, to whom the work is inscribed, must, if he only read the dedicatory lines, have imagined himself transported to some foreign region, in which the Spanish language was tortured into a corrupt dialect.[2]

[1] The poem commences as follows:—

> Era del Año la Estacion florida,
> En que el mentido Robador de Europa
> (Media Luna las Armas de su Frente,
> Y el Sol todos los Rayos de su Pelo)
> Luciente honor del Cielo
> En campos de Zafiro pace Estrellas
> Quando el que ministrar podia la Copa
> A Jupiter mejor, que el Garçon de Ida
> Naufragò, y desdeñado sobre ausente,
> Lagrimosas de Amor, dulzes Querellas
> Dà al Mar, que condolido
> Fue à las Hondas, que al Viento
> El misero Gemido,
> Segundo, de Arion, dulze Instrumento, &c.

The above is only about the half of the first period.

[2] The singularity of the language must be perceptible even to those who possess only a slight knowledge of Spanish. The dedication commences as follows:—

> Passos de un Peregrino, son, errante,
> Quantos me dictó Versos, dulze Musa,
> En Soledad confusa,
> Perdidos unos y otros Inspirados,
> O tu, que de venablos impedido,
> Muros de Abeto, Almenas de Diamante,
> Bates los Montes, que de Nieve armados
> Gigantes de Cristal los teme el Cielo,

Gongora appears to have been peculiarly anxious to develop the spirit of his *New Art*, both at the commencement and the close of his whimsical compositions.[1]

But Gongora's labours for the formation of the new style did not tend to better his fortune; for when he died in 1627, he held merely the post of titular chaplain to the king. His works were, however, universally read in Spain; and in proportion as men of sound judgment emphatically protested against the absurdities of the Gongorists, the more vehemently did the latter assert their pretensions.[2] Thus Gongora in some measure attained his object. His arduous exertions to establish his style did not, it is true, promote him to a lucrative post; but they were rewarded with the unlimited admiration of a numerous party, composed of men of half-formed taste, who found it easy, in the crisis of the conflict between the Spanish national style and the Italian, to raise themselves

Donde el Cuerno del Eco repetido,
Fieras te expone, que al teñido Suelo
Muertas pidiendo Terminos disformes;
Espumoso Coral le dan al Tormes.

[1] The two concluding stanzas of Gongora's *Polyphemus* are worthy to be transcribed as literary curiosities:—

Con Violencia desgajò infinita
La maior Punta de la excelsa Roca,
Que al Joven, sobre quien la precipita,
Urna es mucho, Piramide no poca:
Con lagrimas la Ninfa solicita
Las Diedades del Mar, que Acis invocà,
Concurren todas, y el Peñasco duro,
La Sangre que exprimiò Cristal fue puro.
Sus Miembros lastimosamente opresos,
Del Escollo fatal fueron apenas,
Que los Pies de los Arboles mas gruessos
Calçò el liquido Aljofar de sus Venas:
Corriente Plata al fin sus blancos Huesos,
Lamiendo Flores, y argentando Arenas,
A Doris llega, que con Llanto pio
Yerno lo saludò lo aclamò Rio.

[2] Notices concerning the various editions of the works of Gongora may be found in Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 251. A selection from the works of this writer, whose real merit some critics have attempted to deny, was published by Don Ramon Fernandez, under the title of *Poesias de D. Luis Gongora*, Madrid, 1787. The selection forms a small octavo volume.

into importance. Proud of their half cultivation, they regarded every writer who did not admire and imitate the style of their master, as a man of limited talent, incapable of appreciating the beauties of the *estilo culto*.[1] But none of Gongora's partisans possessed the talent of their leader, and their affectation became on that account still more insupportable. They soon separated into two similar yet distinct schools, one of which represented the pedantry of its founder, while the other, in order to render the art of versifying the easier, even dispensed with that precision of style which Gongora, in his wildest flights, still sought to preserve. The disciples of the first school were proud to be the commentators of their master; and in their voluminous illustrations of Gongora's unintelligible works, they did not neglect to pour forth all the stores of their erudition.[2] These were called the *Cultoristos*, a name which was applied to them in derision. The second school of the Gongorists more nearly resembled that of the Marinists; and its disciples were distinguished by the name of *Conceptistos*, in imitation of the Italian term *Concettisti*, which was applied to the followers of Marino. The *Conceptistos* revelled in the wildest regions of fancy, without the least regard to propriety or precision, and were only desirous of expressing preposterous and extravagant ideas (*concetti*) in the unnatural language of Gongora. Some individuals of this party were, however, inclined to imitate the careless style of Lope de Vega.

Alonzo de Ladesma, who died a few years before Gongora, obtained admirers for his poems, chiefly spiritual, which he wrote in the obscure phraseology of the *estilo culto*.[3] For example, in paraphrasing the mysteries of

[1] Dieze calls the *estilo culto* the Spanish ornamental style; but this term is incorrect when employed to designate the particular style of Gongora's school.

[2] Among these illustrative works, are Salcedo Coronel's diffuse Commentaries on Gongora's *Polyphemus y Soledades*, printed in 1629 and 1636; and also the *Lecciones solennes a las Obras de Luis de Gongora*, by Joseph Pellicer de Salas, which appeared in 1630. See also Dieze's Notes.

[3] The fifth volume of the *Parnaso Español* is disfigured by a considerable number of Ladesma's poems.

the catholic faith in lyric romances, he thus speaks of the birth of the Saviour:—"The star of the east rose at the time ordained by God, so that the enemy of day might lose the prey he had seized, and with it the hope of his false pretensions, as God assumed human flesh in order that man might enjoy him," &c.[1] To men imbued with superstition, and denied all reasoning in matters of faith, ravings of this kind were well calculated to turn their heads, and involve them in a vortex of romantic mysticism.

Felix de Arteaga was likewise a zealous cultivator of this distorted style, both in sacred and profane poetry. In 1618, he held the post of court chaplain at Madrid, and he lived until the year 1633. The chief portion of his songs, romances, and sonnets, are of the pastoral kind. He extols "the miracles of Amarillis, that angel of the superior class, to whom truth and passion have given the name of Phœnix. She once espied before her door a peasant, who, though not worthy to adore her, was yet worthy to languish for her sake. This happened one evening, which was a morning, since Aurora smiled, and showed white pearls between rows of glowing carmine. The angel was amused by burning those she had illumined, and this beautiful angel fell from the heaven of

[1] How pompously this poem commences in the original!—And yet how much in the romance style!—

> Sale la estrella de Oriente
> al tiempo que Dios dispone
> que el enemigo del dia
> pierda la presa que coge,
> Y con ella la esperanza
> de sus falsas pretensiones,
> tomando Dios carne humana,
> para que el hombre le goce:
> Por donde Santa Maria
> recibe el famoso nombre
> de ser Madre, siendo virgen,
> de quien siendo Dios, es hombre.
> Muy pobremente camina
> con ser tan rico y tan noble,
> que amores de cierta Dama
> le traen en hábito de pobre; &c.

her ownself," &c.[1] This author also wrote, after the manner of Lope de Vega, a comedy, called *Gridonia*, which he styles a royal invention, (*invencion real*,) because potentates, princes, and princesses are brought together from the most distant parts of the earth, and introduced with vast scenic pomp.[2]

Some of the adherents of this party, who were distinguished for natural genius and ability, will be hereafter noticed. We must not, however, neglect to mention, that the *estilo culto* likewise gained a footing in Spanish America; and that various works in that style, by Alonzo de Castillo Solorzano, were very neatly printed at Mexico in the year 1625.[3]

TWO DRAMATIC POETS OF THE AGE OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Lope de Vega had now become the model of the Spanish dramatic poets, who soon appeared as numerous, and laboured as assiduously as if they had been bound to supply all the theatres in the universe with new pieces.

[1] This rhapsody cannot be read without exciting astonishment:—

> Los *milagros de Amarilis*,
> aquel *Angel superior*,
> a quien dan nombre de *Fenix*,
> *la verdad, y la passion.*
> Mirava a su puerta un dia,
> en la Corte un labrador,
> que *si adorar no merece*,
> *padecer si, merecio.*
> *Una tarde, que es mañana.*
> pues *el Alva se rio*,
> y entre carmin encendido,
> candidas perlas mostró.
> Divirtiose en abrasar
> a los mismos que alumbrò,
> y *del cielo de si misma*
> *el Angel bello cayò, &c.*

[2] The *Gridonia* is included in the *Obras Posthumas Divinas y Humanas de Don Felix de Arteaga*, Madrid, 1641, 1 vol. octavo.

[3] The collection which I have now before me, and which is entitled *Varios y Honestos Entretenimientos*, by Castillo Solorzano, (Mexico, 1625 in octavo,) was, apparently, not the only publication of the kind which appeared in Mexico.

But most of these dramatists, who may altogether be considered as forming one great school, were contemporary with Lope de Vega only during their younger years. The elegant Calderon, who was born in the year 1600, may also have influenced the exercise of their talents. In the history of the Spanish theatre, it will therefore be proper to range together those dramatists on whom it is probable the example of Calderon may have operated.[1] This, however, is the proper place for noticing two contemporaries of Lope de Vega.

The first of these writers, whose talents entitle them to an honourable rank in literature, is Christoval de Virues, a native of Valencia. He fought in the battle of Lepanto, and is usually distinguished by his military title of captain. The period of his death is not known. Both Cervantes and Lope de Vega mention him in terms of commendation. Virues was not the pupil of Lope. Though older, as it would appear, than that distinguished man, he was, like him, inspired with enthusiasm for dramatic poetry; and they entered upon the same career at nearly the same time. Virues did not adhere more attentively than Lope to the strict rules of the ancient drama. But he wanted the fertile imagination of his rival, and he conceived it necessary that the modern drama should approximate, in a slight degree, to the antique, at least in some of its forms. He was one of the Spanish dramatists by whom the last attempts were made to separate tragedy from comedy; and his efforts in this way are deserving of more praise than has hitherto been conceded to them. Virues was a poet, born for tragic art; but his genius wanted cultivation. Pure poetic spirit, and a bold and energetic style, are the distinguishing features of all his works. But, like Lope de Vega, he was every inch a Spaniard. He obeyed the influence of the national taste, and he could not restrain his own genius within the bounds which he had himself prescribed. Among his five tragedies are some which might more properly be termed comedies,

[1] Velasquez has occasioned no small degree of confusion in this portion of the history of Spanish poetry. He first, according to the principles of French criticism, confounds all the dramatic writers of Spain in one class, and afterwards draws wide distinctions between them.

according to the Spanish acceptation of the term.[1] It is obvious that Virues endeavoured to create a sphere of his own, and that in proportion as he wrote, he made advances in his art. His *Semiramis*, the first tragedy he wrote, which is chiefly in octaves, interspersed here and there with redondillas, is crude both in conception and execution; but the language, even of this imperfect drama, makes energetic approaches to that genuine expression of tragic pathos which Cervantes and the elder Argensola in some measure entertained.[2] His tragedy, entitled *La Cruel Casandra*, which is richer in dramatic spirit, and more finished and systematic in its execution, might in the hands of a writer of genius be easily rendered a tragic masterpiece. Virues selected from the history of the kingdom of Leon the subject of this tragedy, in which he

[1] *Obras Tragicas y Lyricas del Capitan Christoval de Virues*, Madrid, 1609, in octavo. It does not appear that they have ever been reprinted.

[2] The following monologue, in which Semiramis wavers between the conflicting passions of love and ambition, will afford a specimen of the tragic style of Virues:—

> Pero mis pensamientos amorosos
> dexadme aora en paz, mientras la guerra
> de mis altos desseos valerosos
> hace temblar y estremecer la tierra.
> Los filos azerados rigurosos
> que en la baina mil años á que encierra
> mi coraçon, dexad que aora corten,
> que tiempo avra despues que se reporten.
> Tiempo despues avra para gozarme
> no con un Nino torpe i asqueroso,
> tiempo tendre despues para emplearme
> en un Zopiro dulce i amoroso,
> tiempo tendre para desencerrarme
> de un cautiverio infame i afrentoso
> que à ya diez i seis años que en mi Reina
> con titulo de Reina sin ser Reina.
> Aora lo sere, no ai duda en ello,
> aunque la tierra se rebuelva i hunda,
> avra sacare del yugo el cuello
> aunque Amor con sus rayos me confunda,
> avra a mis desseos pondre el sello,
> destas traças mi gozo i bien redunda,
> de aqui sucedera, i sino sucede
> cosa no avra que no intentada quede.

intended to unite the ancient and modern styles.[1] That a drama of intrigue, like the *Casandra*, should not have obtained greater popularity in Spain would be inexplicable, were it not for the dislike which the Spanish public manifested towards all dramas in which the tragic character was exhibited without the intervention of comic scenes. Cultivated taste will, however, perceive many faults in this tragedy. The uninterrupted delirium of passion which prevails from the beginning to the end of the piece, renders the whole more astounding than impressive. The stormy movement of the action has, notwithstanding, in most of the scenes, a very captivating effect; and that passionate vehemence, in the painting of which Virues was eminently successful, is, in this drama, characteristically Spanish. The horrible deaths with which the piece closes, and which, according to the nature of the catastrophe were by no means necessary, are likewise in unison with the spirit of a Spanish national tragedy. The spring of action is the wicked spirit of a revengeful woman, whom jealousy betrays into a series of the most treacherous intrigues. The dialogue is occasionally somewhat declamatory; but in its best parts it is energetic and unconstrained.[2]

[1] He says in his prologue:—

> Yo creo que el mas alto i cierto amparo
> que en todo el suelo tiene, esta sin duda
> aquí donde oi se aguarda la Tragedia
> de la cruel Casandra, ya famosa
> la cual tambien cortada a la medida
> de exemplos de virtud (aunque mostrados
> tal vez por su contrario el vicio) viene
> acompañada con el dulce gusto,
> *siguiendo en esto lo mayor fineza*
> *del arte antigo i del moderno uso,*
> que jamas en Teatros Españoles
> visto se aya, sin que a nadie agravie.

[2] For example, in the following scene. The prince is surprised by the sight of his beloved Fulgencia, against whom he has been prepossessed by the treacherous hypocrisy of Casandra:—

> *Fulgenc.* La que sin ti Señor no quiere vida,
> no es mucha que no huya de la muerte
> que tu saña le tiene prometida
> osando, como ves, bolver a verte.
> Aqui me tienes a tus pies rendida.
> Si verme en tu presencia es ofenderte

Of all the dramas of Virues, his *Marcella*, in which princes, princesses, robbers, peasants, and servants, are jumbled together in irregular confusion, was doubtless most in unison with the Spanish taste.

The other Spanish dramatist who remains to be noticed among the poetic writers of the age of Lope de Vega, is Juan Perez de Montalvan, whom Lope himself regarded as his first pupil, and who obtained, probably through the interest of his patron, the post of notary to the Inquisition. He was a young man of distinguished talent, and even in his seventeenth year he wrote plays in the style of Lope de Vega. He first entered the lists in competition with his master, after whose death he pursued his literary occupations with such assiduity, that when he died in 1639, though aged only thirty-five, the number of his comedies and autos amounted to nearly one hundred; and in addition to these productions, he was also the author of several novels. He put together, in a single volume, some of his dramas and novels, and his moral reflections, full of formal erudition; and this singular compilation was published under the no less singular title of Book for All.[1] His comedies are neither more finished nor more systematic than those of his master, but they prove how easily a Spanish writer of imagination might, in that age, be roused to venture into competition with

tanto que en mi executes lo jurado
e aqui mi cuello al hierro aparejado.
Princip. Es ilusion, es sueño lo que veo
i lo que oyo? que dezis Fulgencia?
que novedad es esta a devaneo?
tentaisme por ventura de paciencia?
de vuestra muerte tengo yo desseo?
Casand. i a mi me à de ofender vuestra presencia?
i yo é jurado cosa en vuestro daño?
venis dezi con algun nuevo engaño?
Basta pues el passado con que el Conde
quisistes poner mal comigo tanto,
la verdad es un Sol que no de esconde.
De vuestro aviso y discrecion me espanto, &c.

[1] *Para Todos, Exemplos morales, humanos y divinos, en que se tratan diversas Ciencias, &c., por el Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan*, in quarto. In the copy which I have seen, the date of the year on the title-page is obliterated.

the inexhaustible Lope de Vega, and also how far a poet of talent, with a certain degree of practice, was capable of succeeding in dramatic intrigue. Montalvan's comedies possess, however, a more particular interest, inasmuch as they exhibit traces of genius, which, under other circumstances, would have constituted a painter of dramatic character. In two of his historical comedies, he has introduced Henry IV. of France, and Philip II. of Spain. A kind of moral dignity, almost approaching to sanctity, is falsely attributed to the latter; but the prominent features of his character are truly seized and strikingly delineated.[1] The amiable Henry IV. is, however, por-

[1] The historical drama in which Montalvan has drawn the character of Philip II., bears the affected title of *El segundo Seneca de España* The second Seneca, here alluded to, is no other than Philip himself. Montalvan has, on the contrary, described the Infant Don Carlos as a hot-brained blockhead. Philip summons Carlos to his presence in order to correct him:—

Rey. Yo tengo pocas razones,
pero tengo muchos manos,
y al passo que sé queireros
sabre tambien castigaros.
Vuestras locas travesuras
me secaron de mi passo,
que aun una cuerda torcida,
si la tiran mucho al arco,
parece que se querella,
y se buelve contra el braço.
Entendeisme? *Pr.* Si Señor.
R. Pues procurad de enmendaros,
que os pesará de no hazerlo,
si, por la vida de entrambos.
(*Levantase furioso, y quierese ir.*)
Pr. Fuego por los ojos echa.
Vive Dios que le he temblado,
pero no importa. Señor!
Rey. Que quereis?
Pr. A no enojaros
el escucharme, yo os diera
por mi parte tal descargo,
que con vos quedara bien,
puesto que estais enojado.
R. Antes me hareis un gran gusto,
por disculparme en amaros.

Philip then continues to admonish Don Carlos solemnly and with suppressed ill humour.

trayed to the life.[1] In his *Autos Sacramentales*, Montalvan even ventured to differ from Lope de Vega, in order to give to these dramas the popular character which Lope had sacrificed in his allegorical moralities. He composed an auto on the romantic conversion of Skanderbeg, in which drums, trumpets, clarionets, explosions of squibs and rockets, and all the pomp of spectacle is introduced. But the most extravagant creation of Montalvan's fancy is his auto of *Polyphemus*, in which the cyclops of that name appears as the allegorical representative of Judaism; and the rest of the cyclops, together with the nymph Galathæa, and other mythological beings, are introduced for the allegorical personation of Faith and Infidelity, accord-

[1] The comedy in which the character of Henry IV. appears, is entitled *El Mariscal de Viron*. Henry and Marshal de Biron are rivals in a love affair. The marshal, with the frankness of a soldier, confesses his attachment for the lady, and Henry relinquishes his suit. "And did this give you so much concern?" says Henry to the marshal.

Marisc. Esta es mi confusion.
Rey. Y esso os tenia afligido?
Mar. Claro esta porque naci
inferior y vos aqui
sois mi Rey. *Rey.* Vos los aveis sido
para mi en mi voluntad,
como aora lo vereis:
ya, Blanca, dueño teneis.
Blan. De que manera? *Rey.* Escuchad
Carlos, quanto a lo primero
os aviso, que no es ley,
que un vasallo con su Rey
hable nunca tan entero.
Porque se deve advertir,
que el Rey se puede enojar,
y enojada, hazer baxar
al mismo que hizo subir.
Vos aqui me aveis hablado
con alguna sequedad:
pero mi gran voluntad
el yerro os ha perdonado.
Que nunca para consigo
amigo se ha de dezir
al que no sabe sufrir
alguna falta a su amigo:
yo lo soy vuestro, y ansi
(aunque à Blanca amando estoy)
licencia de amarla os doy,
y servirla desde aqui.

ing to Christian notions. To these characters are added, Appetite as a peasant, Joy as a lady, and finally, the Infant Christ. Drum and trumpet accompaniments are not forgotten in this auto. The cyclops, too, perform on the guitar; and an island sinks amidst a tremendous explosion of fireworks.[1]

NOVELS IN THE AGE OF CERVANTES AND LOPE DE VEGA.

Though poetry, whether under heterogeneous or harmonizing forms, was, next to religion, the object which principally interested the Spanish public in the age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, yet elegant prose was not consigned to such obscurity as to engage only the attention of the learned. The old Spanish soundness of understanding which particularly displayed itself in Cervantes and the two Argensolas, still in some measure maintained its influence. But upon the whole, that rhetorical cultivation which had been so early developed in Spain was obviously on the decline.

Novels and romances, either decidedly bad or very indifferent, were no less widely circulated than rapidly produced, and so great was their number that they counteracted the good effects which the master-piece of Cervantes must necessarily have produced under more favourable circumstances. If few new romances of chivalry were now written, the old ones were read with the greater avidity. After the Galatea of Cervantes any very successful production in pastoral romance was scarcely to be expected. Romances, depicting the manners of modern society, were, however, proportionally the more numerous. Among the best of the serious, but yet spirited productions of this class, is the Life of *Marcos de Obregon*,[2] by the poet and musician Vicente Espinel.[3] The object of the author was, in his old age, to transmit useful instruction to the rising generation in the form of a novel. The

[1] Both these autos are included in the *Para Todos*. See note, page 317.

[2] *Relaciones de la vida del escudero Marcos de Obregon, &c., por el Maestro Vicente Espinel;* Barcelona, 1618, in 8vo.

[3] See page 294.

Spanish title in which the hero of the story is styled an *Escudero*, would seem to indicate a romance of chivalry, but the whole character of the work is modern. The Escudero is a sort of gentleman or squire by courtesy, and by no means a shield-bearer. The book is intended as a moral warning for young men without fortune, who hope to get honourably through the world by attaching themselves to persons of distinction. The story, though entertaining, presents nothing particularly attractive; the narration is rather prolix, but still natural; and the diction plainly denotes the classic pupil of the sixteenth century, though Espiñel, as he states in his preface, consigned his romance to the correction of Lope de Vega, whom he styles the "divine genius," after having himself revised the verses which Lope composed in his youth. The insipid jokes which occur in Marcos de Obregon, for example, those in derision of the Portuguese and their language, must be considered as belonging to the natural local colouring of the work.

Among the romances of knavery, (*del gusto picaresco,*) the celebrated Don Guzman de Alfarache may claim a distinguished place next to Lazarillo de Tormes.[1] It was published in the year 1599, and consequently before Don Quixote appeared. Like Lazarillo de Tormes, it was speedily translated into Italian and French, and was subsequently published in various other languages, not excepting the Latin. Mattheo Aleman, the author of Guzman de Alfarache, who had withdrawn from the court of Philip III. and lived in retirement, was not induced, by the success of his comic romance, to devote himself to a second production of the same class. The knowledge of the world he had acquired at court, as well as in the sphere of common life, is doubtless abundantly unfolded in his Guzman de Alfarache. The manners of the lower classes of Spanish society, in particular, seem to be portrayed with admirable accuracy. In spite of the vulgarity of the subject, and the burlesque style in which it is treated, no ordinary share

[1] *Primera parte de la vida del Picaro Guzman de Alfarache, compuesta por Mattheo Aleman.* Brussel. 1604, in 8vo, is the title of the oldest edition that I have seen. The words *Primera parte* have reference to the Continuation, which is the production of another author.

of judgment is perceptible throughout the whole of this comic novel; and in his humorous language the author has preserved a certain degree of natural elegance even in describing the lowest scenes.

That the Spaniards were by no means sparing of approbation to works of this class, is obvious from the attention bestowed on the mannered continuation of Aleman's romance, by a writer styling himself Mattheo Luzan, and still more by the favour lavished upon *La Picara Justina*, a silly and pedantic pendant to Guzman de Alfarache, by a writer named Ubeda. In Cervantes' Journey to Parnassus, no literary production of the age is so categorically condemned as this *Picara Justina*. And yet it was oftener printed, and probably more read than even the Journey to Parnassus.

Little anecdotal stories of a sprightly character likewise made their appearance in Spanish literature at this period. A collection of these productions, connected together by means of dialogue, was published in 1610, under the title of Pleasant Dialogues for Carnival time, (*Dialogos de Apacible Entretenimiento*,) by Gaspar Lucas Hidalgo.

The political romance of Argenis was pompously arranged to suit the taste of the Spaniards of that age, by the Gongorist Pellicer de Salas.

Among the novels which possessed more of an imaginative character, the best then produced were those of Perez de Montalvan, the dramatic poet.[1]

The present is not the proper place to introduce a complete or copious list of all the works in the class above alluded to. Other writers have already enumerated them with sufficient accuracy.[2] Unfortunately, even the very

[1] Besides those which are included in his *Para todas*, a separate collection was published under the title of *Succesos y prodigios de Amor, en ocho novelas exemplares, por el Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan*. The sixth edition (that with which I am acquainted) was published at Seville in 1633, in 4to.

[2] Those who wish to find a catalogue of Spanish novels and romances of middling and inferior merit, must turn to Blankenburg, who, in his appendix to Sulzer's article *Erzählung*, enumerates them at considerable length. The list might be augmented by an examination of the collection of novels and romances in the library of the University of Gottingen.

best of these novels and narratives present no traces of the advancement of taste and literary cultivation.

The novels of a Spanish lady, named Dona Mariana de Caravajal y Saavedra, must not be passed over without a particular notice. Respecting this authoress, who was a native of the city of Granada, but little is said by writers on Spanish literature. Her ten novels have been frequently reprinted, and were apparently very well received by the public.[1] Doña Mariana states in her preface, that her novels are intended to afford amusement in "the lazy nights of chill winter;"[2] and they may, even now, be recommended to those who stand in need of such amusement; for they are by no means devoid of fancy. They are, however, written in a style of affected verbosity, and the verses, interspersed through the tales, exhibit no traces of poetic talent. In her preface, the authoress promises to present to the Spanish public, twelve comedies "from her ill-made pen," as a proof of the "kindness of her intention."[3] Spain could indeed scarcely be expected to give birth to a poetess in the true sense of the term. The terrible yoke imposed on the conscience and the understanding, against which even masculine genius could only contend by boldly plunging into the wilds of romantic invention, weighed still more heavily on the female mind, which, without a certain spirit of freedom, can seldom range beyond the boundaries established by custom, and the routine of ordinary thinking. Writers on Spanish literature, however, mention in terms of approbation several female writers of verses, and also women of erudition, like Aloysia Sigea, distinguished for their knowledge of languages.

[1] A new edition of the *Novelas entretenidas, compuestas por Doña Mariana de Caravajal y Saavedra*, was published at Madrid so late as the year 1728.

[2] In Spanish this phrase has a comical effect:—*Entretenimientos en que diviertas las perezosas noches del erizado invierno.*

[3] She says:—Admitas mi voluntad, perdonando los defectos de una *tan mal cortada pluma*, en la qual hallaras mayores *deseos de servirte con doze comedias*, en que *conoscas lo affectuoso de mi deseo.*

PROGRESSIVE CULTIVATION OF THE HISTORICAL ART—MARIANA.

At this period of Spanish literature, history was the only kind of composition which maintained its old precision and dignity, while of the perfect cultivation of the other branches of prose writing there remained little hope.

The General History of Spain, by the Jesuit Juan de Mariana, though not a model of historical art in the most extended sense of the term, is, in point of style, unquestionably a classic production. Mariana, who may be said to have transferred the genuine spirit of the eloquence of the sixteenth century into the seventeenth,[1] was not one of the pensioned historiographers or chroniclers who have already been frequently mentioned, and who, it must be confessed, honourably discharged their duties. He obtained reputation both in France and Italy as a professor of scholastic philosophy and theology; but his love of literary retirement induced him to return to Spain. Of his own free choice, he undertook to compose a new general History of Spain from the earliest period to the death of Ferdinand the Catholic. His predecessors had been sufficiently numerous, and he did not find it necessary to collect the materials for his history by laborious compilations from the old authors and chroniclers of the middle ages. He was thus at liberty to prescribe to himself a more pleasing task—namely, that of judiciously combining the most interesting events, and describing them with rhetorical precision in elegant language. With the view of acquiring a prose style, formed in the spirit of the classic historians of antiquity, Mariana composed his work originally in Latin,[2] a method which Cardinal Bembo had adopted in writing his History of Venice. After he had completed

[1] Mariana wrote as early as the reign of Charles V., and he died in the year 1623, in the ninetieth year of his age.

[2] The title is:—*Joannis Marianæ Historiæ, de rebus Hispaniæ, libri triginta.* It has been frequently printed; and there is one very elegant edition in large folio, *Hagae Comitum* 1731. The Spanish names of persons and places are, however, latinized in a manner so artificial, as to render them no less unintelligible than the names in Cardinal Bembo's History.

this first labour, and dedicated the thirty books of his history in Latin to Philip II., he followed the example of Bembo in translating it himself, and he in fact recomposed it in Spanish.[1] This work he also dedicated to the king. Though this twofold dedication might have served to prove that the author was far from being liable to the imputation of cherishing views dangerous to the state, yet a party, with whose designs several passages of this history did not accord, found it easy, under the government of the ever jealous Philip, to cast on Mariana the suspicion of favouring wicked and rebellious principles. He was formally brought before the inquisition, and it was with difficulty he escaped destruction. Had he devoted more attention to the philosophy of history, he could not so easily have repelled the charge of impartiality, to aim at which was then considered an unwarrantable assumption not to be tolerated in any Spanish writer. But it is only in his style that Mariana was impartial. To exhibit facts as they stood in their natural connexion was sufficient to give umbrage to the court and the inquisition; and solely to such an exposition was it owing that the historian's intentions became a subject of suspicion. Elegant composition was his grand object; and in this respect he far excels Bembo, because he is not, like him, mannered. His diction is perfectly faultless, his descriptions picturesque without poetic ornament; and his narrative style may, on the whole, be accounted a model. He has been very successful in avoiding protracted and artificially constructed sentences.[2] Mariana could not, however, resist the tempt-

[1] There is a beautiful edition of this historical work, published by patriotic subscription, in a series of small folio volumes, under the following title:—*Historia general de España, que escribió el P. Juan de Mariana, &c.* Valencia, 1785.

[2] The subjoined extract, which affords a specimen of Mariana's historical style, is the commencement of his description of the battle which was lost by king Roderick in conflict with the Arabs, and which was followed by the overthrow of the gothic monarchy:—

El movido del peligro y daño, y encendido en deseo de tomar enmienda de lo pasado y de vengarse, apellidó todo el reyno. Mandó que todos los que fuesen de edad, acudiesen á las banderas. Amenazó con graves castigos á los que lo contrario hiciesen. Juntóse á este llamamiento gran número de gente: los que menos cuentan, dicen fueron pasados de

ation of putting speeches into the mouths of his historical characters, after the manner of the ancient historians. In fine, comparing this history with other works of a similar kind, which previously existed in Spanish literature, it will be found that, though justly entitled to a high share of esteem, it cannot be regarded as forming an epoch either in a philosophic or literary point of view.

Having described the rise and progress of the historical art in Spain, it cannot be necessary to give a minute notice of historical works, which for the most part possess only the negative merit of not being ill written. The age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega was, moreover, the period at which the historical literature of the Spaniards began to form itself into that perfect whole for which it is so peculiarly remarkable. At that time, the old chronicles were committed to the press one after another: and the continuation and correction of the national history was the only literary occupation which could be pursued with any hope of success by men of talent, who felt no impulse to poetry. Some, indeed, preferred to distinguish themselves in scholastic theology, or in writing books of pious edification, in which it was, above all things, necessary to avoid saying anything new.

It is still less necessary to enter upon a detailed examination of various works in the didactic department of Spanish literature, which are, upon the whole, not badly written, but not one of which exceeds in rhetorical merit the works of Perez de Oliva, Ambrosio de Morales, and

cien mil combatientes. Pero con la larga paz, como acontece, mostrabanse ellos alegres y bravos, blasonaban y aun renegaban; mas eran cobardes á maravilla, sin esfuerzo y aun sin fuerzas para sufrir los trabajos y incomodidades de la guerra. La mayor parte iban desarmados, con hondas solamente ó bastones. Este fue el exército con que el Rey marchó la vuelta del Andalucía. Llegó por sus jornadas cerca de Xerez, donde el enemigo estaba alojado. Asentó sus reales y fortificólos en un llano por la parte que pasa el rio Guadalete. Los unos y los otros deseaban grandemente venir á las manos; los Moros orgullosos con la victoria; los Godos por vengarse, por su patria, hijos, mugeres y libertad no dudaban poner á riesgo las vidas, sin embargo que gran parte dellos sentian en sus corazones una tristeza extraordinaria, y un silencio qual suele caer á las veces como presagio del mal que ha de venir sobre algunos. *Lib.* vi. *cap.* 23.

other authors already noticed. The writings of Balthasar, or Lorenzo Gracian, who endeavoured to introduce a kind of *gongorism* into Spanish prose, will be more fully noticed at the close of the present book.

FLUCTUATION OF SPANISH TASTE FROM THE CLASSIC TO THE CORRUPT STYLE.

In order to mark the transition from the golden age of Spanish literature to the period when the energy of the national genius was subdued in the conflict with opposing circumstances, it will be proper first to notice some poets and prose authors who, during the latter half of the interval embraced by the present section, assumed a tone peculiar to themselves; and also, another set of writers who were their immediate successors. Quevedo may with propriety be placed at their head. During a part of his life, he was contemporary with Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and the Argensolas, and was, moreover, an opposer of the New Art of Gongora. But both in poetry and prose he deviates so strikingly from the classic, and so obviously approaches the ornamented and artificial style, that by commencing with him the retrograde course which Spanish literature began to take, even in the period of its highest cultivation, will be most distinctly perceived.

QUEVEDO.

The circumstances of the life of Francisco de Quevedo Villegas,[1] a man who has almost invariably been praised or censured with partiality, had a most important influence on the development and employment of his talents. He began even in childhood to breathe the air of courts. He was born, in 1580, at Madrid, of a noble family, and was educated at the court under the care of his widowed mother, who was one of the ladies of the royal household. An eager thirst for knowledge was the first indication of his

[1] The surname Villegas has given rise to many blunders respecting Quevedo and the celebrated Estèban Manuel de Villegas. A good abstract of the various biographical notices of Quevedo is prefixed to the fourth volume of the *Parnaso Español*.

active and restless mind; and the impressions he received in his infancy induced him to make the scholastic theology of catholicism his first study in preference to every other kind of learning. He was sent to the university of Alcala, where he received the degree of doctor in theology in his fifteenth year, a fact which appears almost incredible. Grown weary of theology, he directed his attention to law, philology, natural philosophy, medicine, and elegant literature; and he pursued all these studies without any regular order. It is probable that at this period he injured his sight by indefatigable reading; for in the prime of life he was incapable of distinguishing any object at the distance of three paees, without the aid of glasses. But neither this infirmity nor the crooked legs which he had received from nature, deterred him from mingling in fashionable society. His figure, which was in other respects strong and well proportioned, joined to his prepossessing countenance, contributed in no slight degree to the early development of his self-esteem.

Quevedo returned to the court of Madrid, with a mind stored with all kinds of academic lore. But he soon became engaged in a dispute, fought a duel in which he wounded his antagonist, and was compelled to fly. He proceeded to Italy, where the Spanish viceroy of Naples, Don Pedro Giron, duke of Ossuna, interested himself for the accomplished fugitive. He procured his pardon at Madrid, and retained him in his service at Naples. Quevedo now became a statesman and a man of business. He played the most prominent part at the court of the vice-king, executed important commissions, visited the papal court, in quality of ambassador, was rewarded with titles and pensions, and seemed to be the favourite of fortune. But he was suddenly cast down by the fall of his patron, the duke of Ossuna. Quevedo was connected with that powerful grandee in all his transactions, and thus became involved in his fate. In 1620, in the fortieth year of his age, he was arrested and removed to his country seat, La Torre de Juan Abad, where he was, by the order of the government, confined during three years, notwithstanding his delicate state of health, which this restraint rendered daily worse. So rigidly was this kind

of imprisonment enforced, that it was with great difficulty he could obtain leave to go to a neighbouring town to commit himself to the care of a physician in whom he ould confide.

At length Quevedo's papers being strictly examined, his innocence became unquestionable, and he was set at liberty. He now demanded indemnification and the payment of the arrears of his pension. Instead, however, of obtaining attention to his claims, he was threatened with a new exile, and received an order to quit the court. This sentence he found means to evade, and even court intrigue seemed at last inclined to favour him; but in the conflict between vanity and reason, Quevedo in due time proved himeslf a philosopher. He willingly forsook the court, retired to his estate of La Torre, and devoted himself wholly to literary pursuits. It is probable that about this time he wrote the poems which, on their first appearance, were published as the works of the Bachelor de la Torre, an old poet of the fifteenth century. The name of his country residence apparently suggested to Quevedo the disguise of the above title. There is also reason to suppose that during this interval of seclusion he wrote the greater portion of his works both in prose and verse. But these writings, which overflow with wit and satire, and display that independence of mind and character seldom found welcome in courtly circles, tended to keep alive the attention of those who conceived themselves to be attacked. As the crisis of his varied fate approached, Quevedo seems to have totally forgotten the intrigues of which he had been the victim. He had already passed several years in literary tranquillity, and was upwards of fifty years of age when he married. But his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, did not live long, and Quevedo's evil star once more induced him to visit Madrid, where, in 1641, he was arrested at midnight in the house of a friend with whom he resided. The charge preferred against him was that of being a libeller, who spared neither the government nor public morals; he was thrown into a small and unwholesome prison, and treated with the most rigid severity, not even experiencing the humanity usually extended to the vilest criminals. In

the meanwhile, his property was sequestrated, and though not convicted of any crime, he was compelled to subsist on charity. He was again seized with a severe fit of illness. The insalubrity of his prison caused ulcers to break out in some parts of his body, but he was even then denied the aid of a surgeon. In this situation, Quevedo appealed for justice to the duke of Olivares, the all-powerful prime minister of Spain, in a letter which has become celebrated. His case was now, for the first time, strictly investigated; and it was ascertained that he had merely been supposed to be the author of a libel, which was subsequently discovered to have been written in a monastery. Quevedo once more regained his freedom, but with the loss of a considerable portion of his fortune, of which indeed he retained so scanty a remnant, that he was unable to continue long enough in Madrid to solicit the indemnification justly due to him, and without which he could not subsist with respectability. A prey to sickness, and deprived of the hope of ever obtaining justice, he retired to his country seat, and there died in the year 1645.

A man who, like Quevedo, reaped the bitterest fruits from political injustice, cannot be very heavily reproached for seizing in his satires every opportunity of chastising and ridiculing the ministers of that injustice, even more severely than other enemies of truth and equity. But Quevedo was not a mere satirist. He may, without hesitation, be pronounced the most ingenious of all Spanish writers, next to Cervantes; and his mind was, moreover, endowed with a degree of practical judgment, seldom combined with that versatility for which he was distinguished. Could Quevedo have ruled the taste and genius of his nation and his age in the same degree in which that taste and genius influenced him, his versatility, joined to his talent for composing verses with scarcely less rapidity than Lope de Vega, might have rendered him, if not a poet of the first rank in the loftier region of art, at least a classic writer of almost unrivalled merit. But this scholar and man of the world was too early wedded to conventional forms of every kind. It may indeed be said that he was steeped in all the colours of his age. A

true feeling of the independence of genius never animated him, lofty as his spirit in other respects was. His taste imbibed some portion of all the conflicting tastes which at that period existed in Spain. His style never acquired originality, and his mind was only half cultivated.

Quevedo's writings, taken altogether in verse and in prose, resemble a massive ornament of jewellery, in which the setting of some parts is exquisitely skilful, but that of others extremely rude, and in which false stones and gems of inestimable value are neary equal in number. His most numerous, and unquestionably his best productions, are those of the satirical and comic kind. Though Quevedo did not strike into a totally new course, yet by a union peculiar to himself of sports of fancy, with maxims of reason and morality, he evidently enlarged the sphere of satirical and comic poetry in Spanish literature. He occasionally approached, though he never equalled, the delicacy and correctness of Cervantes. His wit is sufficiently caustic; but it is accompanied by a coarseness which would be surprising, considering his situation in life, were it not that Quevedo, as an author, sought to indemnify himself for the constraint to which, as a man of the world, he was compelled to submit. For this reason, perhaps, he bestowed but little pains on the correction of his satires. His ideas are striking; and are thrown together sometimes with absolute carelessness, sometimes with refined precision; but for the most part in a distorted and mannered strain of language. This mixed character of cultivation and rudeness peculiarly characterizes his satirical and comic works in verse, in which, as he himself says, he has exhibited "truth in her smock, but not quite naked."[1] He appears as the rival of Gongora in numerous comic canciones and romances in the old national style.[2] In these compositions, he humorously parodied

[1] Verdades diré en camisa,
Poco menos que desnudas.

[2] These canciones and romances are contained in the great collection of the poems of Quevedo, published by the Gongorist Gonzales de Salas, under the Gongoristic title of *El Parnaso Español, Monte en dos cumbres dividido*, (by which is meant, in two volumes.) A new, but very far from elegant, edition of this collection of Quevedo's poems appeared at Madrid, in 1729, in quarto. It is divided into books, each of which bears the name of one of the Muses.

the extravagant images of the Marinists,[1] and the affected singularity of the Gongorists.[2] Quevedo wrote no inconsiderable number of his comic and satirical poems in the jargon of the Spanish gipsies; and it is therefore probable that they are not intelligible to many readers in

[1] For example, in the following song to a linnet, which is described as a singing and flying flower:—

Flor que cantas, flor que buelas
Y tienes por *facistol*
El laurel, para que al Sol,
Con tan *sonoras cautelas*,
Le madrugas, y desuelas,
Digas mi,
Dulce Gilguero, por que?
Dime, *Cantor Ramillete*,
Lyra de pluma volante,
Silvo alado, y elegante,
Que en el rizado copete
Luces flor, suenas falsete,
Porque *cantas* con porfia
Embidias, que llora el dia,
Con lagrimas de la Aurora
Si en la risa de Lidora
Su amanecer desconsuelas,
Flor que cantas, flor que buelas, &c.

[2] An instance of this occurs in the following song, which passes from one style to another:—

Pero siendo tu en la Villa
Dama, de demanda, y trote,
Bien puede ser que del mote,
No ayas visto la cartilla.
Vá de el estilo que brilla
En la Culterana Prosa,
Grecizante, y Latinosa:
Mucho será si me entiendes,
Yo vacio pyras, asciendes,
Culto và Señora hermosa.
Si bien *el palor ligustre*
Desfallece los candores,
Quando muchos esplendores
Conduce à poco *palustre*,
Construye al aroma ilustre
Victima de tanto culto,
Presentiendo de tu vulto,
Que rayos fulmina horrendo;
Ni me entiendes, ni te entiendo,
Pues calate, que soy culto.

this side of the Pyrenees.[1] These romances and canciones, which were distinguished by the name of Xacaras, were rendered so extremely popular by Quevedo, that even down to the present day the Spaniards continue to admire them.[2] His Bayles, or comic dancing songs, are, on account of their numerous allusions to national peculiarities, no less obscure to foreigners than the Xacaras.

Of all the Spanish poets, Quevedo has been the most successful writer of burlesque sonnets in the Italian manner. Some of these sonnets he shortened, by depriving them of the three last of their legitimate number of lines, while the Italians, on the contrary, attached to theirs the comic sequel which they called the *Coda*.[3] Quevedo's productions in this class are, for the most part, like their

[1] A specimen of this gipsy gibberish may be curious to those who are not acquainted with it:—

> Ya esta guardando en la trena
> Tu querido Escarraman,
> Que unos alfileres vivos,
> Me prendieron sin pensar.
> Andaba à caza de gangas,
> Y grillos vine à cazar,
> Que en mi cantan como enhaza,
> Las noches de por San Juan.
> Entrandome en la bayuca,
> Llegandome à remojar
> Cierta pendencia mosquito,
> Que se ahogò en vino, y pan.

[2] A new collection of this kind of gipsy romances was published at Madrid in 1779, in octavo, under the title of Romances de *Germania*. *Germania* is the Spanish name for the gipsy race.

[3] For example, one in which a young married man, on the third day after his nuptials, asks his wife, how many years a man daily grows older in the matrimonial state?

> Antiyer nos casamos, oy querria,
> Doña Perez, saber ciertas verdades;
> Decidme, quanto numero de edades
> Enfunda el matrimonio en solo un dia?
> Un antiyer soltero ser solia,
> Y oy casado un sin fin de Navidades
> Han puesto dos marchitas voluntades
> Y mas de mil antaños en la mia.
> Esto de ser marido un año arreo,
> Aun à los azacanes empalaga;
> Todo lo cotidiano es mucho, y feo.

Italian models, full of allusions which cannot be understood without the assistance of a commentary. Some have a piquant, sententious turn. But the licentious humour which distinguishes this species of composition in Italian literature, Quevedo renounced, either voluntarily, or from fear of the inquisition. Besides his burlesque sonnets, he wrote canciones and madrigals in the same style.

Quevedo's satires, in the manner of Juvenal, naturally connect themselves with his burlesque poems. Like his model, he has infused into them nearly as much poetry as the satirical style is capable of receiving.[1] These compositions display the noblest enthusiasm for truth and justice,[2] and the most patriotic zeal for the honour of Spain,[3] forcibly and clearly expressed.

[1] See the collection of Salas, Musa II. &c.

[2] This is apparent in the commencement of the following extract:—

> No he de callar, por mas que con el dedo,
> Yà tocando la boca, ò y à la frente,
> Silencio, avises, ò amenaces miedo.
> No ha de aver un espiritu valiente?
> Siempre se ha de sentir, lo que se dice?
> Nunca se ha de decir, lo que se siente?
> Oy sin miedo, que libre escandalice,
> Puede hablar al ingenio, assegurado
> De que mayor poder le atemorice.
> En otros siglos pudo ser pecado
> Severo estudio, y la verdad desnuda,
> Y romper el silencio el bien hablado.
> Pues sepa quien lo niega, y quien lo duda,
> Que es lengua la Verdad de Dios severo,
> Y la lengua de Dios nunca fue muda.
> Son la verdad, y Dios, Dios verdadero.
> Ni eternidad divina los separa,
> Ni de los dos alguno fue primero.
> Si Dios à la verdad se adelantàra,
> Siendo verdad, implicacion huviera
> En ser, y en que verdad de ser dexàra.

[3] He earnestly condemns the Spanish imitation of the Arabian tournaments with pointed canes:—

> Quexosa es vèr un Infazon de España,
> Abreviado en la silla à la gineta,
> Y gastar un cavallo en una caña?
> Que la niñez al gollo le acometa
> Con semejante municion, apruebo;
> Mas no la edad madura, la perfeta.

Quevedo's satires in verse, and his humorous poems, are not so well known out of Spain as his prose writings of the same description, of which the most remarkable are his Visions or Dreams, and his novel of the Great Tacaño, or the Captain of Thieves, called Don Pablos, (*Vida del Buscon*, llamado D. Pablos,) which certainly may be regarded as the most burlesque of the knavery romances.[1] Lucian furnished him with the original idea of satirical visions; but Quevedo's were the first of their kind in modern literature. Owing to frequent imitations, their faults are now no longer disguised by the charm of novelty, and even their merits have ceased to interest. Still, however, they must be regarded as ingenious productions, abounding in practical truths. They are not, it is true, remarkable either for delicate satire or pure philosophy. But Quevedo's object was to scourge human folly and vice in the mass; and the severe lashes which he deals out in his Visions are in excellent unison with the popular nature of the idea, and the poignant style of its execution. He has made perverted Justice, with all her servants and satellites, and particularly the Alguazils, figure in the foreground of his picture; but the melancholy fate of the author may well excuse, though even in the visionary world, these monotonous features in his satirical work. Among the passages for which no just excuse can be found, are some coarse descriptions. The reader is occasionally surprised by the humorous sallies with which Quevedo breaks forth in these Visions; for example,

> Exercite sus fuercas el mancebo
> Enfrentes de esquadrones; no en la frente
> De el util bruto el hasta de el acebo.
> El trompete le llama diligente,
> Dando fuerza de ley el viento vano,
> Y al son estè el exercito obediente.
> Con quanta magestad llena la mano
> La pica, y el mosquete carga el ombro,
> De el que se atreve á ser buen Castellano.

[1] Quevedo's *Sueños*, or Visiones, which are now translated into almost every cultivated language in Europe, were, shortly after their appearance, introduced into German literature by Moscherosch von Wilstedt, under the title of *Gesichte Philanders von Sittewald*. The romance of the Great Tacaño has also been translated into various languages.

in that of the Last Judgment, in which he describes "some merchants who had got their souls on the outside of their bodies, so that their five senses got into the finger nails of their right hand."[1]

For the serious works of Quevedo, we must refer here to his poems only, as his serious compositions in prose are in general of a theological and ascetic character. The sonnets, canciones, odes, and pastoral poems, which he published under the name of the Bachelor de la Torre, are even at the present day highly extolled by critics;[2] and these poems have certainly more correctness than most of Quevedo's other works. But they chiefly consist of imitations of the Spanish Petrarchist style, which was always foreign to Quevedo; and notwithstanding their extreme elegance of language and versification, they are absurdly surcharged with antiquated phrases of affected gallantry. The *snows* which *inflame* the poet, and similar tropes in which the beauty of a mistress is brilliantly set forth, occasionally call to mind the style of the Italian Marinists. Nevertheless, some of these sonnets well deserve the favour which has been extended to them.[3]

[1] Pero lo que mas me espantò, fue de ver los cuerpos de dos o tres mercadores, que se havian vestido las almas de revès, y tenian todos los cinco sentidos en las uñas de la mana derecha. *Sueño del Juizio final, o de las Calaveras.*

[2] An elegant edition of these poems was published by Luis Joseph Velasquez, the author of the History of Spanish poetry, under the title of—*Poesias que publicò Dr. Francisco de Quevedo Villegas con el nombre de Bachiller Franc. de la Torre*, &c. Madrid, 1753, in quarto. Velasquez has proved Quevedo to be the author of these compositions.

[3] For example:—

Bella es mi Ninfa, si los lazos de oro
al apacible viento desordena:
bella si de sus ojos enagena
el altivo desdèn que siempre lloro.
Bella, si con la luz que sola adoro
la tempestad del viento, y mar serena:
bella, si à la dureza de mi pena
buelve las gracias del celeste Coro.
Bella, si mansa, bella si terrible,
bella si cruda, bella esquiva, y bella
si buelve grave aquella luz del Cielo.
Cuya beldad humana, y apacible,
ni se puede saber lo que es sin vella,
ni vista entenderà la que es el suelo.

Quevedo's *Endechas*, or Laments, have a pleasing national character.[1] The pastoral poems contained in this collection approximate to the good specimens of the sixteenth century. Quevedo evidently wished to prove what he was capable of producing in this style of composition

The serious poems of which Quevedo has avowed himself the author are very unequal in character.[2] His didactic and sententious sonnets are energetic, but deficient in delicacy.[3] Some of the best assume a satirical

[1] The commencement of one of these Endechas may be transcribed as a specimen:—

> Corona del Cielo,
> Ariadna bella,
> conocida estrella
> del nocturno velo,
> Tù sola del coro
> de las lumbres bellas,
> oye mis querellas,
> pues tus males lloro.
> Tù fuiste querida,
> y olvidada fuiste,
> yo querido, y triste,
> quien me amo, me olvida.

[2] The style of the following appears unobjectionable:—

> Esta por ser, ò Lisi, la primera
> Flor, que ha ossado fiar de los calores,
> Recien nacidas joyas, y colores,
> Aventurando el precio à la ribera:
> Esta que estudio fue à la Primavera,
> Y en quien se anticiparon explendores.
> De el Sol, será primicia de las flores,
> Y culto, con que la alma te venera.
> A corta vida nace destinada,
> Sus edades son horas: en un dia
> Su parto, y muerte el Cielo rie, y llora.
> Logrese en tu cabello respetada
> De el año, no malogre lo que cria,
> Aqueta en larga vida, eterna Aurora.

[3] The subjoined is on modern Rome:—

> Buscas en Roma à Roma, ó Peregrino,
> Y en Roma misma á Roma no la hallas.
> Cadaver son, las que ostentò murallas,
> Y Tumba de si proprio el Aventino.
> Yaze donde reynaba el Palatino,
> Y limadas del tiempo las medallas,

turn.[1] His odes in the Pindaric style are, however, stiff and formal. He wrote a piece of moral declamation in verse, called *Sermon Estoyco*, (Stoical Sermon,) which is, in truth, precisely what the title denotes.

That Quevedo entertained very vague notions respecting poetry, is particularly evident from the whim which induced him to translate, in rhymed verse, the stoical Enchiridion, or Manual of Epictetus. The translation is, however, much esteemed by the Spaniards.[2]

VILLEGAS.

An Anacreon was still wanting to Spanish literature, though various attempts in the Anacreontic style had been made. That a poet, penetrated at once with the classic spirit of Anacreon, Horace, and Catullus, should now arise, and become the favourite of the Spanish public, was a thing scarcely to be expected; for all the resources of amatory poetry in the only style which had hitherto been

Mas se muestran destrozo à las batallas
De las edades, que Blason Latino.
Solo el Tiber quedò, cuya corriente,
Si ciudad la regò, yà sepoltura
La llora con funesto son doliente.
O Roma, en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura
Huyò lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece, y dura.

For example, the following, which is addressed to Astræa:—

Arroja las balanzas, sacra Astrea,
Pues que tienen tu mano embarazada;
Y si se mueven, tiemblan de tu espada,
Que el peso, y la igualdad no las menea.
No estàs justificada, sino fea;
Y en vez de estàr igual, estàs armada;
Feroz te vé la gente, no ajustada;
Quieres que el tribunal batalla sea?
Yà militan las Leyes, y el Derecho,
Y te sirven de textos las heridas,
Que escrive nuestra sangre en nuestro pecho.
La parca eres fatal para las vidas,
Pues lo que hilaron otras, has deshecho,
Y has buelto las balanzas homicidas.

[2] This may probably account for its insertion in the second volume of the *Parnaso Español*.

found agreeable to Spanish taste, seemed to be exhausted. The poetry of Villegas, however, produced, precisely for this reason, the more powerful impression on a public which ardently longed for entertainment.

Estèvan Manuel de Villègas was born in the year 1595, at Nagera, or Naxera, a little town in Old Castile. The history of his life is simple. His parents, who were noble, though not rich, sent him to study at Madrid and Salamanca. His taste for poetry was developed at a very early period. Even in his fifteenth year he translated Anacreon, and several of the odes of Horace, in verse; and likewise imitated those poets in original compositions. In his twentieth year he gave the finishing touch to his youthful effusions, and added to the collection of his translated and original poems a second part, which has since been published conjointly with them.[1] He soon after printed the whole collection at his own expense, at Naxera, under the title of *Amatorias;* but in the interior of the book, the poems are styled *Eroticas*.[2] Villegas ventured to dedicate these poems, together with the part added to them, to which a particular title might more properly have been assigned, to Philip III., though individual portions of the collection had previously been addressed to other patrons. That a monarch like Philip III. should have accepted the dedication of such a collection may not be surprising, and the freedom was pardonable in a young author of three-and-twenty. But this dedication is, in another respect, remarkable in the history of Spanish literature; for the *Eroticas* of Villegas contain some passages which, though not wanting in delicacy of expression, are nevertheless so extremely free, that it is wonderful how they happened to escape the censure of the Inquisi-

[1] The third book of the first division of these poems, is dedicated to Fernandez de Velasco, the constable of Castile. In the dedicatory verses Villegas says:—

> Mis dulces cantilenas,
> Mis suaves delicias,
> *A los vicnte limadas,*
> *A los catorce escritas, &c.*

[2] The edition which I have seen is entitled, *Amatorias de D. Estevan Manuel de Villegas.* It is printed at Naxera, and on the title-page bears the date of 1620, and on the final page, 1617.

tion. The dedication was, however, productive of neither good nor evil to the poet. For several years he vainly solicited a lucrative office, and was at last obliged to content himself with the scanty emolument arising from an insignificant post in Naxera, his native town. From that time he devoted his leisure to the composition of philological works in the Latin language; and though he produced nothing new for Spanish poetry, he made a prose translation of five books of Boethius. He lived till the year 1669.

The graceful luxuriance of the poetry of Villegas has no parallel in modern literature; and, generally speaking, no modern writer has so well succeeded in blending the spirit of ancient poetry with the modern. But constantly to observe that correctness of ideas which distinguished the classical compositions of antiquity, was, by Villegas, as by most Spanish poets, considered too rigid a requisition, and an unnecessary restraint on genius. He accordingly sometimes degenerates into conceits and images, the monstrous absurdity of which is characteristic of the author's nation and age. For instance, in one of his odes, in which he entreats Lyda to suffer her tresses to flow, he says, that "when agitated by Zephyr, her locks would occasion a thousand deaths, and subdue a thousand lives;"[1] and then he adds, in a strain of extravagance surpassing that of the Marinists, "that the sun himself would cease to give light, if he did not snatch beams from her radiant brow to illumine the east."[2] But faults of this glaring kind are by no means frequent in the poetry of Villegas; and the fascinating grace with which he emulates his models, operates with so powerful a charm, that the occasional occurrence of some little affectation, from which he could scarcely be expected entirely to abstain, is easily overlooked by the reader.

The order in which the poetic works of Villegas are

[1] Assi las hebras, que en el alma adoro,
Del Zefiro movidas,
Daran mil muertes, venceran mil vidas.

[2] Ni el mismo Sol resplandecer pudiera,
Si de tu roja frente
No hurtara rayos, para darle al Oriente.

arranged is by no means the best; but as it was chosen by the author, it is proper to observe it in pursuing a notice of the poems themselves. The first book of the first part commences with thirty-six odes in the style of some of the odes of Horace. The Dedicatory Ode, addressed to the king, announces, in language truly charming, the spirit of the whole collection.[1] Then follow, in a similar strain, the most delightful plays of fancy, abounding in classical allusions, without the least trace of pedantry. The style of Villegas even imparts a charm of novelty to descriptions of things which have been most often described.[2] In these

[1] In this ode Villegas says:—

No aspiro a mas laureles que a mi llama
que offende a sus deseos, quien bien ama:
siga el joven valiente
en polverosa meta carro ardiente,
i el, de todos servido,
feliz privado, a rei agradecido;
siga de noche, i dia
por la campaña umbria
el caçador ligero
al xavali cerdoso,
ya siendo monteado, ya montero.
Siga por mar i tierra el belicoso
varon, la dura guerra,
i en mar sea delfin, i tigre en tierra.
Que yo, de alagos tiernos persuadido,
seguir tengo las llamas de Cupido,
seguir tengo los fuegos,
adestrado de locos, i de ciegos.

[2] For example, the following stanzas:—

O quan dulce, i suave
es ver al campo, quando mas recrea:
en el se quexa el ave,
el viento spira, el agua lisongea,
i las pintadas flores
crian mil visos, paren mil olores.
El alamo, i el pino
sirven de estorbos a la luz de Febo.
Brinda el baso contino
del claro arroyo con aljofar nuevo,
i la tendida grama
mesa a la gula es, i al sueño cama.
Tu solamente bella
nos haces falta, Tyndaris graciosa,
i si tu blanca hicella
no te nos presta como el alva hermosa,
lo dulce i lo suave
quan amargo sera, quan duro, i grave, &c.

odes, romantic levity assumes freedoms which, if not always of the most pardonable, are invariably of the most graceful description;[1] whilst the soft and melodious expression of tender passion, which in more than one instance occurs, has never been surpassed.[2]

The second book of the first division of the poems of Villegas consists of odes, which are free translations of the first book of Horace. It ought not, therefore, to have been ranked under the same title with the other poems in the collection. There is something pedantic in the generical titles by which he distinguishes the different odes; for example—*Memptica*, *Enetica*, *Parænetica*, &c.

[1] One of these odes commences in the following comic style:—

Entanto pues, hermosa casadilla,
que los dos al pavon i tortolilla
imitamos fielmente,
tu con belleça, i yo con voz doliente:
mi voz de tu belleça
cante, qual cisne en su mayor tristeça:
pues por ti mi deseo
es musico suave mas que Orfeo.
Cante el heroico al son de la trompeta
el subito rumor de la escopeta,
i el tragico celêbre
calçado de Cothurno, accion funêbre:
que yo de ti, casada,
lyrico siendo, en cythara templada
cantarê solamente
tu voca, i ojos, tu mexilla, i frente, &c.

[2] For example, in the song (for an ode it is not), in which the concluding line of each stanza is repeated as a burthen.

Jurò, que me seria
en amarme tan firme como roca,
o como robre essento:
i que atras volveria
este arroyuelo, que estas hayas toca,
antes que el juramento:
pero ya la perjura
cortar el arbol de mi fè procura.
Este diran los vientos,
que dieron a su jura las orejas:
esto diran los rios,
que por estar atentos
el susurro enfrenaron a sus quexas:
pero los llantos mios
diran, que la perjura
cortar el arbol de mi fè procura.

With the third book of the first division commence the Anacreontic songs, or, as they are styled in the collection, the *Delicias* of the poet. Their measure is chiefly Anacreontic, sometimes in blank verse, and at other times presenting the most pleasing alternation of rhymes and assonances. Light pleasing images and soft luxuriant ideas float through these songs even more gracefully than in the odes attributed to Anacreon.[1] Nothing can exceed the beauty of those in which a certain delicate moral feeling is combined with a pathetic simplicity.[2] Only a few can be said to be absolutely copied from the Greek or Latin originals.

The fourth book of the first part contains the complete translation of the Greek odes ascribed to Anacreon. The second division is chiefly occupied with elegies and idyls, or *eidillios*, as Villegas, in hellenizing the term, chooses to call them. The elegies, which might with greater pro-

[1] One commences thus:—

> Luego que por oriente
> muestra su blanca frente
> el alba, que aporfia
> sano nos muestra el dia,
> i a la tarde doliente:
> veras salir las aves,
> ya ligeras, ya graves,
> i ya libres del sueño
> esclavas a su dueño
> dar canticos suaves:
> las Auras distraìdas,
> que soplan esparcìdas
> por selvas no plantadas,
> o se mueven paradas,
> o se paran movidas, &c.

[2] The following contains an exquisite picture of the grief of a bird for the loss of her young:—

> Yo vi sobre un tomillo
> quexarse un paxarillo
> viendo su nido amado,
> de quien era caudillo,
> de un labrador robado.
> Vile tan congojado
> por tal atrevimiento
> dar mil quexas al viento
> para que al cielo santo
> lleve su tierno llanto,

priety be denominated epistles, do not belong to the best of the kind in Spanish literature; in the idyls, or mythological tales, as they ought to be called, Villegas appears as one of the *Cultoristos*, or disciples of the school of Gongora.[1]

The collection concludes with several imitations of Greek and Latin verse, which may be regarded as the first compositions of the kind in Spanish that were not complete failures. Doubtless the Spanish language adapts itself somewhat more readily to the ancient metres than the Italian; for final syllables sounded in pronunciation, but subject to elision in scanning, do not occur so frequently in Spanish as in Italian. This difference is, however, in reality, but of trivial importance; and Spanish verses in the ancient syllabic measures do not flow much more naturally than the Italian compositions of the same kind; because many words derived from the Latin have received in Spanish, as well as in Italian, a modern quan-

lleve su triste acento,
ya con triste harmonia
esforçando al intento
mil quexas repetia:
ya cansando callava:
y al nuevo sentimiento
ya sonòro volvia.
Ya circular volaba:
ya rastrero corria:
ya pues de rama en rama
al rùstico seguia,
i saltando en la grama,
parece que decia:
dame, rùstico fiero,
mi dulce compañia!
Yoì que respondia
el rùstico: *No quiero.*

[1] The subjoined passage presents a specimen of the affectation of the Estilo Culto:—

Los ciento, que dio passòs, bella dama,
los mil, que dio suspiros, tierno rio,
siendo ella esquiva, mas que al Sol su rama,
i el, mas que el Sol, amante a su desvio:
yo cantarè, que amor mi pecho inflama,
i no de Marte el plomo, cuyo brio
en el vaciado bronce, resonante
vengança es ya de Jupiter tonante.

tity,[1] which is generally confounded with the ancient quantity by the imitators of the Greek and Latin metres. The Spanish hexameters of Villegas, it is true, approach in point of facility to the hexameters of antiquity.[2] But the pentameters defied his imitative talent.[3] In his sapphic verse the measure resolves into iambics. One of these sapphic odes is, however, exquisitely beautiful.[4]

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF LYRIC, BUCOLIC, EPIC, DIDACTIC, AND SATIRICAL POETRY, TO THE CLOSE OF THE PERIOD EMBRACED IN THIS SECTION.

After Quevedo and Villegas, and before entering upon the notice of a series of dramatic poets, whose works must form a subject of separate consideration, it will

[1] See the first volume of my *History of Italian Literature*, p. 50.

[2] Villegas has thus translated one of Virgil's idyls into Spanish hexameters:—

> Lycidas, Corydon, i Corydon el amante de Philis,
> Pastor el uno de cabras, el otro de blancas ovejas,
> ambos a dos tiernos, moços ambos, Arcades ambos,
> viendo que los rayos del sol fatigaban el orbe,
> i que bibrando fuego feroz la canicula ladra,
> al puro christal, que cria la fuente sonóra,
> llevados del son alegre de su blando susurro,
> las plantas veloces mueven, los passos animan,
> i al tronce de un verde enebro se sientan amigos, &c.

[3] The following are intended for hexameters and pentameters:—

> Como el monte sigues a Diana, dixo Cytherea,
> Dictyna hermosa, siendo la caça fea?
> No me la desprecias Cypida, responde Diana,
> Tu tambien fuiste caça, la red lo diga.

[4] It is an ode to Zephyr:—

> Dulce vecino de la verde selva,
> huesped eterno del Abril florido,
> vital aliento de la madre Venus,
> Zephyro blando,
> Si de mis ansias el amor supiste,
> tù, que las quejas de mi voz llevaste,
> oye, no temas, i a mi Nympha dile,
> dile que muero.
> Philis un tiempo mi dolor sabia,
> Philis un tiempo mi dolor lloraba,
> quisome un tiempo, mas agora temo,
> temo sus iras; &c.

be necessary to mention several ingenious writers, who, though endowed with eminent talents, were nevertheless unable to retard the fast approaching close of the golden era of Spanish poesy.

JAUREGUI.

If pure diction, joined to a descriptive style of the most perfect kind, might form a sufficient claim to the title of poet of the first rank, the right of Juan de Jauregui, or Xauregui, to that distinction, among the Spanish poets of the first half of the seventeenth century, could not be disputed. Jauregui, who was of Biscayan origin, but educated in the interior of Spain, first developed his talents in Italy. In that country he prosecuted his poetic studies, and at the same time thought it no degradation to practise painting as a profession, though he was a nobleman and a knight of the order of Calatrava. He is said to have excelled in painting even more than in poetry. While in Italy, he made a Spanish translation of Tasso's Amynta, in which he was so successful, that the translation is still regarded by the educated portion of his countrymen as possessing the characteristics of the happiest original composition. Jauregui was a decided opponent of the Gongorists: but his taste did not coincide with that of Quevedo. He devoted much talent and industry to a free translation of Lucan's Pharsalia in octaves. He died in 1650. His poetic remains, exclusive of his translations, are by no means numerous. The translation of Lucan was not published till long after the death of Juaregui; but ever since its appearance the Spaniards have admired it as a classic composition; and it unquestionably possesses all the merit that the translation of such a work can possibly present. But from a man who could be induced to apply so much labour and time to a translation of Lucan, no very extraordinary proofs of poetic talent were to be expected; and it must be confessed that Jauregui in none of his compositions has risen above what may be called the poetry of style. He might have carried this kind of merit still farther, had not his Lucan led him into a kind of mannered affectation. Among his original works, his *Orfeo*, a mythological tale,

in five cantos, deserves to be distinguished.[1] But his lyric poems, and particularly his sonnets, bear evident traces of the man of genius and of cultivated mind.[2] Jauregui's dramatic compositions, which were written with the view of reforming the national taste, are now lost to literature, and were at the time of their production indignantly banished from the stage. He is the author of some small works in prose, one of which is a treatise on painting.[3]

[1] The stanzas in which the arrival of Orpheus at the Acheron is related, may serve as a specimen of Jauregui's talent for poetic description:—

Llega à Aqueronte, y en su orilla espera,
Las cuerdas requiriendo y consultando:
Vè la grosera barca, à la ribera
Opuesta conducir copioso bando:
Del instrumento, y de la voz esmera
De nuevo entonces el acento blando;
Gime la cuerda al rebatir del arco,
Y su gemido es remora del barco.

Resonò en la ribera tiempo escaso
El canto que humanar las piedras suele;
Quando atrás vuelve, y obedece el vaso
Mas à la voz, que al remo que le impele;
La conducida turba, al nuevo caso,
Se admira, se regala, se conduele,
Y las réprobas almas, con aliento,
Se juzgan revocadas del tormento.—*Orfeo*, Cant. II.

[2] The following is a sonnet of Jauregui, addressed to the rising sun:

Rubio Planeta, cuya lumbre pura
del tiempo mide cada punto, i ora,
si el bello objeto, que mi pecho adora
sol le gozo entre la noche oscura;
Por què ya se adelanta, i se apresura
tu luz injusta, i el Oriente dora?
las sonbras alexando de la Aurora,
i con las sonbras mi feliz ventura?
Diràs que el dulce espacio defraudado
ya de la noche, me daràs el dia,
tal que de vida un punto no me devas.
Sì deves (causa del ausencia mia)
que es vida solo el tiempo que me llevas;
i el que me ofreces un mortal cuidado.

[3] Jauregui's translation of Lucan was published, together with his *Orfeo*, under the title of *Pharsalia de D. Juan de Jauregui, por D. Ramon Fernandez*, Madrid, 1789, in 2 vols. 8vo. The other poetic works of this author, including his translation of the Amynta, are collected in the *Rimas de D. Juan de Jauregui*, Sevilla, 1618, in quarto.

BORJA Y ESQUILLACHE.

Prince Francisco de Borja y Esquillaché, a knight of the Golden Fleece, and for some time viceroy of Peru, was the most distinguished, in point of birth, of all the Spanish poets of his age.[1] With regard to cultivation, he may be placed on a level with Jauregui; but he deserves to rank higher in poetic invention. Throughout his long life, which, when he died in 1658, had extended to nearly eighty years, he seems constantly to have devoted a portion of his time to the study of poetry; and though he was not entitled to the praises lavished on him by his flatterers, who styled him the Prince of Spanish Poets, he may be regarded as the last representative of the classic style of the sixteenth century. The collection of his sonnets, epistles, tales, romances, and canciones, forms a large quarto volume, the last half of which is printed in double columns.[2] Prince Francisco de Borja was likewise the author of an unsuccessful epic poem, entitled, *Napoles Conquistada*, and various works on sacred subjects. Though he did not contribute to the advancement of Spanish poetry, yet in all his writings he decidedly opposed that subtlety and affectation which in the time of Gongora usurped the place of real genius. The intimate friendship he had contracted in his youth with the younger Argensola, had no doubt a favourable influence on the early development of his talent. In the preface to his poems, which is in verse, he explains the principles of his taste with so much accuracy, modesty, and elegance, that the reader cannot fail to be prepossessed in his favour,

[1] The name of this poet is of Italian origin. He was descended from a branch of the Italian house of *Borgia*, and married the heiress of the principality of *Squillace* in Naples. Both names were, according to Spanish custom, Hispanized, first in the pronunciation, and subsequently in the orthography.

[2] I have seen only the second edition of the *Obras in verso de D. Francisco de Borja, Principe de Esquillache*, Anberes, 1654, 692 pages, quarto. Some of his poems are contained in the *Parnaso Español*.

before entering on an attentive perusal of his works.[1] He was particularly averse to all kinds of affectation and extravagance.[2] Most of his sonnets bear traces of mature reflection.[3] His long tale of Jacob and Rachel, (*Cantos de Jacob y Raquel,*) in octaves, has indeed no other merit

He thus addresses his poems:—

A manos de muchos vais,
Versos mios, sin defensa,
Y sujetos a la ofensa
De quien menos la esperais.
Y si en tal peligro estais,
Injustamente me animan
Los que piden que os impriman;
Pues quando luzir pretenden,
Si oscuros son, no se entienden,
Y si claros, no se estiman.
El que sabe, estimarà,
Si algun estudio teneis:
A mas gloria no aspireis;
Ni mas el tiempo os darà.
Quien defenderos podrà,
Serà quando mas, alguno;
Y si es Platon, basta èl uno.
Que en las frases y en los modos
Querer contentar a todos,
Es no agradar a ninguno.

[2] He thus characterizes his own style:—

Sigo un medio en la jornada,
Y de mis versos despido,
O palabras de ruido,
O llaneza demasiada;
Y oscuridad afectada.
Es camino de atajar
No saberse declarar;
Ya quien se deve admitir,
Estudie para escrivir,
No escrive para estudiar.

[3] For example, the following, which may be styled the Disenchantment, (*Desengaño.*)

Dichosa soledad, mudo silencio,
Secretos passos de dormidas fuentes,
Que por el verde prado sus corrientes,
Jamas, si van ò vienen diferencio:
Vuestra quietud estimo, y reverencio
Con ojos, y deseos diferentes;
Pues ya, ni el ciego aplauso de las gentes
Con ambiciosa pluma diligencio.

than that of elegant diction.[1] His lyric romances, however, of which he wrote upwards of two hundred and fifty, present at once the richest and most beautiful gleanings in that species of poetic composition.[2]

Desde la luz, que viste la mañana,
Los passos cuento al trabajado dia,
Hasta que pisa el Sol la espuma cana.
De quanto fue mi engaño, y compañia,
De quanto ame, con ignorancia vana,
En vuestra soledad perdì la mia.

[1] The commencement of this poem, except in so far as regards the diction, encourages no favourable expectation:—

Canto a Jacob, y de su Esposa canto
La peregrina angelica hermosura:
Siete años de fineza, amor y llanto,
Sin premio, sin verdad, y sin ventura:
El engañoso Suegro, que entretanto
Con fingida esperanza le assegura,
Y al burlado pastor, que le servia,
Promesas de Raquel cumple con Lia.
Tu, Musa celestial, que en las estrellas
Segura pones invisibles plantas,
Y en dulce paz de sus legiones bellas,
Sobre las altas fuentes te lebantas:
Si es tuyo el mando, si obedecen ellas
De essas puras esquadras sacrosantas,
Presto desciend da de su rayo ardiente
Fuego, que el pecho y su temor aliente.

[2] Part of one of these poems may be transcribed here.—

Llamavan los pajarillos
Con dulces voces al Sol,
Que por aver quien le llama,
Mal dormido recordò.
Escuchava entre las aves
De un arroyuelo la voz,
Que agradecido a su lumbre,
La bien venida le diò.
Entre las ramas de un olmo
Le acompaña un ruiseñor,
Enamorado testigo
De quantas vezes saliò.
Yo sola triste al son
De todos lloro soledad, y amor.
En el valle de mi aldea
Zelosa aguardando estoy,
Que salga un Sol a mis ojos,
Que en otros braços dormiò.

OTHER POETS OF THIS PERIOD—THE SYLVAS, OR POETIC FORESTS.

To enter into a detailed description of the works of some other Spanish poets, with whom the old national poetry and the Italian style equally perished, would be the more unnecessary here, as those poets, though not without genius, wanted proper cultivation, and merely followed in the general stream. Besides, there is no want of literary notices which furnish abundant information respecting Luis de Ulloa, Francisco de Rioja, Gravina, Manuel de Mela, Juan de Tarsis, Count of Villamediana, and others.[1] It is, however, worthy of remark, that at this period, as in preceding ages, Spanish noblemen and men of rank were distinguished among the candidates for poetic fame. The Poetic Forests, (*Sylvas,*) as they were styled, according to Gongora's nomenclature, but which were afterwards designated by the common Spanish word *Selvas*, doubtless contributed in no slight degree to hasten the decline of genuine poetry in Spain. In these Forests rhymed prose could flow on without obstruction, and every conceit was in its proper place; for no fixed metre, and no unity of ideas or events restrained the poet or versifier. The works of Count Rebolledo, which are deserving of particular notice, will afford a sufficient idea of the direction thus given to the lyric, didactic, narrative, and bucolic poetry of Spain, in a general combination of all these styles.

REBOLLEDO.

Bernardino, Count Rebolledo, was one of the heroes of the latter period of the thirty years war in Germany. After having distinguished himself in the military service both of Spain and Austria, he resided for a considerable time in the quality of Spanish ambassador at Copenhagen,

Montes dezidle, que siento
De los males el mayor,
Si como al padre del dia
Le veis primero que yo; &c.

[1] It is only necessary to refer to Velasquez and Dieze.

where he watched over the interests of his sovereign with reference to the designs of the king of Sweden. His taste for military and political affairs did not preclude the exercise of his talent for poetry. But it was not until his mission to Copenhagen, when he had attained the age of maturity, that he found leisure to prosecute his poetic studies with assiduity. Thus, for the first time, and perhaps for the last, was Spanish poetry in the middle of the seventeenth century transplanted to Scandinavia. Count Rebolledo was much pleased with his residence in Copenhagen; and he rendered signal service to his Danish majesty, when Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, marched across the frozen Belt, and bombarded the Danish capital. Though a zealous catholic, he felt for the royal house of Denmark a kind of personal devotion, which he seized every opportunity of manifesting, both in verse and prose. He took particular interest in the study of the history and geography of Denmark, with the view of describing them in Spanish verse. Having returned to his native country, where he was appointed minister of-war, he died in 1676, in the eightieth year of his age. His poems were, during his life, collected and published under various titles.[1] One of these collections, entitled *Ocios*, (Leisure Hours,) proves that count Rebolledo, though he only travelled in a long beaten track, and even in that track did not shine above his contemporaries, possessed, nevertheless, a degree of poetic cultivation, probably unparalleled in Copenhagen in the age in which he lived. He was particularly successful as a writer of elegant madrigals;[2] and he is the

[1] It is not now necessary to refer to the old and desultory collections of the works of count Rebolledo. They may be found collected altogether under their respective titles in the edition of the *Obras Poeticas de Conde Bernardino de Rebolledo*, Madrid, 1778, in 4 vols. octavo. In this collection the interesting letter in prose, (Part I. in the *Ocios*, p. 261,) in which Rebolledo gives a detailed account of his residence in Copenhagen, is deserving of particular attention.

[2] The three following afford fair specimens of his talent in this species of composition:—

I.

Dichoso quien te mira
y mas dichoso quien por tì suspira,
y en extremo dichoso,
quien un suspiro te debió amoroso.

author of a play, entitled, *Amor Despreciando Riesgos*,[1] (Love Dreads no Danger,) which possesses considerable interest. But Rebolledo's name has been rendered still more remarkable in the history of Spanish literature by his dull Forests, for which he himself claimed the title of poetic, though they exhibit only the last traces of Spanish poetry. Other writers had already done their utmost to give importance to the rhymed prose of these Forests. But Rebolledo so completely mistook the essence of poetry, that he really conceived he was executing works of high poetic merit, when he put into verse a compendium of the History and Geography of Denmark, entitled, *Selvas Danicas*, and a treatise on the Art of War and State Policy, entitled, *Selva Militar y Politica*. Whoever attempts to travel through Rebolledo's Danish Forests, will soon find, especially if he have any recollection of genuine Spanish poetry, that he has undertaken a very unpleasant task. In the first half of the work, not a single poetic or even ingenious trait enlivens the dry enumeration of facts. What the author intended for a narrative poem, is found to be merely an account of the History of Denmark, related in the lowest style of commonplace prose; and the

Lisi, yo te vi en sueños tan piadosa,
como despiert el alma de desea,
pero menos he mosa.
¿Quién habrá que tal crea?
dos imposibles me fingió la idéa,
y con ser su il usion tan engañosa
la temo mister
y que inmortal en mì el tormento sea,
si no has de ser piadosa hasta ser fea.

III.

Lisis, este diamante
de mi firmeza simbolo brillante
en que quiso incluir naturaleza
un rayo de la luz de tu belleza,
bien constante, y helado,
a nuestros corazones retratado,
mas puede la experiencia persuadirme,
que es el tuyo mas duro, el mio mas firme.

[1] See vol. ii. of the *Obras*.

multitude of northern names, which partly retain their original spelling, and are partly Hispanized, have a peculiarly grotesque effect.[1] The geography of Denmark, which constitutes the second part of the work, presents a few poetic passages.[2] But the Military and Political

[1] For example:—

Los Estados, de aquel vinculo libres,
eligieron concordes a Christiano,
hijo de Teodorico
de Oldemburg y Delmenhorste Conde
(progenio del famoso Witekindo,
sucesor de los Reyes de Saxonia,
con titulo de Duque)
casó con Doroténa,
viuda de Christoval,
y coronóse luego en Copenhaguen.
En tanto los Suecos eligieron
a Carlos, y tuvieron
los dos dudosa guerra;
pero siendo vencido y desterrado,
y Christiano en Suecia coronado,
llevó a Dania el tesoro de aquel Reyno:
a que añadió la herencia
de Sleswic y de Holsacia,
por la muerte de Adolfo,
su director y tio. *Selvas Danicas*, 1. cap. ii.

[2] The commencement, for instance:—

La selva mas pomposa,
que a su deidad consagra Dinamarca,
tiene por centro un christalino lago,
que de un ameno isleo,
que visten flores y coronan plantas,
es fragrante y lucida competencia,
es hundosa tambien circumferencia:
y el a las bellas Ninfas,
de la deidad al culto dedicadas,
apacible teatro,
donde lazos y redes
suelen tender en las estivas calmas,
a los peces, las fieras y las almas.
Aqui yo fatigado
de un infinito número de penas,
de procelosas iras agitado,
del destino arrastrando las cadenas,
cierto de sus injurias,
y del progreso de mi vida incierto,
no esperado tomé traquilo puerto;
y entre sus verdes y floridas greñas
de la deidad reverencié las señas.

Forest, which is intended for a didactic poem, is rhymed prose from beginning to end. It is difficult to say whether the principles of tactics,[1] or the instructions in the art of government,[2] appear most ridiculous in the versified garb in which Rebolledo has clothed them. The worthy author might with more propriety have applied the title of poems to his *Selvas Sagradas*, (Sacred Forests,) which are translations of the Psalms in the loose forms of the Forests.

[1] For example:—

> Hasta el cordon vestido de ladrillo
> de tierra solo el parapeto aprueba,
> a quantos en su fábrica molestan
> pagan con lo que duran lo que cuestan:
> la linea de defensa
> al tiro de mosquete no aventage,
> ni excedan de noventa,
> ni tengan menos de sesenta grados
> los ángulos franqueados;
> capaces los traveses,
> y las golas no estrechas,
> entre sí guarden proporciones tales,
> que por perfecionar algunas cosas
> no queden las demás defectuosas.
>
> *Selva militar y polit. Distincion*,
> (that is to say, *Section*) vi. § 2.

[2] For example:—

> La antiguedad llamó advertidamiente
> los consejeros ojos,
> son del cuerpo politico y humano
> adalides forzosos,
> que han de haber visto mucho,
> verlo de lejos y de cerca todo,
> y recibir especies diferentes,
> y por los nervios opticos
> comunicarlas al comun sentido,
> representando fieles los obgetos,
> sin ocultar virtudes ni defetos;
> el Reyno que no admite compañia
> anda a ciegas sin ellos,
> la prudencia Real está librada
> en saber escogellos,
> y a cuidadoso examen obligada.
>
> l. c. *Distincion* xxiii. § 2.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE SPANISH DRAMA.

The feeling of regret with which the decay of Spanish poetry in the age of Rebolledo is beheld, yields to the agreeable surprise which arises on taking a retrospective view of the Spanish drama, the history of which must now be continued to the close of the present period. The history of the Spanish drama should properly be studied as a whole; but that combined mode of viewing the subject was not compatible with a synchronous account of all the remarkable productions of the polite literature of Spain. Having, however, in connexion with Lope de Vega, spoken of Virues, Montalvan, and others, it will, at least, be convenient not to separate the series of dramatic poets who emulated or imitated Calderon.

CALDERON.

Again, in the history of Spanish poetry, a writer occurs whose name deserves to be transmitted to the latest posterity, and who flourished along with others who are also worthy of honourable remembrance.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca, descended from a noble family, was born in the year 1600. He is said to have written his first dramatic work before he had completed his fourteenth year. Having finished his collegial studies at an early age, he, according to the custom of the times, attached himself to some patrons whom he found among the nobility at the court of Madrid. Not satisfied, however, with this mode of introducing himself to the great world, he became a soldier, and served in several campaigns in Italy and the Netherlands. Meanwhile, the fame of his talents as a dramatic poet was widely spread; and it was foretold that he would equal, if not exceed, Lope de Vega. King Philip IV., who afforded more liberal encouragement to the drama than any of his predecessors, and who was himself the author of several plays, was gratified by the idea that he had in Calderon a man capable of giving splendour to the court theatre.

He called him to Madrid in the year 1636, and shortly after invested him with the order of St. Iago. From this period Calderon became permanently fixed at court, and his young sovereign, whose chief attention was devoted to amusements and festivities, kept him in constant activity. No expense was spared in bestowing pomp and brilliancy on the pieces which Calderon produced for the entertainment of the court; but, on the other hand, it was expected of him to accommodate his genius to the conditions required by a courtly audience. His taste was consulted in the arrangement of all public festivities, and the triumphal arch through which queen Maria of Austria made her public entrance into Spain was erected in conformity with his suggestions.

In his fifty-second year Calderon took holy orders, but did not on that account totally relinquish his previous occupations. From that time, however, he applied himself with more particular assiduity to the composition of his *Autos Sacramentales*, which soon superseded throughout the whole of Spain all the older dramas of this class. Calderon lived to an advanced age, admired by his countrymen, and amply rewarded by ecclesiastical dignities, pensions, and presents, from his sovereign. In the estimation of the public, his dramas surpassed those of every preceding and contemporary writer. But in his old age, he himself attached but little importance to his temporal productions. The duke of Veragua addressed to him a flattering letter, requesting to be furnished with a complete list of his dramas, because the booksellers were in the habit of selling the works of other writers under his name. In reply, Calderon, who was then in his eightieth year, supplied the duke only with the list of his *Autos Sacramentales*. He added in a letter, that, with regard to his temporal dramas, he felt offended that, in addition to his own faulty works, those of other authors should be circulated in his name; and besides that, his writings were so altered, that he himself could not recognise even their titles. He also expressed his determination to follow the example of the booksellers, and to pay as little regard to his plays as they did; but he observed that,

on religious grounds, he attached more importance to his Autos.[1]

Calderon died in 1687, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Several collections of his dramas appeared during his life, and among the rest one published by his brother, Joseph Calderon, in 1640, but none were edited by the author himself. The great edition of the collected comedies of Calderon was commenced by his friend, Juan de Vera Tassis y Villaroel, in 1685; but there is no reason to believe that the poet, who was then eighty-five years of age, assisted in preparing that edition, even so far as to certify the authenticity of the component parts. It is therefore questionable whether the hundred and twenty-seven plays published in Calderon's name be all genuine. This doubt may indeed be hazarded with the greater probability, as Juan de Vera Tassis, who undertook to publish the complete collection of Calderon's dramas, estimates the number of his Autos at ninety-five; while Calderon himself, in his conscientious list furnished to the duke of Veragua, states their number to be only sixty-eight, including those not printed. It can scarcely be believed that Calderon wrote twenty-seven Autos after he had attained the age of eighty.[2]

On a comparison of the dramas of Calderon and Lope de Vega, it requires no extraordinary critical penetration to discover the essential services rendered by the former to the dramatic literature of Spain. Which of these writers possessed the greater share of inventive talent, is a question difficult to determine, for Lope de Vega was not the inventor of that species of dramatic composition

[1] The Duke of Veragua's letter, together with Calderon's answer, and the catalogue to which the correspondence bears reference, are printed in La Huerta's *Teatro Hespañol*, vol. iii. part ii.

[2] Satisfactory accounts of the various collections and editions of the dramas, and other less important works of Calderon, are contained in Dieze's Remarks on Velasquez, p. 242 and p. 341. The dramas of Calderon which La Huerta has published in his *Teatro Hespañol*, afford but a partial idea of the poet's talent; for those he has selected are all *Comedias de Capa y Espada*, two only excepted; and of these two, one, which is styled a *Comedia heroyca*, belongs to the mythological class.

which was common to both, and Calderon was not behind him in the invention of new combinations of intrigue, ingenious complexities of plot, and interesting situations. In general, the invention of Lope may be the bolder, but it is also the more rude of the two; and with regard to all that may be called refinement, whether in conception or execution, but more particularly in style, Calderon formed for himself an entirely new sphere. The delicate art with which he gave the last polish to the Spanish drama, without changing its nature, carries with it an ennobling dignity in some of his historical, or, as they are styled, heroic comedies. In his comedies of intrigue, this delicacy is conspicuous in his manner of portraying the general forms of character, which had now become naturalized on the Spanish stage, and which usurped the place of individuality. Calderon's comedies are not pictures of character any more than those of Lope de Vega, for with the delineation of particular character they would have ceased to be pure dramas of intrigue. But they abound in characteristic traits, in those traits which develop, as it were, out of the souls of the dramatic personages, the natural course of the gay intrigue in all its various modifications. As an acute observer of the female mind and manners, Calderon was infinitely superior to Lope de Vega. This delicacy of observation accords admirably with the almost incredible subtlety of his combinations of intrigue; and the elegance of his language and versification completes the ingenious harmony of these apparently irregular dramas, which, though not sufficiently perfect to be regarded as models, are nevertheless true to the rules which the author prescribed to himself. The other merits belonging to his dramas, such as the seductive gracefulness and facility of the dialogue, Calderon shares in common with all the good dramatic writers of Spain. The faults with which he may be reproached, and which in some measure belong to the species of drama which he adopted, are more numerous in some of his pieces than in others. It must also be observed, that, in several of his heroic comedies, he sinks so completely beneath his own standard, that it is difficult to recognise him.

In Calderon's *Comedias de Capa y Espada*,[1] the plots are usually of so complicated a nature, that no reader, except a Spaniard, habituated to this sort of mental exercise,[2] can on a first perusal seize and follow the various threads of the intrigue. By an ingenious entanglement of incidents, the principal characters of the piece are repeatedly plunged from one unexpected embarrassment into another. Calderon particularly excelled in the accumulation of surprises, in connecting one difficult situation with another, and in maintaining undiminished the strongly excited interest to the close of the piece. But in order to render this task the easier, he paid still less attention than Lope de Vega to probability in the succession of the scenes; and his characters make their entries and their exits just as it happens to suit the convenience of the author. The Spanish public was, however, disposed to pardon every improbability of this kind, when it gave rise to some new situation full of dramatic truth. Calderon appears to have estimated the merits of his dramas of intrigue, in proportion to the effect produced by the situations; and in this respect he was the more an inventor in proportion as he introduced the less variety into his characters. In all Calderon's comedies of intrigue, the dramatis personæ are the same individuals under various names. Two or three ladies of fashion, two or three lovers, an old man, a few waiting maids, a few male servants, and among these last, one who acts as the *gracioso*, or buffoon; such are the standing characters with which Calderon usually contented himself in his sphere of dramatic composition. The motives on which the plot turns are a licentious gallantry, unmingled with any moral interest, and a point of honour which gives rise to incessant contests. On the slightest cause of offence, swords are drawn, and when

[1] See the definition of the various classes of the Spanish comedy, p. 259.

[2] According to the testimony of travellers, even the most unlettered Spaniard is so accustomed to follow without effort a complicated dramatic plot, that after witnessing the representation of a piece, he will describe all the minute details of the romantic story, while a well-informed foreigner, familiar with the Spanish language, can with difficulty comprehend a few of the scenes.

passion rages, even daggers are employed. Romantic accessories are found in wounds and murders, though the latter, it must be admitted, are not quite so frequent as the former. Among the other passions, the fury of jealousy is conspicuous; and in order to bring this passion into play, the author avails himself of disguises, concealments, mistakes of persons, houses or letters, and occasionally some particular local circumstance, such, for instance, as the secret door, which appears to be a cupboard, in the lively drama of *La Dama Duende*, (The Fairy Lady.) There is also no want of night-scenes in Calderon's pieces of intrigue. But however astonishing may be the variety of the situations which he has created out of this uniformity of plan, yet they cannot long satisfy a cultivated taste, requiring a nobler kind of variety.

How far Calderon in his *Comedias de Capa y Espada* has correctly represented the fashionable world of Madrid, as it existed in the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV., is a question which cannot now be satisfactorily determined. Modern Spanish writers have conceived they were pronouncing a judicious critical censure, when they cast on Calderon's dramas the reproach of insulting the whole Spanish nation, by representing it as composed almost solely of romantic coxcombs and intriguing coquettes. These attacks on Calderon are the consequence of inconsiderate zeal for the principles of the French drama, by which the dramatic literature of Spain must never be judged.[1] It is scarcely necessary to observe, that a representation of one class of men, who were particularly conspicuous in Madrid, could not be intended as a representation of the whole Spanish nation. But attempts have been made to depreciate, by still more plausible sophisms, the merits of Calderon's sketches of manners. It has been remarked, that he has totally violated nature, by putting into the mouths of valets and waiting women, poetic language, which would be extraordinary even if delivered by their masters and mistresses. The Spanish servants of the pre-

[1] A very superficial criticism on Calderon's dramatic works, written by Blas Nasarre, who was prepossessed in favour of French literature, is contained in the History of Spanish Poetry, by Velasquez. See Dieze's edition, p. 341.

sent day are, doubtless, less likely than those of the seventeenth century to converse in the poetical style in which the servants in Calderon's plays, on particular occasions, express themselves. But the spirit of these particular occasions must not be misunderstood. The servants in Calderon's comedies always imitate the language of their masters. In most cases they express themselves like the latter, in the natural language of real life, and often divested of that colouring of the ideas, without which a dramatic work ceases to be a poem. But whenever romantic gallantry speaks in the language of tenderness, admiration, or flattery, then, according to Spanish custom, every idea becomes a metaphor; and Calderon, who was a thorough Spaniard, seized these opportunities to give the rein to his fancy, suffering it to take a bold lyric flight beyond the boundaries of nature. On such occasions, the most extravagant metaphoric language, in the style of the Italian Marinists, did not appear unnatural to a Spanish audience; and even Calderon himself had for that style a particular predilection, to gratify which he sacrificed a chaster taste. It was his ambition to become a more refined Lope de Vega, or a Spanish Marino. Thus, in his play, entitled, *Bien vengas Mal, si vengas Solo*, (Misfortune comes Well, if it comes Alone,) a waiting maid, addressing her young mistress, who has risen in a gay humour, says—"Aurora would not have done wrong had she slumbered that morning in her snowy crystal, for that the light of her mistress's charms would suffice to draw aside the curtains from the couch of Sol." She adds, using a Spanish idea, "it might then indeed be said that the sun had risen in her lady's eyes,"[1] &c. Valets on the like occasions speak

[1] *Ines.* Qué ayrosa te has levantado?
Esta vez sola, señora,
no hiciera falta la aurora,
quando en su cristal nevado
dormida hubiera quedado;
pues tu luz correr pudiera
la cortina lisonjera
al sol, siendo sumillér
de uno y otro rosiclér,
deydad de una y otra esfera.
Bien *el concepto Hespañol*
dixera, viendote ahora......

in the same style; and when lovers address compliments to their mistresses, and these reply in a similar strain, the play of far-fetched metaphors is aggravated by antitheses to a degree which is intolerable to any but a Spanish formed taste.[1] But it must not be forgotten that this language of gallantry was in Calderon's time spoken by the fashionable world, and that it was a vernacular property of the ancient national poetry.

Faults of a less pardonable nature in Calderon's dramas are the stale jests, the meaningless plays on words uttered by servants,[2] and the burlesque situations arising out of

D. Ana. Qué?
Ines. Que en tus ojos, señora,
madrugaba el claro sol:
dixera, al ver tu arreból
quien à tu rigor se ofrece,
quien sus desdenas padece,
Don Luis......
Bien vengas Mal, si vengas Solo. Jorn. i

[1] An example of this occurs in a conversation in the comedy, entitled "A House with two Doors is ill to Watch."

Lisardo. Dificilmente pudiera
conseguir, señora, el Sol,
que la flor del girasol
su resplandor siguiera.
Dificilmente quisiera
el Norte, fixa luz clara,
que el Imàn no le miràra;
y el Imán deficilmente
intentára, que obediente
el acero le dexára.
Si Sol es vuestro explendor,
girasol la dicha mia:
si Norte vuestra porfia,
piedra Imán es mi dolor:
si es Imán vuestro rigor,
acero mi ardor severo;
pues cómo quedarme espero;
quando veo, que se ván,
mi Sol, mi Norte, y mi Imán,
siendo flor, piedra y acero?
Casa con dos Puertas, mala es de Guardar. Jorn. i.

The lady replies to this compliment in a similar strain.

[2] In the *Casa con dos Puertas, &c.*, the valet thus jokes with the lady's maid, who is on the stage with her mistress, but both veiled:—

accidents which, according to the testimony of travellers, are still common at night in the streets of Madrid and Lisbon.[1] But it must be recollected that in Calderon's time the jests of servants were considered as indispensable in a Spanish drama of intrigue, as the presence of the *gracioso* himself, who is, for the most part, one of the valets.

But the violations of cultivated taste which occur in Calderon's comedies of intrigue are so amply redeemed, that the critic cannot long hesitate to decide whether faults or beauties are most abundant. Some of these dramas are particularly remarkable for those descriptive narratives, by the introduction of which nearly all the Spanish comedies of the same class bring to recollection their original relationship with novels.[2] Though individual character is

Calabazas. Mui malditisimas caras
debeis de tener las dos.
Silvia. Mucho mejores, que vos.
Calabaz. Y està bien encarecido;
porque yo soy un *Cupido.*
Silvia. *Cupido* somos yo y tú.
Calabaz. Cómo?
Silvia. Yo el *pido*, y tù el *cu.*
Calabaz. No me està bien el partido.

[1] An incident of this occurs in the first scene of the piece entitled, *Dar Tiempo al Tiempo*, (Give Time to Time.)

Voz. Agua va!
Chacon. Mientas, picaña;
que esto no es agua.
D. Juan. Que ha sido?
Chacon. Que ha de ser, pese oi mi alma;
cosas de Madrid precisas,
que antes fueron necessarias.
Vive Christo.. ...
D. Juan. No des voces.
Chacon. Cómo no! Puerca, berganta,
si eres hombre, sal aqui.
D. Juan. No el barrio alborotes: calla.
Chacon. Calle un limpio.

Dar Tiempo al Tiempo. Jorn. i.

[2] These stories are sometimes related in the most elegant octaves; for example, in the play entitled, *Con quien Vengo, Vengo*, (I Come with whom I Come,) there is one which commences in the following way:—

wanting, yet sometimes, in the course of the intrigue, beautiful characteristic traits unexpectedly occur.[1] The delicacy of the point of honour, which in all these dramas supplies the place of morality, is frequently exhibited by Calderon in its most brilliant point of view;[2] and he some-

> Yo vì en Milan una mujer tan bella.
> No digo bien mujer. Yo vì una Diosa,
> en los cielos de Abril fragante estrella,
> en los campos del sol luciente rosa
> tan entendida, tan sagaz, que en ella,
> como demas estaba, el ser hermosa,
> que parece formó naturaleza
> entre la discrecion tanta belleza.
> Tal fue, que habiendo, á mi desvelo dado
> mas de alguna ocasion, y habiendo sido
> agradecido iman de mi cuidado
> y no ingrata prision de mi sentido:
> habiendo pues á mi temor librado
> necios favores, que borró el olbido,
> con nueva voluntad, con nuevo empeño,
> mudable me dexó por otro dueño.
>
> *Con quien Vengo, Vengo. Jorn.* ii.

[1] One may be quoted from the play, entitled *Bien vengas Mal, si vengas Solo,* (Misfortune comes Well, if it comes Alone;) a lady resolutely refuses to betray a secret, which her lover endeavours to extort from her.

> *D. Diego.* Mujer eres: poco importa,
> que descubras un secreto.
> No aspires, Doña Ana, à ser
> el prodigio de estos tiempos.
> *D. Ana.* Quien fue prodigio de amor,
> sabrá, sello del silencio.
> *D. Diego.* No quiere, la que a su amante
> no descubre todo el pecho.
> *D. Ana.* No es noble, quien le descubre,
> quando vá una vida en ello.
> *D. Diego.* En fin no lo has de decir?
> *D. Ana.* No.
> *D. Diego.* Pues en nada te creo.
> *D. Ana.* Valgate Dios por retrato,
> en qué confusion me has puesto.
>
> *Bien vengas Mal, si vengas Solo. Jorn.* i.

[2] In *Los Empeños de un Acaso,* (the Consequences of an Accident,) a lover resolves, for his mistress's sake, to assist his rival in a case of difficulty:—

> Que noble, honrado y valiente,
> viendo humilde á su enemigo,

times, with much formality, oversteps the Spanish rule, by which moralizing was excluded from this species of drama.[1] The application which may be made of the plot is frequently denoted by the title of the piece, and is still more distinctly developed at the conclusion.[2] Calderon deserves praise for having but seldom introduced sonnets in his comedies of intrigue, though he has amply availed himself of other freedoms, in order to maintain the privilege of poetry in portraying the scenes of common life.[3]

no le ampara y favorece ?
No solo pues la licencia
que me pide, le concede
mi valor; mas la palabra,
de ayudale, y de valerle,
hasta que á su dama libre.
El caso, Don Diego, es este.
Mirad, como faltar puedo
á su amparo, quando tiene
privelegios de enemigo,
y de amigo en mì Don Felix ?

Los Empeños de un Acaso. Jorn. iii.

[1] Thus, a father points out the levity of another lady, as an example for his daughter to avoid :—

Ya ves, hija, lo que pasa,
á quien da necios oidos
á pensamientos perdidos.
Mira fuera de su casa
una mujer, que ha venido
buscandonos por sagrado.
Mira un amante empeñado,
mira un hermano ofendido,
y mirala à ella en efecto
a riesgo, por un error,
de perder vida y honor.

Dar Tiempo al Tiempo. Jorn. i.

[2] The piece entitled *Tambien hay duelo en las Damas*, (Ladies also have their Troubles) terminates in the following manner :—

Con cuyo raro suceso,
sacando la moraleja,
quede al mundo por exemplo,
que hubo una vez en el mundo
mujer, amor y secreto,
porque hubo duelo en las damas.
Perdonad sus muchos yerros.

[3] For instance, the double soliloquies, running in concert, of which the following is a specimen :—

Calderon's heroic comedies are much diversified in their kind, and very unequal in their merits. Some are distinguished from the dramas of intrigue only by the rank of the characters. Of this class is the well-known piece entitled, *El Secreto a Voces*, (the Published Secret,) imitations of which have appeared in the Italian, French, and German languages. The Spaniards number it among their heroic comedies, merely because an Italian prince and princess are introduced in it. Other plays by Calderon, which, according to the Spanish nomenclature, are ranked in the heroic class, are in fact romantic pastoral dramas; as for example, the pleasing piece entitled, *Eco y Narciso.* Others, again, are romantic mythological festival pieces, accompanied by transformations and melo-dramatic splendour; of this kind is *El mayor encanto Amor*, (Love is the greatest Enchantment.) Finally, among Calderon's heroic comedies are included his historical dramas, several of which may properly be called tragedies. Some of these historical dramas are among the best, while others are the most trivial of Calderon's productions. All are melo-dramatic spectacles, in which armies defile, battles are fought, and sumptuous banquets are given. The scene is by turns a palace, a landscape, a cavern, or a pleasure garden, while drums and trumpets flourish, and cannon thunder at every opportunity.

In all that regards scenic splendour in the composition of historical plays, even Lope de Vega must yield to Calderon, for the dramas of the latter were represented at the expense of the royal treasury. But in the historical style of dramatic composition, Calderon only succeeded when he selected his materials from the events of his own country. Where he has adapted to the Spanish

D. Diego. Habrá hombre mas infeliz!
D. Pedro. Habrá hombre mas desdichado!
D. Diego. Qué no haya una ingrata hallado!
D. Pedro. Que no haya hallado à Beatriz!
D. Diego. Sin duda que la siguió,
el que su vida guardaba.
D. Pedro. Sin duda en la calla estaba,
él que á su rexa llamó.

Dar Tiempo al Tiempo. Jorn. ii.

stage subjects from the Greek and Roman history, as in his Alexander the Great,[1] and in his Coriolanus,[2] the absurd transposition is almost forgotten amidst the extravagant confusion of the events, by which romantic situations are brought about one after another, but producing only a poor effect. The great poet seems occasionally to have been forsaken by his good genius, particularly when he makes a display of erudition in the very same scenes in which he completely perverts ancient history. But Calderon's historical dramas of this class are very inferior to those of which the story was invented by himself, and the scene arbitrarily laid in ancient Greece. Among the latter is a piece entitled, *Finezas contra Finezas*, (Generosity for Generosity,) a beautiful poem, full of tenderness and mythological piety. But this drama, though, perhaps, single in its kind, must nevertheless yield to the Christian drama, of which the history of Portugal furnishes the hero. The tragedy of Don Fernando, entitled *El Principe Constante*, displays all the lustre of Calderon's genius. The unities of time and place are lost sight of in the unity of the heroic action, into which Calderon has infused the purest spirit of pathos, without departing from the Spanish national style of heroic comedy. This tragedy might not improperly be named the Portuguese Regulus. Don Fernando, a Portuguese prince, lands at the head of an army, accompanied by his brother Don Enrique, on the coast of Barbary in Morocco. He is victorious in his first battle, and he makes prisoner the African hero, Muley, who relates to him his history. The prince, moved by generosity, liberates his captive. No sooner has Muley expressed his surprise and gratitude, than the Moors return with a reinforcement, and the Portuguese prince is himself made prisoner. At this juncture commence the tragic scenes, which are prepared by pathetic situations of another kind. The king of Fez and Morocco immediately offers liberty to his royal prisoner, on condition of the surrender of the

[1] The Spanish title which Calderon has given to this comedy is, *Darlo todo, y no dar nada*. (To give all, and give nothing.)

[2] Called by Calderon, *Las Armas de la Hermosura*, (The Arms of Beauty.)

garrison of Ceuta on the coast of Morocco, which is in possession of the Portuguese. The prince declares that he would rather die in the most degrading captivity, than consent to obtain his freedom by delivering a Christian town into the power of the infidels. The Moorish king, however, relies so confidently on the acquisition of Ceuta, that he treats the prince with every mark of respect until the return of the envoy from Portugal. The answer of the Portuguese government proves to be, as the king of Fez expected, a compliance with his proposal; but the prince firmly refuses to be ransomed on the required condition. He now receives the most rigorous treatment, which he bears with pious heroism, and without complaint, until his bodily strength is exhausted and he expires. The sufferings and fortitude of Fernando,—the conflict between gratitude and religious prejudice in the mind of Muley, who exerts his utmost endeavours to deliver the captive prince,—and, on the other hand, Muley's romantic passion for the king's daughter, who is the destined bride of another,—and the still more romantic tenderness of the princess,—form altogether a picture so noble and so truly poetic, that it would be unfair, in this brief sketch of the piece, to notice the numerous errors it unquestionably presents. The action seems to terminate with the death of Fernando; but a fresh army arrives from Portugal, and the ghost of the prince, with a torch in his hand, appears at the head of the troops and leads them on to victory. The impression produced by this apparition gives the finishing touch to the romantic pathos of the foregoing scenes.[1] The beautiful

[1] The effect cannot be conceived without the necessary connexion; but the words spoken by the ghost of the prince, when about to head the army, may be quoted here:—

Alf. Pues embestir Enrique, que no hay duda
que el cielo nos ayuda. *F.* Si os ayuda
Sale Don Fernando.
porque obligando al cielo,
que vió tu Fe, tu Religion, tu zelo,
oy tu causa defiende,
libra me a mi esclavitud pretende,
porque por raro exemplo
por tantos Templos, Dios me ofrece un Templo,

flights of fancy which occur at the commencement of the piece are worthy of particular attention. There Calderon has painted his favourite images in his comparison of waves with flowers.[1] On another occasion of a similar kind a comparison of stars with flowers, and of flowers with stars, is introduced into two *concerted* sonnets.[2] The

antorcha desafida del Oriente,
tu exercito arrogante
alumbrando he de ir siempre delante;
para que oy en trofeos,
iguales, gran Alfonso, en tus deseos,
llegues a Fez, no a coronarte agora
sino a librar mi Ocaso en el Aurora. *Jornada* iii.

[1] Comparisons of heaven with the earth, and of water with the earth, through the idea of a flower, were much in favour with the other Spanish poets of Calderon's age. The following is a conversation between the Moorish Princess Phœnix, (Fenix was formerly a name for women in Spain,) and her female slaves in a garden on the sea-shore:—

Zar. Pues puedente divertir
tu tristeza estos jardines,
qual la primavera hermosa
labra en estatuas de rosa
sobre templos de jazmines,
hazle al már, un barco sea
dorado carro del Sol.
Ros. Y quando tanto arrebol
errar por sus ondas vea,
con grande melancolia
el jardin al már dirà:
ya el Sol en su centro està,
muy breve ha sido este dia.
Fen. Pues no me puedo alegrar,
formando sombras y lexos
la emulacion que en reflexos
tienen la tierra, y el màr,
quando con grandezas sumas
compiten entre esplendores
las espumas a las flores,
las flores a las espumas.

[2] With all their faults, these two sonnets are so beautiful and so perfectly in Calderon's style, that they may properly be included in the collection of examples quoted here.—Prince Fernando brings flowers to the Princess Phœnix. After various compliments have been uttered, Fernando says:—

Estas que fueron pompa, y alegria,
despertando al Albor de la mañana,

heroic character of Don Fernando is decidedly evinced in his first speech to his companions in arms; and his noble spirit is still more distinctly developed when he restores Muley to freedom.[1] But a more minute detail of the

a la tarde seràn lastima vana,
durmiendo en braços de la noche fria.
Este matiz, que al cielo desafia,
Iris listado de oro, nieve y grana,
serà escarmiento de la vida humana,
tanto se emprende en termino de un dia.
A florecer las rosas madrugaron,
y para envejecerse florecieron,
cuna, y sepulcro en un boton hallaron.
Tales los hombres sus fortunas vieron,
en un dia nacieron, y espiraron,
que passados los siglos horas fueron.

To this Phœnix replies in a strain somewhat over poetic even for a Moorish princess:—

Fen. Essos rasgos de luz, essas centellas,
que cobran con amagos superiores
alimentos del Sol en resplandores,
aquello viven que se duelen dellas.
Flores nocturnas son, aunque tan bellas,
efimeras padecen sus ardores;
pues si un dia es el siglo de las flores,
una noche es la edad de las estrellas.
De essa pues Primavera fugitiva,
ya nuestro mal, ya nuestro bien se infiere,
registro es nuestro, ò muera el Sol, ò viva.
Que duracion avrá que el hombre espere,
ò que mudança avrá que no reciba
de Astro, que cada noche nace, y muere?

[1] *Fer.* Valiente Moro, y galan,
si adoras como refieres,
si idolatras como dizes,
si amas como encareces,
si zelas como suspiras,
si como rezelas temes,
y si como sientes amas,
dichosamente padeces,
no quiero por tu rescate
más precio, de que le acetes.
Buelvete, y dile a tu dama,
que por su esclavo te ofrece
un Portugues Cavallero,
i si obligada pretende
pagarme el precio por ti,

beauties of this tragedy would carry us beyond the limits of the present work.

Calderon's *Autos Sacramentales* may be noticed in a few words. In this class of dramatic composition, Calderon pursued the path previously trodden by Perez de Montalvan, but he left his model far behind him. Some of his autos, of which that entitled *La Devocion de la Cruz* (the Miracles of the Cross, or, literally, the Devotion of the Cross) may be cited as an example, are the grandest and most ingenious productions of the kind in the Spanish language. But in these spiritual dramas, reason and moral feeling are so perverted by extravagant and fantastic notions of religious faith, that it is impossible to forbear congratulating those nations whose better fate has excluded them from amusements of this kind.

HISTORY OF THE SPANISH DRAMA CONTINUED TO THE CLOSE OF THE PERIOD OF THIS SECTION.

Never, perhaps, was any dramatic poet accompanied in so long a career by such a number of rivals, friends, and imitators, as Calderon. It was precisely the half century during which he indefatigably laboured for the Spanish theatre that gave birth to the greater part of those dramas, the number of which is better known than their merits. In consequence of the popularity of Lope de Vega and Calderon, the passion for dramatic composition became as epidemic in Spain as that of sonnet writing had formerly been. The encouragement which Philip IV. gave to the drama doubtless contributed not a little to excite this poetic emulation. But the multitude of writers who entered into the competition were ambitious of rivalling Lope de Vega and Calderon in fertility of invention. The fecundity of Perez de Montalvan, who, notwithstanding his short life, wrote nearly one hundred plays in the style of Lope de Vega, was not allowed to remain a

yo de doy lo que me deves,
cobra la deuda en amor,
y logra tus interesses.

solitary example. The impression produced by successive *comedias famosas* on a public whose greatest mental enjoyment was found in the theatre, was also felt by those who were desirous of producing similar works. Thus every piece which was applauded sowed the seeds of new comedies. No author thought it necessary to reform the principles on which Spanish comedy was composed, or to attempt to distinguish himself by any particular originality. At the same time, the spirit which governed this emulation was equally remote from intentional imitation of the more celebrated dramatic poets. He who was ambitious of adding one more to the numberless dramas in the possession of the stage followed in the general stream, under the influence of impressions previously received. To wit and fancy free scope was allowed, but any original traits which the new production might contain were more or less overshadowed by the general character of this class of composition. The whole of those dramatists whose works so closely resemble each other, form therefore only one school. Were not the critic assisted by names the most extensive, knowledge of this department of Spanish literature would, in most cases, be insufficient to enable him to distinguish the labours of different authors. It often happened that several writers formed a co-partnership of their talents for the production of one piece; hence arose the practice of printing on the titles of some dramas the words, "by two wits," or "by three wits," (*de dos ingenios,* or *de tres ingenios.*) Of the numerous aspirants in this conflict of efforts and of talents, proportionally few succeeded in obtaining a celebrity which entitles them to be placed near Lope de Vega and Calderon. These few, however, whose number, compared with the approved dramatists of other nations, the French comic authors excepted, is still very considerable, vied in ingenuity and delicacy of composition with Calderon, and endeavoured to surpass him in regularity.

Several authors have, with much labour, endeavoured to discover the number of the Spanish dramas, as if the knowledge of their amount, even correctly ascertained, could be worth the pains necessary to acquire it. Of the

three thousand eight hundred and fifty-two dramatic works which La Huerta has enumerated,[1] the greater part belongs to the age of Calderon. Those which Calderon himself wrote appear in the list, and it also includes a considerable number of short interludes, some of which, perhaps, did not cost their authors more than a few hours' labour. But this list contains only the printed dramas known to literary collectors. That the number of pieces remaining in manuscript is much greater, may from analogy be presumed; for of the dramatic compositions of the idolized Lope de Vega, which are estimated at more than two thousand, not many more than three hundred have been printed.

It would not be uninteresting to analyze, for the purpose of comparison with the works of Calderon, some of the best of the other dramas of this age; but such details do not fall within the province of a general history of Spanish literature. Some of the contemporaries of Calderon, however, vied with him so meritoriously, that an express but brief notice of their merits becomes indispensable.

ANTONIO DE SOLIS—MORETO—JUAN DE HOZ—TIRSO DE MOLINA—FRANCISCO DE ROXAS—AUGUSTIN DE SALAZAR—MIRA DE MESCUA, ETC.

An honourable station beside Calderon belongs to Antonio de Solis, one of the most eminent authors of his age. He was ten years younger than Calderon, whom he survived a few years. His literary pursuits were not limited to the study of poetry, for morals, politics, and history, also occupied his attention, particularly in his maturer years. He wrote the preludes (*loas*) to some of Calderon's dramas, and he appears to have been connected by the ties of friendship with that great poet. The fame of his political and historical knowledge obtained for him a place in the administration under Philip IV., and after the death of that monarch he was

[1] The list is given in the appendix to his *Theatro Hespañol*, under the title:—*Catalogo Alphabetico de las Comedias, Tragedias*, &c. Madrid, 1785.

appointed to the lucrative post of *Coronista de las Indias* or historiographer of the transactions of the Spaniards in both Indies. While he held this office, he wrote his celebrated History of the Conquest of Mexico, which will be more particularly noticed at the close of the present book. Finally, he entered into holy orders, and devoted himself almost exclusively to exercises of devotion: he died in 1686. His plays do not display so much boldness of imagination as Calderon's, but they are ingeniously composed in the Spanish national style of intrigue, and they exhibit an elegant vivacity of diction. With regard to pleasantries put into the mouths of servants, he does not exactly correspond with other Spanish dramatists. His dramatic compositions are more regular than Calderon's, because he was less liable to be seduced by the force of his imagination. Among his comedies attributed to the heroic class, *El Alcazar del Secreto*, (the Castle of Mystery,) is justly much valued. In his dramas of intrigue, he has endeavoured to vary the characters more than his great contemporary; thus gipsies figure in his piece called *La Gitanilla de Madrid*, which is partly founded on one of Cervantes' *novelas exemplares*.[1]

Augustin Moreto possessed a higher degree of comic talent than Calderon. This able and industrious writer was also favoured by Philip IV., but he became an ecclesiastic, and renounced writing for the theatre. Some of his pieces are comic from beginning to end, and are also comedies of character, though the form of the Spanish drama of intrigue is still preserved. In his piece entitled *De fuera vendra, quien de casa nos echara*,[2] (He will come from without, Who will turn us out,) he has introduced an old coquette, a military coxcomb, and a cowardly and pedantic doctor of laws! These characters are drawn with a comic force which has seldom been surpassed,

[1] The *Alcazar del Secreto*, and the *Gitanilla de Madrid*, and several other pieces of merit, by Antonio de Solis, may be found in La Huerta's *Theatro Hespañol*. Accounts of the editions of the dramas and other works of this ingenious writer are given by Dieze in his edition of Velasquez.

[2] This piece is printed with several others by Moreto, in the *Theatro Hespañol*.

though it must be confessed that they partake too much of caricature. In general, Moreto approximates more than Calderon to Terence, whose comedies became, in the sequel, models for the Spanish dramatists, when the principles of the French drama were adopted; but his *gracioso*, who is always the fool of the piece, in the character of a servant, repeats too often the same sort of wretched jests.

Juan de Hoz likewise approached to the comic style of the regular dramas representing character. Of this author nothing further is known except that he wrote an excellent comedy, entitled *El castigo de la Miseria*, (Avarice Punished,) which presents a considerable resemblance to one of Cervantes' novels.[1]

Tirso de Molina, or Gabriel Sellez, (as his real name is said to have been,) was one of the most prolific dramatic writers among the contemporaries of Calderon: he is the reputed author of upwards of seventy plays still extant. He vied with Lope de Vega and Calderon in the merit of ingenious and bold invention, which is particularly manifested in his historical and spiritual dramas.[2]

The dramas of intrigue by Francisco de Rojas, or Roxas, a knight of the order of Santiago, were, about the middle of the sixteenth century, as much esteemed as those of Calderon, for the art of ingenious complexity which they exhibited rendered them particularly pleasing to the Spanish taste. A play by this author, entitled *Entre Bobos anda el Juego*,[3] (When Fools play, the Game goes well,) is even at the present day a distinguished favourite on the Spanish stage. He was not so successful as a writer of heroic comedies. His *Casarse para Vengarse*, (Marriage of Vengeance,) which is a sort of tragedy, is absurdly surcharged with bombastic phrases.

[1] It belongs to the class of *comedias de figuron*. (See p. 260.) La Huerta places this comedy at the commencement of his *Theatro Hespañol*.

[2] Blankenburg, in his literary appendix to Sulzer's Dictionary, expresses a doubt whether there ever was a particular collection of the comedies of Maestro Tirso de Molina. I can at least state that I have seen a fifth volume of his comedies, (Madrid, 1636, in quarto,) which contains eleven dramas, chiefly historical and spiritual.

[3] This is the only drama by Rojas given in La Huerta's Theatre; and in the older collections the works of Rojas seldom appear.

Agustin de Salazar y Torres was educated in Mexico, and, after his return to Spain, lived at the court of Philip IV. He was an admirer and disciple of Gongora, as many of his poems prove; but though an inveterate Gongorist, he was one of the cleverest writers of that school of affectation. His dramatic works are distinguished for ingenuity of invention, and a style which shows that he knew how to elevate himself above the common level, without running into bombast.[1] His heroic comedy, entitled, *Elegir al Enemigo,* (How to Choose an Enemy,) is full of genuine poetry.

Antonio Mira de Mescua, or Amescua, who lived as an ecclesiastic at the court of Philip IV., must not be omitted in the list of the Spanish dramatic poets of the period now under consideration. He was regarded by many of his contemporaries as a second Lope de Vega,[2] and he doubtless more nearly approached the rude brilliancy of Lope than the elegant manner of Calderon. He remained, however, far behind his model; yet his historical and spiritual dramas are distinguished for conceptions which, though extravagant, are not devoid of interest, and which were, moreover, perfectly in unison with the prevailing Spanish taste. In *El Caballero sin Nombre,* (the Knight without a Name,) he has even ventured to introduce a wild bear on the stage.

To the historian who makes the dramatic literature of Spain his particular object, must be consigned the task of collecting the necessary information respecting the works of Antonio de Mendoza, Luis Velez de Guevara, Alvaro Cubillo, Luis Coello, Felipe Godinez, Juan Matos Fragoso, and other dramatists, who, in the age in which they lived, were frequently placed on a level with Calderon. The writer who devotes his attention to this department of Spanish literature must likewise take into consideration

[1] Many of his dramas may be found in various collections. They are included along with his other poems in the *Cithara de Apolo by D. Agust. de Salazar y Torres,* Madrid, 1692, in two volumes, published by one of the author's friends, who on his part was a perfect Gongorist, as the title of the collection sufficiently shows.

[2] Nicolas Antonio, a very incompetent judge in matters of taste, lauds Antonio de Mescua to the skies. But he is seldom mentioned by other authors.

the older dramatic works which appeared during the latter years of Lope de Vega's career; as for example, the comedies of Juan Ruiz de Alarcon, Guillen de Castro, &c.[1] Neither must he neglect to furnish bibliographic accounts of the various collections of Spanish dramas published by different editors. In the present work it is only necessary to observe, that these collections, the greater part of which appeared in the seventeenth century, were all speculations of the booksellers. Most of them present abundant traces of haste and negligence, and but few are distinguished for critical discrimination in the selection. The historian of the Spanish national taste will, however, consult those collections with a view of ascertaining what dramas were, at a certain period, the greatest favourites in Spain; for the booksellers published their collections in conformity with the humour of the public. Thus every drama which was printed, was styled a *Comedia famosa*, so that about the middle of the seventeenth century, the epithet *famosa* had, by frequent repetition, lost all value.

CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF SPANISH RHETORIC AND CRITICISM WITHIN THE PERIOD OF THIS SECTION.

The works belonging to the department of elegant prose, which appeared during the period of the ascendancy of dramatic poetry in Spanish literature, may be noticed in few words. The authors who still adhered to the spirit of genuine prose writing, gave no new direction to rhetorical cultivation. They merely continued, with laudable perseverance, the task begun by their predecessors, namely, that of opposing the party who methodically endeavoured to introduce into prose composition a new tone of ingenious absurdity.

Romantic prose no longer maintained a conflict with true rhetoric, but proceeded in a separate course. The reading portion of the Spanish public continued to be supplied with romances and novels, most of which, however, were the production of obscure writers. Several Spanish ladies contributed their share in this kind of authorship.

[1] A historical comedy by Guillen de Castro, entitled, *Las Mocedades del Cid*, furnished Corneille with the idea of his tragedy of the Cid.

The necessary distinction between historical and romantic narrative was now made by the historiographers or chroniclers, whose numbers had been augmented since the extension of the Spanish possessions in India and America. But among all these writers, Antonio de Solis, who has already been noticed as a dramatic poet, is the only one who produced a work deserving to be ranked among the models of historical composition. His history, which he wrote in the quality of historiographer of the Indies, is the last classic relic of the kind of which Spanish literature can boast. It contains an account of the Conquest of Mexico, in a genuine historical form, notwithstanding that the subject was calculated to seduce a poetic author into the romantic narrative style.[1] Those who are unacquainted with the fact of Antonio de Solis being a celebrated poet, will never conjecture it from the general tone of this work. No writer could possibly mark with more solidity of taste the distinction between poetry and prose. Antonio de Solis had, however, attained the age of maturity when he laid down the principles by which he was guided in the discharge of his functions as a historian. He states in his preface that in history all ornaments of rhetoric are merely accessories; and that accuracy of narration is true historical elegance. He says, that truth must be of all things the most important to the historian, and that, in historical composition, what is truly stated, is well stated.[2] According to these principles, the very worst style possible would

[1] An elegant edition of the *Historia de la Conquista de Mexico, por D. Antonio de Solis*, in 2 vols. quarto, was published at Madrid in 1776.

[2] The following are the historiographic rules of Antonio de Solis, in his own words:—

Los Adornos de la Eloquencia son accidentes en la Historia, cuya substancia *es la Verdad*, que *dicha como fue, se dize bien:* siendo la puntualidad de la noticia la mejor elegancia de la Narracion. Con este conocimiento he puesto en la certidumbre de lo que refiero, mi principal cuydado. Examen, que algunas vezes me bolvio à la tarea de los Libros, y Papeles: porque hallando en los Sucessos, ò en sus circunstancias, discordantes, con notable oposicion, à nuestros mismos Escritores, me ha sido necessario buscar la Verdad con poca luz, ò congeturarla de lo mas verisimil; pero digo entonces mi reparo: y si llego á formar opinion, conozco la flaqueza de mi dictamen, y dexo, lo que afirmo, al arbitrio de la razon.—*Prologo.*

be tolerable in a faithful historical narrative. But it would appear that Antonio de Solis, through a distrust of his own poetic imagination, exaggerated to himself the necessity of self-denial as an homage due to historical fidelity; and this exaggeration. which in reality was only theoretical, proved of essential service to him in the execution of his work. His talent for description, and his cultivated taste, naturally elevated him above the dryness and dulness of the common chronicle style. Though he seems scarcely to have reflected on the more essential requisites of the historical art, yet his work has not suffered by their neglect. As a dramatic poet, he had been accustomed to an arrangement of events which concentrated them in a single point of view; and profound political knowledge was not required for the just exposition of transactions occurring in the expedition of a small party of Spanish adventurers, led on by the daring Hernando Cortes, to the conquest of the kingdom of Mexico. Nothing more was necessary than a simple and unaffected narration, to cause the interest naturally belonging to the subject to be strongly felt.

INTRODUCTION OF GONGORISM INTO SPANISH PROSE—BALTHASAR GRACIAN.

The elegant simplicity of the historical style adopted by Antonio de Solis, forms, with the Gongorism which about this time crept into Spanish prose, from the poetic school of Gongora, a rhetorical contrast, which is the last remarkable phenomenon in the history of Spanish literature. The pedantic commentators of the unintelligible Gongora had long been accustomed to write a strange fantastic prose style; but this prosaic Gongorism had not infected any man of distinguished talent, until Lorenzo, or Balthasar Gracian, became a popular author. Writers on literature mention but few particulars respecting the life of this distinguished man, who is supposed to have died in the year 1652. It is probable that he himself concealed his literary existence; for it is conjectured that the works which on their title-pages bear the name of Lorenzo Gracian, were really written by Balthasar Gracian, who was a jesuit, and the brother of Lorenzo. Respecting Lorenzo nothing fur-

ther is known than that he is understood to have lent his name to the productions of his brother; but, be this as it may, the writings which have conferred celebrity on that name are, in some measure, sufficiently jesuitical.[1] They relate, in general, to the morality of the great world, to theological morality, and to poetry and rhetoric. The most voluminous of these works bears the affected title of *El Criticon.* It is an allegorical picture of the whole course of human life divided into *Crises,* that is to say, sections according to fixed points of view, and clothed in the formal garb of a pompous romance. It is scarcely possible to open any page of this book without recognising in the author a man who is in many respects far from common, but who, from the ambition of being entirely uncommon in thinking and writing studiously and ingeniously, avoids nature and good sense. The most ambiguous subtleties, expressed in ostentatious language, are scattered in profusion throughout the work;[2] and those affected conceits are the more offensive, in consequence of their union with the really grand view of the essential relationship of man to nature and his Creator, which forms the subject of the treatise. Gracian would have been an excellent writer had he not so anxiously wished to be an extraordinary one. His shorter productions, in which he develops his theory of the intellectual faculties, and the conduct of life, are still more disfigured by affected ornament than the tedious Criticon;[3]

[1] They are all collected under the title of *Obras de Lorenzo Gracian, &c.* Amberes, 1725, in 2 vols. quarto.

[2] Of this the following fragment of a conversation between Fortune and a dissatisfied person affords a specimen:—

Tampoco será el llamarte hijo de tu madre. Menos, antes me glorio yo de esso, que ni yo sin ella, ni ella sin mi: ni Venus sin Cupido, ni Cupido sin Venus. Ya se lo que es, dixo la Fortuna. Que? Que sientes mucho el hazerte heredero de tu abuelo el mar, en la inconstancia, y engaños? No por cierto, que essas son niñerias; pues si estas son burlas, que seràn las veras? Lo que à mi me irrita, es, que me levanten testimonios. Aguarda, que ya te entiendo, sin duda es aquello que dizen, que trocaste el arco con la muerte, y que desde entonces no te llaman ya amor de amar, sino de morir, amor à muerte; de modo, que amor, y muerte todo es uno. *Crisi* iv.

[3] He reduces all mental talents and faculties to two kinds, *Genio* and *Ingenio.* But the distinctions he draws between them are as difficult to translate as the different applications of the French word *Esprit.* On this subject he says, among other things:—

they, however, occasionally contain striking observations intelligibly expressed.[1] His *Oraculo Manual* has been more read than any other of his works. It is intended to be a collection of maxims of general utility, but it exhibits good and bad precepts, sound judgments, and refined sophisms, all confounded together. In this work Gracian has not forgotten to inculcate the practical principle of jesuitism "to be all things to all men," (*hacerse a todos*), nor to recommend his own favourite maxim, "to be common in nothing," (*en nada vulgar*,) which in order to be valid would require a totally different interpretation from that which he has given it.

Gracian's *uncommon* prose was formed according to certain principles. His book on the Art of Ingeniously Thinking and Writing,[2] is no inconsiderable contribution to criticism in Spanish literature. He refines to an incredible degree on subtle distinctions and antitheses, with the view of systematically bringing the style of his countrymen to the level of his own. His illustrative examples are selected from Italian and Spanish poets, particularly from Marino, Gongora, and Quevedo. Throughout the whole work, ingenious thoughts (*conceptos*) are constantly the subject of consideration. A man of genius, he says, may receive these ideas from nature; but art enables him to create them at pleasure. "As he who comprehends such ideas is an eagle, so he

---

Estos dos son *los dos Exes del lucimiento discreto*, la naturaleza los alterna, y el arte los realça. Es el hombre aquel celebre Microcosmos, y el Alma su firmamento. Hermanados el Genio, y el Ingenio, en verificacion de Athlante, y de Alcides; asseguran el brillar, por lo dichoso, y lo lucido, á todo el resto de prendas.

El uno sin el otro, fue en muchos felicidad à medias, acusando la embidia, ò el descuido de la suerte.—*El discreto*, *Opp.* t. i. p. 389.

[1] For example, in the treatise last quoted, he says:—

Ay hombres tan desiguales en las materias, tan diferentes de si mismos en las ocasiones, que desmienten su propio credito, y deslumbran nuestro concepto; en unos puntos discurren, que buelan, en otros, ni perciben, ni se mueven. Oy todo les sale bien, mañana todo mal, que aun el entendimiento, y la ventura tienen desiguales. Donde no ay disculpa, es en la voluntad, que es crimen del alvedrio, y su variar no està lexos del desvariar. Lo que oy ponen sobre su cabeça, mañana lo llevan entre pies, por no tener pies, ni cabeça.

[2] The Spanish title of this work is, *Agudeza y Arte de Ingenio*.

who is capable of producing them must be ranked among angels; for it is an employment of cherubim, and an elevation of man, which raises him to sublime hierarchy."[1] He then proceeds to describe those *conceptos* which he pronounces to be undefinable, because "they are to the understanding what beauty is to the eye, and harmony to the ear."[2] Next follows an enumeration and explanation of the many combinations by which the various classes of these ideas—for example, the proverbial, the pathetic, the heroic, &c.—may be produced. Poetic figures are examined in rotation; and the style of true rhetoric is defined according to the same principles. Thus throughout the whole book good sense and good taste are most ingeniously abused.

This art of poetry and rhetoric by Gracian was, in the seventeenth century, th only work of the kind which produced any influence on the taste of writers and the public.

Gongorism peeps forth even in the published letters of the eminent men of this period, which exhibit a strained formality and an affected elegance. The letters of Quevedo form in this respect no exception. Even in those of Antonio de Solis the facility of the true epistolatory style is wanting.[3]

[1] Si el percibir la agudeza acredita de Aguila, el produzirla empeñara en Angel: empleo de Cherubines y elevacion de hombres, que nos remonta à extravagante Geraquia.

[2] Es este ser uno de aquellos, que son mas conocidos à bulto y menos à precision: dexase percibir, no definir, y en tan remoto assunto esti mese qualquiera descripcion, lo que es para los ojos la hermosura, y para los oidos la consonancia, esso es para el entendimiento el concepto. —*Agudeza y Arte de Ingenio. Discurso* ii.

[3] These letters are contained in the collection of Mayans y Siscar.

BOOK III.

HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE FROM ITS DECLINE IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH TO THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THIS book is intended to be only a supplement to the two preceding books of the History of Spanish Literature. To describe in detail the gradations through which the Spanish nation descended from the most brilliant height of literary independence to the servile imitation of foreign forms; and to mark how the depressed national spirit again revived and reanimated the native literature, is a task which must be left to the writer whose object may be to give an account of every production which appears within the circle of polite learning. From him, however, who has rather chosen to take a general historical view of the development and progress of literary genius and taste in modern Europe, it would be unreasonable to expect specific notices of works of minor interest, published during the period of an expiring and slowly reviving literature. In the eighteenth century no poet arose in Spain to form an epoch such as that marked in Italian literature by Metastasio; and whatever was then accomplished in Spanish prose, was a consequence of the imitation of French models.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that no distinct line of separation can exist between this period and that which precedes it. When lights are gradually and imperceptibly extinguished, it is impossible to name the moment when obscurity commences. It would be no less difficult to fix precisely the epoch of the revival of Spanish literature, for it is marked by no particular phenomenon. The necessary division in the history of the progressive and retrogressive state of Spanish literature must therefore

be referred, without any precise determination, to the reign of Charles II., from 1665 to 1700. Some dramatic authors who maintained the respectability of the Spanish national theatre, to the beginning of the eighteenth century, will consequently be included in this last book. Thus the account of the new dawn of national genius, promising better times, will be given in connexion with the immediately preceding literary transactions.

This book may be conveniently divided into three chapters. The first will contain the history of the complete decay of the Spanish national spirit in respect to literature. In the second will be given a brief account of whatever literary events appear to deserve consideration, from the reign of Charles II. to the commencement of the reign of Charles III. The third chapter will be devoted to a summary notice of the more recent occurrences, which, particularly in the last ten years of the eighteenth century, appear to have given a new direction to Spanish literature.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATE OF POETICAL AND RHETORICAL CULTIVATION IN SPAIN DURING THIS PERIOD.

Within the century included in the reigns of the three Philips, from 1556 to 1665, that is to say, the golden age of Spanish literature, the national spirit, which the vicious system of the government was calculated to repress, became at last, like the national resources, completely exhausted. Under Charles II., the wounds of the body politic, which had long profusely bled, began to exhibit frightful gangrenes. In every quarter of the world, Spanish valour had done its uttermost for the support of the perverse measures of a despotic government, and the state at length seemed on the verge of dissolution. The enormous treasures which poured into Spain from the mines of America were immediately consigned to foreign nations.

Thus the richest country in the world was overwhelmed with debt. Agriculture and industry languished, especially in the interior of the monarchy, where a near view of the splendour of an ostentatious court still served to gratify Castilian vanity, but where every blow levelled against the whole state was most directly felt. The occupation of one half of America carried off men from the mother country by thousands at a time; and in addition to this drain, the population had been suddenly diminished to the extent of nearly half a million, by the tyrannical expulsion of the Moriscos, or baptized Arabs. Spain was also engaged in uninterrupted warfare during the whole of the century in which the three Philips reigned. Continual levies of troops, combined with oppressive taxation, at length so reduced the nation, that the government lost the instrument it had abused; and every sacrifice made to meet cases of imperious urgency, served only to produce new humiliation. The little kingdom of Portugal, by a fortunate effort, threw off the Spanish yoke, and became once more an independent state. Torrents of Spanish blood were shed in the Netherlands, with the view of suppressing, at any price, the freedom of the United Provinces; yet those provinces flourished in full vigour, while Spain was reduced to the last stage of political inanition. Still, however, Spanish genius appeared to soar superior to all the evils that assailed the state, as long, at least, as the semblance of the ancient national greatness remained. But with the death of Philip IV. even that semblance vanished. The widowed queen, who was appointed guardian of the young king, then only five years of age, acting under the influence of father Neidhart, a German jesuit, offered the last insult to the feelings of the nobility and the people. No sooner was father Neidhart driven away by the party of Don John of Austria, the natural son of Philip IV., than France obtained possession of a considerable portion of the provinces which Spain still held in the Netherlands. In the West Indies, a republic of pirates was established. This new enemy grew out of the remarkable association of the Flibustiers, or Buccaneers, men who regarded Spanish America as a booty on which they were entitled to prey. This state of things was not

improved when the full powers of government were placed in the hands of the weak Charles II., the period of whose reign is the most melancholy in Spanish history.

The circumstance of a French prince being called to the Spanish throne, in obedience to that will of Charles II, which has been so much censured, was by no means unfortunate for Spain, either in a literary or political point of view. The war, which was partly a civil contest, and which was maintained for twelve years before the new Philip, the fifth of that name, was tranquilly seated on his throne, seemed, however, to threaten the annihilation of the last remnant of Spanish national vigour. The mild and rigidly pious Philip V. had been, by his personal character and mode of thinking, previously brought into relationship with the nation to which he now belonged. He manifested no desire to transplant into Spain the literature of France, which at that time began to exercise an influence over the whole of Europe. The foreigners whose promotion to important posts, during the reign of the first Bourbon in Spain, rendered them the objects of much patriotic jealousy, were Italians and Irishmen, but in no instance Frenchmen. The French influence operated in Spain only on the wavering politics of the cabinet of Madrid; the change of the reigning dynasty produced therefore little or no influence on Spanish literature. All that Philip V. did to promote the advancement of learning on the French model, was wholly confined to the celebrated institution of royal academies, among which the academy of history, and still more, the academy of the Spanish language and polite literature,[1] may be regarded as having operated influentially on the literature of Spain. But this last-mentioned academy, which was established in the year 1714, was never intended for the annihilation of the spirit and peculiar forms of Spanish poetry and eloquence. The cultivation of the Spanish language was its especial care, and its labours for the accomplishment of that object were crowned by the production of its excellent dictionary. The efforts made by

[1] The *Real Academia Española*, founded on the plan of the *Académie Française*.

some members of this academy to form the taste of their countrymen on the model of that of France, must be attributed to themselves individually. They merely followed the new current of French taste, in common with almost every person in Europe who had then any pretensions to polite education. If these innovators must be called a literary court party, the term can only be employed in the sense in which it would, with equal propriety, apply to the same sort of party existing in other countries, where the French style became the fashionable style of courts, and was, with courtier-like complaisance, generally adopted by authors both in verse and in prose.

The French taste spontaneously penetrated into Spanish literature when the age of Louis XIV. began to exercise an imposing influence over the whole of Europe. But the French taste would have operated on the literature of Spain, which had already been carried so far beyond that of France, in a very different manner, had not the old national energy been crippled in every direction. Had it not been for this unfortunate circumstance, crowds of servile imitators and psuedo critics would never have obtained a footing in Spain. Men of rightly cultivated understanding would have reconciled their purer taste to the yet unexhausted national genius, in order to enhance the advantages of Spanish literature in its competition with the literature of France, and to learn true elegance from the French, without, like them, sacrificing to mere elegance beauties of a higher order. But the age of vigour was past; though feeble pride would in no respect renounce its pretensions. Two parties now arose in the polite literature of Spain. The leading and would-be elegant party, included persons of rank and fashion, who had begun to be ashamed of the ancient national literature, and who yet wished to prove that that national literature, even when estimated according to the rules of French criticism, possessed many beauties. That the French might no longer boast of superior taste, this party sought to improve Spanish poetry, and particularly the Spanish drama, by translations of French works and imitations of the French style. To the party of fashionable innovators was opposed the old national party, composed

of persons distinguished for their obstinate attachment to ancient taste, and even to ancient rudeness. This party continued, as heretofore, to be that of the Spanish public; but it remained for a time without any literary representative. Thus was it reduced to the necessity of seeing writers, who laid claim to the title of Spanish patriots, publicly attack its old favourites, particularly Lope de Vega and Calderon, while no zealous pen took up their public defence. Nevertheless, this party continued unshaken in its opinions. Even during the extreme crisis of the conflict between the French and the national taste, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the Spanish theatre preserved its own peculiar forms. It assumed, however, a character no less varied than the German theatre at present exhibits. Plays in the national style were performed on the Spanish stage alternately with translations and imitations of French and even of English dramas; and though this heterogeneous variety did not degenerate into the monstrous, as it now does on the German stage, where a national style never prevailed, yet nothing could be more inconsistent than the contrast of plays in the French and English taste with the old Spanish comedies. But these comedies, and in general all the old national poetry, once more obtained spirited defenders among Spanish critics and authors, after the ancient taste had withstood the shock of the last crisis, in its conflict with the modern. Thus another literary triumph was gained by the tenacity of the Spanish public, to which, in matters of taste, monarchs otherwise despotic readily granted perfect freedom.

The mixture of national and foreign taste in the modern literature of Spain, was promoted in no slight degree by the introduction of French manners, which had at this period spread over Europe. In Spain, however, they were less encouraged by court example than in other countries. At the court of Madrid, old Spanish formality was still preserved; and among the nobility, as well as the people, the national costume was only gradually superseded by the French style of dress. Bull fights continued to be the favourite amusements of the Spaniards from the highest to the lowest ranks. But the solemn *Autos de*

Fe,[1] in which the inquisition appeared in all the splendour of its power, and in which heretics were burned amidst the approving shouts of the spectators, no longer insulted humanity. The last of these horrible festivals of fanaticism was performed with extraordinary pomp at Madrid in the year 1680, in compliance with the pious wish of king Charles II. The Bourbons who succeeded to the Spanish throne, whatever might be the ardour of their catholic zeal, appeared to regard such barbarous spectacles with disgust, and thus set an example of refinement which honourably marked their relationship to the French royal family. At this period, too, when the storm of the Reformation had subsided, religion as well as manners assumed a milder character throughout all Europe. The Spaniards, however, could not be induced to renounce their sacred comedies, until, in the year 1765, they were formally prohibited by a royal decree, because they excited the derision of foreigners.

Finally, in the second half of the eighteenth century, scientific learning gained an ascendancy over polite literature in Spain, as in every other part of Europe. A philosophy in the sense of the French encyclopædists inflicted wounds equally mortal on fanaticism and poetic enthusiasm. The spirit of experiment, which sought, by an accumulation of facts, to scan the furthest depths of human knowledge and the principles of all science, and styled that accumulation sound philosophy, had, since the time of the French encyclopædists, found favour in Spain, as in every part of Europe, Germany excepted. True poetry, to which this spirit of experiment is the most dangerous of all enemies, could not easily revive in its former magnificence. But a wider field of general utility was, under certain restrictions, opened to elegant prose; and criticism, at least obtained the negative advantage of being able to impede any new encroachments of ingenious extravagance.

[1] It is singular, that over all Europe, the Portuguese phrase, *Auto da Fe*, has become current in preference to the Spanish *Auto de Fe*.

CHAPTER II.

DECAY OF THE OLD SPANISH LITERATURE, AND INTRODUCTION OF THE FRENCH STYLE.

The last branch of Spanish national poetry still flourished in the reign of Charles II., for the French drama, which then appeared in the first dawn of its celebrity, had as yet no influence on the drama of Spain. Several assiduous writers continued to enrich Spanish literature with new pieces in the manner of Calderon; and these writers have here the first claim to consideration.

CANDAMO, ZAMORA, AND CAÑIZARES, DRAMATISTS IN THE OLD NATIONAL STYLE.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the dramas of Francisco Bancas Cándamo, were particularly esteemed. Cándamo, who was an Asturian of noble extraction, received, during a certain period, a pension from Charles II. for writing for the court theatre at Madrid. He, however, died in indigence in the year 1709. His historical play, entitled, *El Esclavo en Grillos de Oro,* (the Slave in Golden Fetters,) is still spoken of in terms of approbation in Spain.[1] It is a romantic anecdote taken from the history of the emperor Trajan. The singular combination of the ancient and the romantic costume which this play presents, is a fault with which the author must not be reproached; for since Lope de Vega's time the spirit of the Spanish drama required that the events of ancient history should be arrayed only in the garb of romance. But Cándamo has put into the mouth of the emperor Trajan a superabundance of phrases which are exceedingly dull, though conveyed in light and harmonious verse. The purely romantic scenes in which ladies and

[1] La Huerta includes this play among the four *Comedias Heroycas* of his *Theatro Hespañol*, probably for the sake of its elegant language; for in other respects it would not have been difficult to have selected a better drama in the class to which it belongs.

young knights appear, are the best in this drama, which, according to the Spanish classification, is an heroic comedy.

Antonio de Zamora, a gentleman belonging to the court of Madrid, was particularly distinguished as a writer of comic dramas. The comedy entitled, *El Hechizado por Fuerza*, (the Bewitched by Force,[1]) is one of the most humorous and regular in the Spanish language. It may also be numbered among the dramas of character; at least the two principal parts, though a little overcharged, are nevertheless boldly conceived and consistently maintained. One is a fantastic old man, who continually expresses himself in a tone of sarcastic comic humour:—he makes a parade of his odd fancies, as if they were so many proofs of real wisdom; and he is induced to consent to a marriage under the idea that he is bewitched. The other comic character is an enamoured physician, who is prevailed on to take part in the pretended bewitching, and who is himself outwitted by the sprightly girls whom he has assisted in playing off their trick on the old man.

Joseph de Cañizares, who likewise lived at the court of Madrid, produced a considerable number of Spanish comedies. He particularly devoted his attention to that class of dramas of intrigue called *Comedias de figuròn*, in which the principal character is a pretender or braggadocio, either male or female, who, by dint of impudence and artifice, obtains a certain degree of credit. Among the dramas of Cañizares, the Spaniards particularly esteem his comedy entitled, *El Domine Lucas*;[2] it is a drama of character, comic throughout, and of the most regular description, though it by no means departs from the Spanish national style. The title may be translated "The Pedant Squire;" for Domine Lucas, the hero of the piece, is a young country gentleman, a student of Salamanca, extremely dull and affected, and withal proud of his noble birth. With this character is very happily combined the uncle of Lucas, a brave, amiable, and sensible old gentleman, though, like his nephew, he interlards his

[1] This comedy may be found in many collections. It is included in La Huerta's *Theatro Hespañol*.

[2] This piece is also contained in the *Theatro Hespañol*.

discourse with scraps of Latin from the *Corpus Juris.* An old domestic, who likewise has recourse to Latin whenever his wit fails him, is well grouped with his masters. An excellent female pendant to the doltish hero is exhibited in the character of one of the daughters of the old uncle, who in the end is united to Lucas, while her sprightly sister, to whom the Domine was betrothed, elopes with a more agreeable lover. The traits of character in the whole of this comic picture, though by no means delicately sketched, are, nevertheless, full of dramatic spirit.

These, and some other plays, by writers whose names are not distinguished, complete the stock of the Spanish national drama. The striking regularity which distinguishes some pieces must by no means be attributed to the influence of French taste. It is possible that a vague idea of the regularity of the French comedy may at this time have found its way into Spain; but among the older Spanish dramas, particularly those of Solis and Moreto, some are no less regular than the comedies of character written by Zamora and Cañizares; who, besides, did not always, any more than their predecessors, confine themselves rigidly within the bounds of regularity. In the works of these latter poets, the theatrical personages are precisely of the same cast as in the writings of the older dramatists. Young officers, who are usually represented as volatile lovers, boast of their adventures in Flanders, and sing romances to the accompaniment of the guitar. This sort of character is the prototype of that which on the French stage was subsequently called the *Chevalier.* No trace of the imitation of French manners is perceptible; and if, here and there, a French word is introduced, it is always with a comic signification.[1]

DONA JUANA INEZ DE LA CRUZ.

Nothing poetical was at this period produced, or at least nothing sung and written in the lyric or other styles

[1] For example, the word *Madamusela,* from the French *Mademoiselle.* In like manner, Cervantes introduced the word *Madama,* but it is employed only in a comic sense.

of poetry in Spain obtained literary celebrity. It would, however, be unjust to pass over in silence some works which made their appearance about this time, and which are interesting, inasmuch as they afford instances of the continuation of the taste for old Spanish poetry. Among these the most remarkable are the numerous productions of a Spanish American poetess, named Doña Juana Inez de la Cruz, who was much celebrated in Mexico about the latter end of the seventeenth century. On the title-page of her works, which, however, she did not publish herself, this distinguished woman is styled the tenth muse.[1] Respecting the history of her life, nothing is known, save what is mentioned in her poems. She was a nun in a Mexican convent; and she complains of her weak state of health in the verses which form the preface to her poems. Her writings sufficiently prove that she lived on terms of intimacy with the viceroy and the other Spanish grandees in Mexico, and that frequent demands were made upon her talent for the celebration of festivals, both spiritual and temporal. Much as Inez de la Cruz was deficient in real cultivation, her productions are eminently superior to the ordinary standard of female poetry. Among the Spanish ladies who have directed their talents to poetic composition, she deserves to take the foremost rank;—no very high distinction, perhaps, considering that literature has been but little cultivated by the female sex in Spain. But that fact renders it the more worthy of remark, that in America, flowers of genius were permitted to bloom, which in Spain would in all probability have been blighted in the bud. The poems of Inez de la Cruz breathe a sort of masculine spirit. This poetic nun possessed more fancy and wit than sentimental enthusiasm; and whenever she began to invent, her creations were on a bold and great scale. Her poems are of very unequal merit, and are all deficient in critical cultivation.

[1] I have seen the third edition of the poetic writings of this lady. The following is the title:—*Poemas de la unica poetisa Americana, Musa decima, Soror Juana Inez de la Cruz, &c. Sacolas a luz D. Juan Camacho Gayna, Cavallero del orden de Santiago, &c.*, Barcelona, 1691, in quarto.—It certainly would not be fair to pass by unnoticed a book of this kind, which went through three editions.

But in facility of invention and versification, Inez de la Cruz was not inferior to Lope de Vega; and yet she by no means courted literary fame. The complete collection of her poems, which seems to have been first printed by order of the vice-queen of Mexico, occupies a volume, consisting of twenty-five sheets in octavo. Of some of her sonnets the subjects are ingenious plays of romantic wit;[1] of others, poetic reflections.[2] She also wrote burlesque sonnets, on rhymed endings, which have all the freedom and spirit that can be required in that species of composition. A kind of poetic self-deception, which assumes the tone of philosophic reasoning, is disclosed in several of the lyric

[1] The following is one of three sonnets, in which the authoress rings changes on the theme, "whether it is better to be beloved without loving, or to love without being beloved:"—

Feliciano me adora, y le aborrezco;
Lisardo me aborrece, y yo le adoro;
por quien no me apetece ingrato, lloro;
y al que me llora tierno, no apetezco:
A quien mas me desdora, el alma ofrezco;
à quien me ofrece victimas, desdoro;
desprecio al que enriqueze mi decoro;
y al que le haze desprecios, enriquezco:
Si con mi ofensa al uno reconvengo,
me reconviene el otro à mi ofendido
y à padecer de todos modos vengo;
Pues ambos atormentan mi sentido;
aqueste con pedir lo que no tengo,
y aqueste con no tener lo que le pido.

[2] For example, the following, in which, however, the play of the antitheses becomes at last frigid:—

En persiguirme, Mundo, que interessas?
en que te ofendo? quando solo intento
poner bellezas en mi entendimiento,
y no mi entendimiento en las bellezas?
Yo no estimo thesoros, ni riquezas;
y assi, siempre me causa mas contento,
poner riquezas en mi entendimiento;
que no mi entendimiento en las riquezas.
Y no estimo hermosura, que vencida,
es despojo civil de las Edades;
ni riqueza me agrada fementida:
Teniendo por mejor en mis Verdades,
consumir vanidades de la Vida,
que consumir la Vida en vanidades.

romances of Inez de la Cruz. She evidently took considerable pains to persuade herself that she was happy.[1] A great portion of her poems in the romance style relate to circumstances of temporary interest. In her dramatic works, the vigour of her imagination is particularly conspicuous. The collection of her poems contains no comedies, properly so called, but it comprises a series of boldly conceived preludes, (*loas*,) full of allegorical invention; and it concludes with a long allegorical auto, which is superior to any of the similar productions of Lope de Vega. It is entitled, *El Divino Narciso*, a name by which the authoress designates the heavenly Bridegroom. The Spanish public had never before witnessed so bold a travesty of the ideas of catholic Christianity, under the garb of Greek mythology. It would be impossible to give a brief, and at the same time intelligible sketch of this extraordinary drama. With regard to composition, it is very unequal; in some respects offending by its bad taste, and in others charming by its boldness. Many of the scenes are so beautifully and romantically constructed, that the reader is compelled to render homage to the genius of the poetess; while at the same time he cannot but regret the pitch of extravagance to which ideas really poetic are carried. There is one peculiarly fine scene in which Human Nature, in the shape of a nymph, seeks her beloved, the real Narcissus, or the Christian Saviour.

[1] One of these lyric romances begins in the following manner:—

Finjamos, que soy feliz,
triste pensamiento, un rato;
quizá podreis persuadirme,
aunque yo se lo contrario.
Que, pues solo en la aprehension

Sirvame el entendimiento
alguna vez de descanso;
y no siempre esté el ingenio
con el provecho encontrado.
Todo el mundo es opiniones,
de pareceres tan varios;
que lo que el uno, que es negro,
el otro prueba, que es blanco.

The imagination of the authoress had, doubtless, been influenced by impressions received from the Song of Solomon.[1] Next to this grand Auto, the spiritual canciones in the old Spanish style, and some cantatas, deserve to be distinguished among the works of Inez de la Cruz. They abound in sentimental fancies, and though generally extravagant, often possess beauties which render them highly interesting. According to the notices in the collection, they were all sung in the churches of Mexico. Some Latin compositions of the same class are inserted, which seem also to have been written by Inez herself. The writer who may undertake a history of the poetic development of the catholic faith, will find his advantage in rendering himself intimately acquainted with these poems.

GERARDO LOBO.

In order to be satisfied that Spanish poetry inclined very little to the French, in the early part of the eighteenth century, it is only necessary to advert to the continued influence of Gongorism at that period, as exemplified in poetic productions, in other respects too unimportant to claim any notice. Men of rank in particular, who, following the honourable example of their forefathers, con-

[1] It commences thus :—

Nar. De buscar à Narciso fatigada,
sin permitir sossiego à mi pie errante,
ni à mi planta cansada,
que tantos ha yá dias, que vagante
examina las breñas
sin poder encontrar mas que las señas :
A este Bosque he llegado, donde espero
tener noticias de mi Bien perdido,
que si señas confiero,
diziendo està del Prado lo florido,
que producir amenidàdes tantas,
es por aver besado yà sus Plantas.
O quantos dias ha, que he examinado
la Selva flor à flor, y planta à planta
gastando congoxado
mi triste coraçon en pena tanta;
y mi pie fatigando vagamund
tiempo, que siglos son, selva que es Mundo.

tinued to cultivate the arts and sciences, seem to have regarded Gongorism as the only style that was truly gentlemanly and worthy of their adoption. Accordingly, Eugenio Gerardo Lobo, who was a captain in the Spanish guards, and commandant of the town and fortress of Barcelona, composed in his leisure hours many spiritual and temporal poems in the manner of the Gongorists, which, after the author's decease, were reprinted.[1] A new edition of these poems, which appeared in 1758, is inscribed by the publisher to a miraculous image of the Virgin, with all the usual formality of a dedicatory epistle. In this dedication the Holy Virgin, in quality of queen of Heaven, is addressed by the title of "Your Majesty." Thus, in the middle of the eighteenth century, when an elegant and learned party had long rendered homage to French literature, the taste of the Spanish public could still endure absurdities of this kind.

DIFFUSION OF THE FRENCH TASTE—LUZAN, HIS ART OF POETRY, ETC.

It was in the commencement of the eighteenth century that the French taste found its way into the Spanish academy; and this circumstance, which was not the mere effect of accident, serves to mark a kind of epoch in the history of Spanish poetry.

Ignacio de Luzan, who has become the authority to whom most Spanish critics refer, must be regarded as the founder of the French school in Spanish literature. He was a member of the royal Spanish academy, a member of the academy of history, an honorary member of the academy of painting, sculpture, and architecture; and at the same time counsellor of state and minister of commerce. In addition to these dignities, he was distinguished for extraordinary learning; and he was in particular very deeply versed in ancient literature. He studied with great assiduity Aristotle's Art of Poetry and Rhetoric, and also

[1] The new edition which I have before me, entitled, *Obras poeticas del Excellmo. Señor Don Eugenio Gerardo Lobo*, Madrid, 1758, in 2 vols. quarto, is printed in a style of elegance by no means common in Spanish books of that period.

the rhetorical works of Cicero. He was a lover of poetry, and composed very elegant verses in his native tongue. Being, as his writings sufficiently prove, a man of candid and enlightened mind, national pride did not deter him from making himself intimately acquainted with French literature; and comparing it without prejudice, under its best point of view, with the literature of his own country. This was certainly a course altogether new for a Spanish author.

In order to form a just estimate of the spirit of Luzan's labours, it is necessary to bear in mind that the theoretical literature of Spain furnished him with scarcely a single trace of sound criticism. Even those Spanish poets who possessed the justest feeling for poetic beauty, propounded, in their theoretic explanations, the most erroneous notions on the value and the essence of poetry. Only a critical tact, and an instinctive imitation of good models, had preserved the most correct among the Spanish poets from wanderings of the imagination and perversions of judgment; and, in the age of Luzan, the only art of criticism which was theoretically taught in Spain, had issued from the school of Gongora, and was consequently only calculated to assist the systematic propagation of absurdity and affectation. In that age, the elegant correctness of the French poets was calculated to dazzle by the charm of novelty. The delicate subtleties whereby the principles of French criticism and of French poetry, since the age of Moliere and Corneille, were derived from the classic school of antiquity, together with the moral syllogisms with which those principles were entrenched behind Aristotle's Art of Poetry, as their last bulwark, were of a nature to seduce a man of Luzan's erudition. His partiality for the French school, and his efforts to reform the Spanish taste according to the principles of that school, are therefore no proofs of narrowness of mind, though genuine poetic feeling certainly was not within the sphere of Luzan's talent. He possessed a delicate sense for elegance and the dress of poetry, but not for the energy and loftiness of poetic genius. That he should, therefore, with the best intentions, have theoretically misunderstood the essence and design of poetry, and, in conformity with

the spirit of French criticism, have confounded the objects of the poet with the duties of the orator and the moralist, are errors easily accounted for.

With the view of fundamentally reforming the literary taste of his countrymen, Luzan wrote his celebrated Art of Poetry. It was first published at Saragossa in the year 1737, in a folio volume containing five hundred and three pages;[1] and it has ever since been the code to which Spanish critics and authors have referred for the decision of all cases of doubt. Sound judgment and classic erudition are the chief characteristics of the work. The diction, too, is simple and elegant, and prolixity is avoided, though, in order to attain that degree of perspicuity which was necessary for subduing Spanish prejudice, much detail was indispensable. Newly discovered truths must not be looked for in Luzan's Art of Poetry. He even claims credit for the doctrines he develops on account of their venerable antiquity. His theory is declared by himself to be, in the main, no other than that of Aristotle, the greatest of philosophers. To the neglect of that theory he attributes the multitude of monstrous excrescences by which Spanish literature is disfigured. He, therefore, conceived he was rendering, though at the risk of being reproached with pedantry,[2] an important service to the literature of his country, by the restoration and just application of those ancient and only true principles which had long been acknowledged and valued by the critics of foreign nations. In support of his doctrines, Luzan regards the critical observations of various French writers, particularly Rapin, Corneille, Crousaz, Lamy, and Madame Dacier, as next in authority to the works of Aristotle. He also availed himself of the Italian works of Gravina and Muratori. These, and other foreign authors, are quoted by name. Spanish readers must, doubtless, have been not a little surprised to find among the quotations passages from French authors, given in the French lan-

[1] The title is:—*La Poetica, ò Reglas de la poesia en general, y de sus principales especies, por D. Ignacio de Luzan Claramunt de Suelves, y Gurrea*, Zaragoza, 1737.

[2] He says:—Yo sè, que estas cosas, donde la critica tiene alguna parte, se suelen bautizar de algunos con el nombre de *bachillerias*.

guage, under the Spanish text. This was an unexampled phenomenon in Spanish literature; and, though a trifling circumstance, it serves to prove the increasing influence of the French language in Spain.

The want of novelty in the principles of Luzan's Art of Poetry, is compensated by the new application of those principles to Spanish literature. The arrangement of the theory which was introduced, also belongs, at least in part, to himself; and in the development of that theory it is easy to recognise the man of judgment, and the perfect master of his subject, though he only improved what had been previously produced. The work is divided into four parts or books. The first develops, according to the notions of the author, the origin, progress, and essence of poetry, (*el origen, progressos y essencia de la poesia.*) The second book explains the usefulness and pleasure of poetry, (*utilidad y deleyte de la poesia.*) The third book treats, at ample length, of tragedy, comedy, and other kinds of dramatic composition; and the fourth, of epic poetry. These chief divisions present, indeed, only the outline of Aristotle's Art of Poetry; and Luzan's work can, no more than its prototype, be regarded as a complete theory of the poetic art. In this respect Luzan went no further than his predecessor, Lopez Pinciano, who had long before equally well perceived that the work called Aristotle's Art of Poetry was, in fact, merely a fragment.[1] It is singular enough that Luzan takes no notice of Pinciano's remarkable work; but whether he was unacquainted with it, or whether he was intentionally silent, does not appear. Within the boundaries of his four unsystematic divisions, Luzan pursues his own course; but the present is not the proper occasion for accompanying him step by step. As, however, the publication of Luzan's book has been attended by important consequences, it will be proper to explain the manner in which this critic understood the principles of Aristotle, and how he applied them to Spanish literature.

Luzan, in his exposition and application of Aristotle's theory, takes his departure from the same false principle

[1] See page 228.

which misled all the French critics in the age of Louis XIV. He views poetry closely and directly on its moral side; but not in that comprehensive manner in which everything, when contemplated on its moral side, ought to be examined. He regards it merely as an art destined to aid morality, properly so called; and that aid appears to him the more easily given, because he adopts the maxim that the object of poetry is to be at once useful and agreeable.[1] Deceived by this Gothic idea, which seems to have been founded on the misunderstanding of a passage in Horace, and which is certainly as old as modern literature, it became impossible for him either to attain a just notion of the poetic workings of the imagination, in relation to the beautiful, or to discover the truth of the proposition that such employment of the imagination possesses in itself, under proper restrictions, a moral value, and ennobles human existence. Having fallen into the common error, Luzan, like the French poets and critics, was capable of taking only a very contracted view of poetic beauty. Genuine simplicity and elegance, and in both a delicate infusion of wit, formed with Luzan, as with French writers and critics, the summary of all poetic excellence. According to these principles, the imagination was regarded as merely the handmaid of the recreative wit and the moralizing judgment. Genius was to be tied down by rules, in conformity with these narrow ideas of the spirit and object of poetry. To satisfy the taste, in the exercise of wit and judgment, was regarded as the highest object of the poet's efforts. The bold flight to a freer and fairer world, whence the true poet derives the spirit of his imaginings, in the imitation of nature, was deemed merely an agreeable accessory. In a word, the genuine essence of poetry was

[1] Thus, he says, Homer intended his Iliad as a book of moral and political instruction, suited to the most common understanding:—

Con este intento escribiò *Homero* sus Poemas, explicando en ellos *à los entendimientos mas bassos* las verdades de *la Moral*, de *la Politica*, y tan bien (como muchos sientan) de la Philosophia natural, y de la Theologia. Pues en la Iliada debaxo de la Imagen de la Guerra Troyana, y de las disensiones de los Capitanes Griegos, propuso à la Grecia entonces dividida en vandos *un exemplo en que aprendiesse* à apaciguar sus discordias, conociendo quan graves daños causaban al publico, y quan necessaria para el sucesso en las empressas era la union, y concordia de los Gefes de un Exercito.—Lib. i.

held to be an adventitious ornament, while its station was usurped by mere natural sentiment, and elegant or ingenious simplicity.

The useful and the agreeable, in the trivial signification of the terms, are therefore the verbal pivots around which Luzan's whole poetic theory turns. It is easy to conceive what degree of excellence and truth was to be derived from such principles in their application to Spanish literature. Luzan zealously supported the cause of good taste against the absurdities of the Gongorists.[1] He exposed, without reserve, the weak side of Lope de Vega's poetry; and the examples he selects from the works of that poet, in order to show how far they are at variance with nature and reason, prove precisely what they are intended to prove. But to admire genius in its wanderings, and even in many cases to prize those wanderings more than a frigid elegance, required a view of the subject which Luzan's mind did not embrace. He was precisely the man to detect and enumerate the errors of the favourite poetry of his country; but he wanted the critical eye which would have enabled him to do justice to its beauties. Poetry he defines to be an "imitation of nature, either general or particular, made in verse, for utility or amusement, or for both together."[2] He observes, that little plays of fancy, such as sonnets, madrigals, and songs, may sometimes have no other object than agreeable amusement; but that in poetry of a more important kind, such as comedies, tragedies, and epopee, the useful and the agreeable must necessarily be combined together—that is

[1] The following passage will afford a specimen of Luzan's didactic style:—

Y estos con el vano, inutil *aparato de agudezas, y conceptos afectados, de metaphoras extravagantes, de expressiones hinchadas, y de terminos cultos, y nuevos*, embelesaron el Vulgo, y aplaudidos de la ignorancia comun, se usurparon la gloria debida à los buenos Poetas. Fuè creciendo este desorden sin que nadie intentasse oponer sele. Los ignorantes, no teniendo quien les abriesse los ojos, seguian aciegas la voceria de los aplausos populares y alababan lo que no entendian, sin mas razon que la de el exemplo ajeno.—Lib i.

[2] He says:—Digo, que se podrà *definir* la Poesia, imitacion de la naturaleza o en lo universal, o en lo particular, hecha en versos, o para utilidad, o para deleite de los hombres, o para uno y otro juntamente.—Lib. i. cap. 5.

to say, the work must at once instruct and entertain. Accordingly, when he comes to treat more particularly of dramatic poetry, he says, "a tragedy is such an imitation of an action as is calculated to excite fear, pity, or other passions; but a comedy must be an action so represented as to inspire love of some virtue, or hatred and abhorrence of some vice or fault."[1] It is not necessary to particularize the judgments which a critic, armed with these opinions, must have pronounced on the Spanish drama. Luzan not only blamed the Spanish dramatists for the violation of the Aristotelian unities, on the ground that such violation was contrary to nature, but he even condemned as not moral, or at least not sufficiently moral, the genuine nature which he could not avoid recognising in their works. He, however, says, that what is first to be esteemed in the Spanish dramatists "is their ingenious invention, their extraordinary wit and judgment; admirable and essential qualities in great poets. Lope de Vega merits particular praise for the natural facility of his style, and the adroit way in which he has in many of his comedies painted the customs and the character of certain persons. I admire in Calderon the dignity of his language, which, without ever being obscure or affected, is always elegant."[2] He proceeds to eulogise the art of ingenious

[1] The following are his own words:—

Estos dos diversos assuntos, y fines hacen tambien diversa la Fabula Tragica de la Comica, y à entrambas de la Fabula en general: a todas tres es comun el ser un *discurso inventado*, o una *ficcion de un hecho*: pero con esta diferencia, que la Fabula Tragica ha de ser *imitacion de un hecho en modo apto para corregir el temor, y la compassion, y otras passiones*: y la Fabula Comica ha de ser *imitacion, ò ficcion de un hecho en modo apto para inspirar el amor de alguna virtud, ò el desprecio, y aborrecimiento de algun vicio, ù defecto.*—Lib. iii.

[2] He says:—

Y en fe de que en mi no falta tan debida equidad no pudiendo referir aqui distintamente, y por menudo los muchos aciertos de nuestros Comicos, porque para esso seria menester escribir un gran volumen a parte; me contentarè con decir por mayor, y en general, que en todos communmente hallo rara ingeniosidad, singular agudeza, y discrecion, prendas mui essenciales para formar grandes poetas, y dignas de admiracion; y añado que en particular alabarè siempre en *Lope de Vega* la natural facilidad de su estylo, y la suma destreza, con que en muchas de sus Comedias se ven pintadas las costumbres, y el *character* de algunas personas: en *Calderòn* admiro la nobleza de su locucion, que sin ser jamàs obscura, ni afectada es siempre elegante; &c.—Lib. iii.

development displayed in Calderon's dramas of intrigue; and attributes a similar merit to some of the comedies of Antonio de Solis and Moretto. Under the same point of view he judges the writings of the later Spanish dramatists, on which he confers particular commendation on account of their superior regularity.[1] Next follows a list of the faults which, according to the above principles, he imputes to the Spanish drama in general, and to the favourite dramatic poets of the Spanish public in particular. On these points he makes many just observations. He had good reasons for not venturing to attack the Spanish Autos. He accordingly dismisses them very briefly, pronouncing no literary judgment on them, and merely observing that they are allegorical representations in honour of "the most holy sacrament of the altar."

Thus did a critic, whose voice a century earlier would scarcely have been heard, systematically undertake to reform Spanish taste. It appears, from Luzan's introductory observations, that he was either not sufficiently acquainted with the history of the poetry of his nation, or had forgotten most essential facts, otherwise he never could have adopted the notion that Spanish taste had degenerated for want of learned critics to open the eyes of the public. The Spaniards of Luzan's age paid no more attention to his Art of Poetry than their ancestors had bestowed on Lopez Pinciano's, which inculcated the same principles two hundred years earlier, when the Spanish drama was, in its infancy. But the members of the Spanish academy regarded Luzan's book with as much veneration, as if through it the light of pure taste had first been disclosed to Spain; and thus was the academy at length placed in conflict with the public it sought to improve. Whether all the members of that literary institution concurred in Luzan's plans of critical reformation, cannot now be known. This, however, is certain, that nothing was written in defence of the national style, either by an academician or by any other critic or amateur; and

[1] Velasquez, under the conviction that nothing could be more correct and striking than Luzan's judgment on the Spanish drama, has quoted his opinions at length, and incorporated them in his History of Spanish Poetry.

all the writers who, since that period, have, by means of critical treatises and new dramas, zealously laboured to improve the dramatic literature of Spain, according to French principles, have been members of the Spanish academy.

Luzan himself did his utmost to support his theory by some original poetic productions and translations from the French. He translated one of La Chaussee's comedies; but with what success it was represented on the Spanish stage is not mentioned. It was, however, followed by various translations of French dramas by other writers.

Luzan's poetic compositions are certainly honourably distinguished by correctness, facility, and elegance, and by what may be termed the poetry of language, from the works of the Gongorists, which at that time were not entirely exploded in Spain. They consist of occasional poems and poetic trifles, such as might have been written, without the aid of genius, by any man of cultivated mind, possessing a certain degree of descriptive talent. Zealous Gallicist as Luzan was, he had too much solidity of taste to attempt an imitation of the structure of French verse in the Spanish language; and, accordingly, his contributions to the poetic literature of his country are in the usual national metres. A poem in octaves, which he read on the opening of the Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in 1752, fifteen years before the publication of his Art of Poetry, received particular approbation. He read poetic compositions of the same kind, on several occasions. Some of his odes and canciones were not published till after his decease; among the number are two on the retaking of the Fortress of Oran;[1] an occasional

[1] The two opening stanzas of this poem will afford a sufficient specimen of the poetic diction of the ingenious author:—

> Ahora es tiempo, Euterpe, que templemos
> el arco y cuerdas, y de nuestro canto
> se oyga la voz por todo el emisferio.
> Las vencedoras sienes coronemos
> del sagrado laurel al que es espanto
> del infiel Mauritano al Marte Ibero.
> Ya para quàndo quiero
> los himnos de alegria y las canciones,
> premio no vil que el coro de las nueve

poem, entitled, the Judgment of Paris, which is prettily conceived, and elegantly executed,[1] and some poems imi-

à las fatigas debe,
y al valor de esforzados corazones?
Para quando estará, Musas, guardado
aquel furor que bebe
con las hondas suavisimas mezclando
de la Castalia fuente al labio solo
de quien tuvo al nacer propicio Apolo?
Una selva de pinos y de abetes
cubriò la mar, angusta à tanta quilla:
para henchir tanta vela faltó el viento.
De flamulas el ayre y gallardetes
poblado divisò desde la orilla
pálido el Africano y sin aliento:
del húmedo elemento
dividiendo los liquidos cristales,
y blandiendo Neptuno el gran Tridente,
alzò ayrado la frente,
de ovas coronado y de corales.
Quién me agovia con tanta pesadumbre
la espalda? Hay quién intente
poner tal vez en nueva servidumbre
mi libre imperio? o por ventura alguno
me la quiere usurpar? No soy Neptuno?

[1] The following three stanzas from this poem will serve to show the manner in which Luzan combined his poetic subject with the peculiarities requisite in a poem written on a particular occasion:—

Qual fabulosa antiguedad pintaba
al padre libre, o al Dardano Xanto,
quando sobre las ondas se asomaba
à oir de algun mortal queja o quebranto;
ò como al dios Neptuno figuraba
Musa gentil en su fingido canto,
quando iba por el mar con Deyopéa,
Cimodoce, Nerine, y Galatéa.
Tal Manzanares à mi vista ofrece
espectáculo nuevo y agradable:
crece mi suspension, mi pasmo crece
al ver que aquel anciano venerable
conmigo desde el agua à hablar empieze
con apacible voz y rostro afable:
fielmente su discurso no prolijo
conserva la memoria; asi me dijo:
Estrangero pastor, que en mi ribera
buscas tranquilidad à tus fatigas,
vite otra vez, no es esta la primera,
y sè tu nombre yà, sin que lo digas:

tated from the Greek of Anacreon and Sappho.[1] Luzan died in the year 1754.

MAYANS Y SISCAR—BLAS NASSARE.

Among the contemporaries of Luzan, the royal librarian, Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, is entitled to praise, for having, in biographical, literary, and rhetorical works, furnished many hints and notices which throw light on the history of Spanish literature. His collection of detached writings on the History of the Spanish language, (*Origenes de la Lengua Española,*) embraces more than the title promises; and, among other things, contains a well written discourse, exhorting authors to pursue the true idea of Spanish eloquence.[2] But his diffuse Art of Rhetoric,[3] which he published twenty years later than the work last mentioned, is merely a formal compilation of the ideas and criticisms of Aristotle and modern writers. It might with equal propriety be entitled an Art of Poetry. The examples given from the poets are long and numerous.

Blas Antonio Nassare, prelate and academician, laboured to attain the same kind of merit. He was, however, so blinded by his predilection for French literature, that he considered the eight comedies of Cervantes, which he first restored to light, as parodies on the style of Lope de Vega.[4]

MONTIANO'S TRAGEDIES IN THE FRENCH STYLE.

Agustin de Montiano y Luyando, who was counsellor of state, director of the academy of history, and a member

---

las bellas Ninfas de esta undosa esfera
únicas son de tu zampoña amigas:
zampoña y voz antes de ahora oyeron;
antes tambien à entrambas aplaudieron.

[1] These, and the other *inedita* of Luzan, are included in the second and fourth volumes of the *Parnaso Español.*

[2] *Oracion en que se exhorta à seguir la verdadera idea de la eloquencia Española.* It is contained in the first volume of the ten quoted *Origenes* of this meritorious author.

[3] *Rhetorica de Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar.* Valencia, 17 volumes, 8vo.

[4] See page 248.

of the Spanish academy, undertook to introduce regular tragedy on the Spanish stage, according to Luzan's principles. With this view he wrote two tragedies, the one entitled *Virginia*, and the other *Ataulpho*, in which, with the exception of the rhymeless iambics, which he substituted for the French Alexandrines, he has most anxiously endeavoured to fulfil all the conditions required by French criticism.[1] Both these tragedies are remarkable for pure and correct language; for the cautious avoidance of false metaphor; and for a certain natural style of expression, which is sometimes wanting even in the dramas of Corneille and Racine. They are, however, formed on the French model, with such scrupulous nicety, that they might be mistaken for translations.[2] It is scarcely necessary to mention, that in these tragedies the Aristotelian unities are rigidly observed, and that in the Virginia the father does not stab his daughter on the stage.

[1] See Dieze on Velasquez, p. 265. Lessing has made the Germans acquainted with Montiano's Virginia. Though Lessing knew little of Spanish dramatic literature, even at second hand, he at that time took an interest in every tragedy on the subject of Virginia, because he was engaged on one of his own, which he ultimately converted into his Emilia Galotti.

[2] In the fifth act, when the catastrophe is near its developement, Virginia discourses in the following manner with Icilius, her betrothed bridegroom :—

Virg. Casi, Señor, mi gratitud quisiera
no haberte ya elegido por mi dueño;
porque fina lo hiciesse el alma ahora.
Tode el honor, la libertad me vale,
que aun es mas beneficio que la vida
Por tu esfuerzo lo gozo, y voluntaria
de tu dominio la declaro sierva:
sera la possession con que te brindo
legitima, Señor, si la acetares.

Icil. Que corazon, Señora, habra tan duro,
que à ser felìz con tigo se resista?
Assi hubiesse logrado mi fortuna,
con la ruina total de tu enemigo,
librarte de una vez del triste ahogo.
Pero ni puede unir à mis parciales,
sino es à los que vès que me acompañan.
Ni de Valerio se, ni sé de Horacio,
tal vez por ignorar nuestro conflicto,
ò por la angustia, y brevedad del tiempo.

To the play of Virginia, which was published in 1750, some years before Ataulpho, Montiano annexed an historical critical treatise on Spanish tragedy.[1] Patriotism had certainly some share in this treatise; for, in the first place, Montiano wished historically to defend his countrymen against the reproach that no Spanish tragedy had ever been written; and secondly, he wished in his Virginia to furnish the first experiment of a Spanish tragedy, without violation of dramatic rules, though he did not pretend to set up that specimen as a model. He states, with all due modesty, that his work cost him much labour, and expresses a hope that his countrymen might be induced to imitate his example, to disregard the approbation of the ignorant multitude, and to strive to do better than he had done.[2] In a preface to his tragedy of Ataulpho he enlarges on the same theme.

VELASQUEZ.

Among the number of the Spanish Gallicists, must likewise be included that intelligent writer, Luis Joseph de Velasquez. His History of Spanish Poetry, (*Origenes de la Poesia Española,*) published in 1754, proves that the Spaniards had then, in a great measure, forgotten their national literature. Velasquez unquestionably took considerable pains to collect, with critical spirit, those facts which were probably better known to him than to any of his contemporaries; and yet he has, upon the whole, obscured rather than elucidated the history of Spanish poetry. His criticism is quite in the French style, with a slight tincture of Spanish patriotism. Velasquez was a

[1] *Discurso sobre las tragedias Españolas, de D. Agustin de Montiano y Luyando, &c.* Madrid, 1750, in 8vo, published along with Virginia.

[2] The following are his own words:—

Por mi ofrezco al publico *La Virginia;* Tragedia que he procurado trabajar con algun estudio, y desuelo: y si logro que no se desprecie, serà quanta ventaja puedo proponerme, y esperar por *galardon de mi fatiga:* mas el *inducir à mis compatriotas, à que imiten este rumbo,* y à que le mejoren (como le serà mas facil que à mi à qualquiera *regular ingenio*) cabe unicamente en las facultades de la providencia, segun la obstinacion de los muchos que permanecen alistados en las *centurias del ignorante vulgo.*

member of the French academy of inscriptions and belles lettres.

Not a single Spanish poet of distinguished merit flourished during the first half of the eighteenth century. That such a dearth should have succeeded so great a fertility of talent, is a circumstance which the exhaustion of the national spirit does not sufficiently explain. It is also necessary to take into account the conflict maintained between favour shown to the French style and the demands of the Spanish public. Supported by national approbation, Spanish poetry had gloriously flourished; but it perished when new arbiters of taste, who judged according to foreign principles, could with impunity treat the Spanish public as an ignorant multitude.[1] In this collision, Spanish eloquence sustained no immediate injury. Indeed, the influence of the French style could not then operate to its disadvantage, for at the commencement of the eighteenth century, French prose was fitted to serve as a model for clearness, precision, facility, and elegance. But no aspiring spirit now animated Spanish authors. Books written in correct prose were produced in sufficient numbers; and yet no work appeared which deserved particular distinction for rhetorical merit, or which contributed in any degree to invigorate the literature of Spain.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUDING PERIOD OF THE HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

The Spanish writers who lived about the middle of the eighteenth century, began to be ashamed of the unworthy bondage which had severed them from all common sympathy with the public taste. It is doubtful whether, at this particular period, the nation in general began once more to be roused to a sense of its own importance; but

[1] *El ignorante vulgo*, is the favourite expression of all the Spanish Gallicists, whenever they speak of the Spanish public.

this is certain, that literary patriotism imperceptibly revived within the narrow circle of Spanish authorship. Even several members of the Spanish academy proved that they were no longer to be satisfied with mere French elegance. The works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were again received into favour. Men of superior talents arose, who endeavoured to combine Spanish genius with French elegance; and the literature of Spain began to acquire a new life.

LA HUERTA.

One of the first who openly attacked the party of the Gallicists was the patriotic Vicente Garcia de la Huerta, a member of the Spanish academy, and librarian to the king. None but a man whose literary judgments were accredited by the same honourable posts which gave peculiar weight to those of the Gallicists, could at that time hope to oppose with success the fashionable opinion concerning Spanish literature. La Huerta, however, undertook a dangerous task, for with every talent and right feeling for genuine poetry, he was by no means a skilful critic. In systematic coolness of judgment he was incompetent to enter the lists with men of Luzan's critical ability. The true principles on which Spanish poetry was to be defended against French criticism were at that period not at all understood; and La Huerta was not the man to discover them. But his feeling acted in the place of his judgment. It groped on when abandoned by theory. and rejected every theory to which it could not be reconciled. Conscious of his deficiency, La Huerta was extremely diffident whenever his opinions came into collision with those of Luzan and other academicians. But when his task was to reply to the observations of French critics, his patriotic enthusiasm knew no bounds. In exercising the law of retaliation, he attacked the admired Coryphæi of the French Parnassus with a degree of bitterness which would cast a stigma on his reputation for taste, did not his other works sufficiently prove him to have been unjust only through the excess of a just indignation. Fortunately for La Huerta, it was not until his

works had obtained decided credit, that he openly avowed his hostility to the Gallicists. Among the poems which first conferred celebrity on his name, is a piscatory eclogue, which he read at a distribution of academic prizes in the year 1760. This purely occasional effusion is written in the national lyric style of the eclogues of the best period of Spanish poetry, and is free from orientalisms.[1] Three years afterwards, on a similar occasion, he read a mythological poem in stanzas. These were succeeded by other poems, also of occasional origin, by which La Huerta disarmed the critics, who might have been disposed to assert that he was destitute of the necessary feeling for French elegance. The romances by which he sought to give to that style of national poetry a new existence in the elegant world, seem to have been written at various periods of his life. Besides lyric romances, which had not entirely lost their ancient consideration, he composed narrative

[1] The beautiful commencement of this *Egloga piscatoria* may be transcribed here:—

Bramaba el ronco viento,
y de nubes el sol obscurecido
horror al mar indómito añadia:
el liquido elemento
de rayos y relampagos herido
contra su proprio natural ardia.
Huye la luz del dia
que el fuego interrumpido sostituye.
De sus cabañas huye
el Pescador al monte mas vecino;
y solo en tan violento torbellino
rotas quedan del mar en las orillas
jarcias, entenas, arboles y quillas.
Objeto son funesto
y embarazo tambien de las arenas
naufragos leños y humedo velamen;
y en elemento opuesto
truecan los hombres aguas de horror llenas,
y las Focas la seca arena lamen.
Con pavoroso examen
advierte, destrozado su barquilla
en la trágica orilla
ALCION; y en el monte, aun mal seguro
recela GLAUCO: porque el golfo duro
abandonar su antiguo seno quiere,
y huir del Cielo, que le azota y hiere.

romances in the old style. In one of the latter compositions his success is remarkable.[1] He likewise revived the Spanish custom of composing poetic glosses; and some of his sonnets deserve the highest praise. That he was well acquainted with Latin and French poetry is evident from his metrical translations of some of Horace's odes, and of several fragments from the works of the French poets.[2]

But he had greater difficulties to overcome in his endeavours to restore the Spanish drama to its former lustre. He was not so great a poet as to be able to advance, by the help of French elegance, in the same course in which Calderon himself had halted. Calderon's dramas were, however, still performed with approbation, in spite of all that was said by the critics, and La Huerta wrote for one of these pieces a prologue (*loa*) in the old style. At length, when he thought he could rely on the favour of a certain portion of the public, he came forward with his first essay in tragic art—namely, his *Raquel*, (Rachel.)

[1] The commencement of this romance calls to mind the compositions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries:—

> El Africano alarido
> y el ronco son de las armas
> en los valles de Gumel
> era saludos del Alba:
> Que a ser testigo salia
> de las victorias, que alcanzan
> contra los infieles lunas
> las cuchillas Castellanas:
> Quando el valeroso Hizán
> sobre una fogosa alfana,
> regalo de Hacén, Alcaide
> de Font-Hacén y la Adrada:
> Desnudo el nervioso brazo,
> y el albornóz a la espalda,
> esgrime lo muerte en una
> Tunecina cimitarra.
> Crece la sangrienta lid,
> y el suelo de sangre empapan
> las azagayas Moriscas
> y las Españolas lanzas.

[2] These and the other poems extant by La Huerta are included in the *Obras poeticas de D. Vicente Garcia de la Huerta*, &c Madrid, 1779, in 2 volumes 8vo.

This tragedy, which was intended to combine the old Spanish forms with the dignity of the French tragic style, without being subject to the French rules of dramatic art, was first performed at the court theatre of Madrid in 1778. For upwards of half a century no new drama had been received with such enthusiasm by the Spanish public. It was represented at every theatre in Spain; and even before it was printed, upwards of two thousand copies were taken, and many were even sent to America.[1] The Gallicists in Spain now rose in opposition to La Huerta; but he replied to them in a tone of contemptuous haughtiness, while he always observed the strictest modesty in addressing the public.

La Huerta's Rachel is not a master-piece; but it is a noble testimony of the poetic national feeling of an ingenious writer, who exerted his utmost endeavours to restore the credit of the Spanish drama. The subject is taken from the old history of Castile. King Alphonso VIII., who has resigned his heart and his royal dignity to the fair jewess Rachel, is implored by the people and the nobility to shake off the dishonourable yoke. He hesitates between love and duty, until the spirit of discontent, which has been with difficulty repressed, breaks forth in rebellion. While the king is out hunting, Rachel is surprised in the palace, and her base counsellor, Reuben, murders her to save his own life; which he only preserves until the arrival of the king, by whom he is killed in revenge for the death of Rachel. The tragedy is divided, according to the old practice, into three *jornadas;* but, in other respects, it is obvious that the author took considerable pains to conform, under certain limitations, to the French rules of dramatic art. The dialogue proceeds uniformly in iambic blank verse, without the introduction of sonnets, or any other kind of metre. All irregular theatrical pageantry is avoided. The language, upon the whole, preserves a dignified character; and in several scenes the tragic pathos is complete.[2] But the

[1] See the preface to the before-mentioned *Obras.*

[2] For example, in the following speech of Rachel. The king has left her, and she meditates on the probable consequences of his absence:—

composition fails in the distribution of the characters. Only a feeble light is thrown on Rachel, the heroine of the tragedy. Her counsellor, Reuben, is a stupid contemptible Jew, whose lamentations in the moment of danger border closely on the ludicrous;[1] and the weak character of the king, who changes his resolution on every new impression, frequently approaches caricature. The author has, however, succeeded admirably in exhibiting a striking contrast in the characters of two Spanish grandees:—the one, a base courtier, named Manrique; the other, Garcia de Castro, is in all his sentiments and actions a correct representative of the spirit of ancient Spanish chivalry in its purest dignity. In the patriotic portraiture

El cielo os guarde.
Quanto, ay de mi, que os ausenteis, me pesa!
Qué es esto, congojado pecho mio?
Corazon, que temor te desalienta?
Qué sustos te atribulan? Ya Castilla,
a mi arbitrio no rinde la obediencia?
Pues, corazon, que graves sobresaltos
son los que te combaten, y te aquejan?
Sin duda debe ser, que como el cielo
no te crió para tan alta esfera,
como es el Solio regio, mal se halla
tu natural humilde en su grandeza.
Tomen exemplo en mí los ambiciosos,
y en mis temores el sobervio advierta,
que quien se eleva sobre su fortuna,
por su desdicha, y por su mal se eleva.
Mas cómo asi me agravio neciamente?
Mi valor, mi hermosura, las estrellas,
el cielo mismo, que dotò mi alma
de tan noble ambicion, y la fomenta,
no confirman mi merito? &c.

[1] He utters the following exclamations, while, at the same time, he endeavours to escape from the perils by which he is surrounded:—

O horror! o muerte! o tierra!
cómo a este desdichado no sepultas?
Tus profundas entrañas manifiesta,
y esconde en ellas mi cansada vida:
librame de los riesgos, que me cercan.
Qué susto! que pesar! Nadie se duele
de mi?

of this character, La Huerta's whole soul is developed;[1] and the national spirit which pervades the tragedy, doubtless contributed in no small degree to ensure its celebrity.

La Huerta's tragedy of *Agamemnon Vengado*, is a work of trivial importance compared with Rachel. It is founded on the prose translation of the Electra of Sophocles, which Perez de Oliva produced two hundred years earlier;[2] but it is a remarkable, and by no means unsuccessful attempt to unite the romantic and the classic forms, according to the conditions required by a modern audience. La Huerta wrote his Agamemnon in compliance with the wishes of some ladies of Madrid, who were desirous of seeing a tragedy in the Grecian costume. The place of the chorus is, after the French manner, supplied by a female confidante. Part of the scenes are entirely taken from Sophocles, others are those of the original remoulded, and some are new. From the beginning to the end of the tragedy, the poetic language is admirably preserved; and the alternation of the rhymeless iambics with octaves and lyric metres, completes the beauty of the whole.[3]

[1] In one of the first scenes, Garcia de Castro avows his sentiments to the king with the spirit of a true knight and the fidelity of a subject:—

> Esa voz, que de escandalo y desorden
> el viento puebla, o noble Alfonso Octavo,
> Monarca de Castilla, quien por siglos
> cuente el tiempo feliz de tu Reynado:
> esa voz, que en el Templo originada
> profanó del lugar los fueros santos,
> y de la Magestad los privilegios
> tan injuriosamente ha vulnerado;
> si el fin, si los intentos se examinan,
> y el zelo que la anima contemplamos,
> aliento es del amor mas encendido,
> voz del afecto mas acrisolado.
> Voz es de tus Vasallos, que de serlo
> testimonio jamás dieron mas claro,
> que quando mas traydores te parecen,
> que quanto los estás mas infamando, &c.

[2] See page 217.

[3] The narrative passages in octaves are excellent. For example:—

> Los jovenes de Crisa valerosos,
> con la paz de la Grecia mal contentos,

Finally, La Huerta adapted Voltaire's *Zaire* to the Spanish stage. After he had unquestionably acquired the right of pronouncing a decided opinion on the literature of his country, he published his *Theatro Hespañol;* and in his prefaces to some of the volumes of that collection, he launched forth his invectives against the French drama.[1] La Huerta's *Theatro Hespañol* is a classic selection from the incalculable store of Spanish dramas; and the selection is certainly well made consistently with the plan which he had adopted. With the view of marking his hostility to the Gallicists, he selected only those Spanish comedies which are particularly distinguished for ingenuity in invention and elegance in execution. Thus, upwards of three-fourths of the whole collection consists of *comedias de capa y espada,* chiefly from the pen of Calderon. But for this very reason the work does not properly fulfil its title, as it exhibits the Spanish theatre only under one point of view. La Huerta has not even selected a single piece from Lope de Vega, because the plays of that great

pues Troya ya rendida, a sus fogosos
espiritus faltaban los fomentos,
para ejercer sus brios generosos,
y noble alarde hacer de sus alientos,
disponen una fiesta, en que se encierra
retrato vivo de mentida guerra.
Previenense caballos y libreas,
ajustanse divisas y colores:
a aquel adornan joyas y preseas,
este copia al escudo sus amores,
Quanto oro dan las minas Européas,
y quantos brotan en Oriente olores,
eran a la lucida compañia
adorno, gusto, brillo y bizarria, &c.

[1] This collection, which has been so frequently alluded to in the course of the present work, is entitled—*Theatro Hespañol, por Don Vicente Garcia de la Huerta*, Madrid, 1785, sq. in 16 volumes, small octavo. The 16th volume, which contains some critical notices in the form of an appendix, was published only lately. The 15th volume, which bears the title of *Suplemento*, comprises the tragic dramas of La Huerta himself; and the 14th volume presents a choice selection of burlesque interludes. The work also contains an alphabetic list of nearly all the dramas in the Spanish language, which is extremely useful. The title is characteristic, from the substitution of the word *Hespañol* for *Español*, according to its derivation from *Hispanus*.

dramatist were not sufficiently elegant for his purpose: neither has he granted a place to the most beautiful of Calderon's heroic comedies, being deterred from inserting them by their irregularity; and in conformity with the plan he had laid down, he could with still less propriety admit an *Auto* into his collection. By this work, he however attained the objects he had in view, which were to restore the Spanish national comedy to its honourable place in literature, and to vent his feelings of indignation against the Gallicists. He treats the Italian authors, who had openly avowed their disapproval of the Spanish drama, with no less severity than he evinced towards the French critics. Quadrio, Tiraboschi, Bettinelli, and other writers "of the same race," (*de la misma raza,*) are denounced by La Huerta as malignant and envious critics. He accuses Signorelli, of "notorious falsehood." "Puerile egotism," he says, "is the soul of French criticism." The frigid coldness of French tragedy was with him more offensive than the neglect of rules in the Spanish drama. Racine, the favourite tragic writer of the French school, owed his fame solely to the "dull scrupulosity," which he observed in composing his tragedies, but not to the "masculine vigour of genius, or the fire and spirit of fancy." The "natural sublimity" of Spanish genius could not be restrained by the fetters of the French school. Luzan, though in many respects a very estimable author, was imbued with prejudices. Velasquez, with all his delicacy and erudition, had fallen into the errors and misconceptions of Luzan. In general, Spanish poetry had, like the Spanish nation, a certain *oriental* character, which, in his opinion, it should preserve. French imitations of Spanish dramas of intrigue are declared perfectly insupportable; and, in particular the Marriage of Figaro, which, he says, "is a comedy altogether contemptible," (*despreciada en todas sus partes.*[1])

La Huerta remained a debtor to the public for the critical grounds of these denunciations, which called forth the bitterest answers from the adverse party, and also for

[1] These expressions are collected from the prefaces to some of the volumes of La Huerta's *Theatro Hespañol.* It is not necessary to give precise references to passages.

a reply to his opponents. He asserted briefly and bluntly that those opponents were merely "an absurd set of cynical and drivelling critics, the vehicles of envy, ignorance, and imbecility." What might not this patriotic author have effected had he been as energetic in his reasoning as in his censure! He nevertheless appears to have contributed more than any of his contemporaries to produce a re-action in Spanish literature, which was indispensable to give to that literature the opportunity of again acquiring poetic elevation.

SEDANO.

The publication of the choice Spanish poems, collected by Don Juan Joseph Lopez de Sedano, was a circumstance which favoured the restoration of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to its proper place in Spanish literature. This work appeared in the year 1768, under the title of the *Parnaso Español;* but there certainly would have been little difficulty in producing a better collection. The notions which Sedano entertained respecting religion and morality have induced him to mingle not a few bad and indifferent productions with poems of superior merit; and it was by no means a happy idea to reprint long translations, such as the whole of Tasso's Amynta, when so much of the rich fruit of the original Spanish stock remained ungathered. But the undertaking was praiseworthy; and the biographical and literary notices annexed to the work rendered the Spanish public once more acquainted with estimable authors whom it ought never to have forgotten.

YRIARTE.

Tomas de Yriarte, general archivist to the high council of war, and translator to one of the ministerial departments of state in Madrid, combined French elegance with the ancient forms of Spanish poetry in a manner very different from that of La Huerta. After having acquired a certain degree of reputation by several translations of French dramas, by original poems in the Latin language, and various other literary labours, he obtained more de-

cidedly the favour of the elegant portion of the Spanish public by his *Fabulas Literarias*, (Literary Fables,) first printed in the year 1782.[1] Yriarte conceived the novel idea of rendering literary truths, many of which may at the same time be regarded as moral truths, themes for fables in the style of Æsop; and of composing these fables in every variety of verse which was in any way applicable to them. No classical fabulist had hitherto appeared in Spanish literature. Yriarte's fables are, however, not only remarkable for their classic language and excellent versification, but they possess a peculiar charm of style which may be mistaken for a happy imitation of the manner of Lafontaine, though it is to be traced to a different source. Like Lafontaine, Yriarte had a true feeling for that delicate harmony which is so indispensable to the fabulist, and for that spirited infantine style, which, in graceful gossip, playfully unfolds the truth, as it were intuitively, and as it ought always to be disclosed, in apologue, without the slightest trace of didactic design. He had no need to turn to the writings of foreigners in quest of the literary elements of such a style. It was only necessary to combine the exquisite simplicity of the old Spanish romances and songs with the true spirit of Æsopian fable, and his narrative style could not fail to assume the tone in which it so successfully rivalled the manner of Lafontaine. Accordingly, among Yriarte's sixty-seven literary fables, those composed in redondillas and other kinds of Spanish national measures, possess the superiority in point of graceful execution. Some are not remarkable for their didactic merits. But even when the idea, or what is styled the moral, presents no particular interest, Yriarte's fables please by the graceful handling of the subject. An example of this may be seen in the fable which describes the Ass finding a flute in a meadow. Accidentally breathing into the lip-hole with his nose, and hearing the tone of the instrument, he persuades himself that nature has qualified him for a musician.[2]

[1] They are included in the first volume of the *Coleccion de Obras en verso y prosa de D. Tomàs de Yriarte*, Madrid, 1787, 8vo.

[2] Fables cannot be judged of from fragments; therefore the subjoined, which is in the popular song form, is transcribed at length:—

Whether Yriarte wholly invented these fables, is a question which can only be decided by laborious investigation. One of the number, in so far as regards the lesson or moral, precisely resembles Gellert's fable of the Painter in Athens.[1] Yet this circumstance by no means warrants the inference that it is borrowed.

Este fabulilla,
Salga bien, ò mal,
Me ha occurrido ahora
Por casualidad.
Cerca de unos prados
Que hai en mi Lugar
Pasaba un Borrico
Por casualidad.
Una flauta en ellos
Halló, que un Zagal,
Se dexó olvidada
Por casualidad.
Acercóse á olerla
El dicho animal;
Y dió un resoplido
Por casualidad.
En la flauta el aire
Se hubo de colar;
Y sonó la flauta
Por casualidad.
Oh! dixo el Borrico:
Qué bien sé tocar!
Y dirán que es mala
La música asnal.
Sin reglas del arte
Borriquitos hai
Que una vez aciertan
Por casualidad.

Southey has very happily imitated this fable in English.

[1] This fable may likewise be inserted here. It is particularly remarkable for the happy employment of the redondillas:—

Un oso con que la vida
Ganaba un Piamontes
La no mui bien aprendida
Danza ensayaba en dos pies.
Queriendo hacer de persona,
Dixo, á una Mona: Qué tal?
Era perita la Mona,
Y respondióle: Mui mal.
Yo creo, replicó el Oso,
Que me haces poco favor.

Considerable praise has been bestowed on a didactic poem by Yriarte, entitled Music;[1] but with all the merits which this production may in other respects possess, it is no less deficient in the true characteristics of a didactic poem, than are the earlier essays of the Spaniards in the same class. It is judiciously conceived, executed with the requisite elegance of language, and contains many passages which are by no means destitute of poetic beauty.[2]

Pues qué ? mi aire no es garboso ?
No hago el paso con primor?
Estaba el Cerdo presente,
Y dixo: Bravo! bien va!
Bailarin mas excelente
No se ha visto, ni verá.
Echó el Oso, al oir esto,
Sus cuentas allá entre si,
Y con ademan modesto
Hubo de exclamar así:
Quando me desaprobaba
La Mona, llegué á dudar:
Mas ya que el Cerdo me alaba,
Mui mal debo de bailar.
Guarde para su regalo
Esta sentencia un Autor:
Si el sabio no aprueba, malo!
Si el necio aplaude, peor!

[1] La musica, poema. It has been several times printed. In the *Obras de D. Tomas Yriarte* it occupies one half of the first volume.

[2] For example, the following lines, which occur at the commencement of the second canto of the poem, and which relate to the invention and progress of music.

En la mas deliciosa
Y mas poblada aldéa
De la feliz Arcadia residia
La Zagala Criséa,
Que asi como de hermosa
Se llevaba entre mil la primacía,
Tambien por desdeñosa
Ganó justa opinion y nombradía.
Con tal delicadeza
De vido la criò Naturaleza,
Y alma la diò tan docil, é inclinada
A sentir de la Música el encanto,
Que en toda aquella rústica morada
Sólo algunos Pastores
Diestros en el tañido y en el canto
Osaban aspirar à sus favores, &c

But the systematic form is not disguised by poetic composition. Instead of diffusing a poetic interest over the truths to be inculcated, and presenting even the instruction as a picture of the imagination, according to the proper though seldom realized idea of a didactic poem, Yriarte, like most didactic poets, regarded instruction as the main object, and the creations of poetic fancy merely as accessory embellishments: thus three-fourths of his work consist only of elegantly versified prose.[1]

LEON DE ARROYAL.

To give an account of all the poets, who at the latter end of the eighteenth century contributed to restore the credit of Spanish poetry, is a task which must be consigned to other historians of literature who may possess favourable opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with the more recent productions of Spanish genius. A considerable number of bibliographic notices which would contribute to the accomplishment of this object are extant.[2]

In taking a survey, however, of the latest period of the history of Spanish poetry, the odes of Leon de Arroyal

[1] The following passage, which is mere prose, immediately succeeds the invocation to Nature at the commencement of the poem:—

> Las varias sensaciones corporales,
> Del corazon humano los afectos,
> Y aun las mismas nociones ideales,
> En diversos dialectos
> Se expresan por los órganos vocales,
> Pero si, estando el ánimo tranquilo,
> Inspira simples y uniformes sones;
> Quando se halla agitado de pasiones,
> Nueva inflexion de acentos da al estilo:
> El tono de la voz, alza y sostiene;
> Tan pronto le retarda, ó le acelera;
> Tan pronto le suaviza, ò le exàspera;
> Con enérgicas pausas le detiene;
> Le da compas y afinacion sonora,
> Y à su arbritrio le aumenta, ó le minora.

[2] The *Bibliotheca Española de los mejores escritores del reynado de Carlos III.; por D. Juan Sempère y Guarinos, &c.* Madrid, 1789, in 6 volumes, 8vo, may be consulted with advantage. Useful particulars respecting the latest Spanish productions in polite literature may also be found in the publications of some recent travellers.

must not be overlooked.[1] Though these odes are inferior to the older Spanish productions of the same sort, yet some of them are distinguished, not indeed for bold, but for airy flights of fancy,[2] and for harmonious versification.[3] At the time of their appearance there were likewise published anonymously some anacreontic songs by a lady, who imitated Villegas with grace as well as with decorum.[4]

[1] *Las Odas de D. Leon de Arroyal.* Madrid, 1784, in 8vo.

[2] For example, the commencement of the ode to Field-marshal Navahermosa.

> Precioso es el diamante,
> y esmeralda de Oriente,
> y el oro mas que todo apetecido,
> y cada qual bastante
> a saciar de la gente
> vulgar el vil espiritu abatido,
> que nunca ha conocido
> el precio que se encierra
> en los claros honores de la guerra.
> Una verda corona
> de laurel, ú de oliva,
> a un espiritu humilde es despreciable;
> pero no al que á Belona
> sigue, para que viva
> su nombre entre los hombres admirable.
> Nada hay tan codiciable
> como la heroyca fama
> al que de sí lo mas precioso ama.

[3] Particularly in the verse which the Spaniards call *Rimas Provenzales*—viz.,

> Ay, verde bosque! ay, soledad amada!
> ay del manso arroyuelo amena orilla,
> do la simple avecilla
> con trinos al Pastor humilde agrada!
> do la blanca y pintada mariposa
> besa la rosa,
> y el gilguerillo
> en el palillo
> de la alta encina
> amante trina,
> miéntras favonio y céfiro soplando,
> el prado van de flores esmaltando.

[4] The following song will afford a specimen of the poetic talent of this unknown authoress:

> Por Endimion la Luna
> desde los cielos baxa,

JUAN MELENDEZ VALDES.

But a poet of the graces, who has had but few equals even in the golden ages of Spanish poetry, and who excels in his particular sphere, remains to be noticed. This ornament of modern Spanish literature is Juan Melendez Valdes, a doctor of law, and professor of polite literature in Salamanca. A delicate fancy, ever lively, yet ever true to nature; an uncommon intensity of feeling; graceful turns of thought; a classic precision and elegance of language, and the most pleasing flow of versification, are so happily combined in this author's works, that the critic's task must be panegyric if he be not totally insensible to the charm which such a phenomenon presents in modern poetry.[1] At an early period of life, Melendez began to retrace the footsteps of Horace, Tibullus, Anacreon, and Villegas. But, as he must have felt that the luxuriant graces of his Spanish model were not to be excelled, his imagination appears to have spontaneously applied itself to a more exquisite painting of amatory ideas and images, and to the dignifying of that kind of poetry by a certain moral delicacy to the observance of which Villegas attached too little importance. The joys, sorrows, and sports of rustic love, rural festivals and amusements, are

dexando el blanco carro
por una cueba parda.
  Por Adonis Citeres
à pie corre y descalza,
colorando las rosas
con sangre de sus plantas.
  Pues si hasta las Deidades
sienten de amor la llama,
y por amar descienden
de divinas à humanas:
  Que haré yo estando herida
de la amorosa llaga,
si no darle à mi dueño
corazon, vida y alma?

[1] I have seen only the first volume of the *Poesias de D. Juan Melendez Valdès*, Madrid, 1785, in 8vo. The contents of the second volume are specified in a preliminary notice to the *Bibliotheca Española* of Don Juan Sempere. See note [2], p. 424.

the materials which confer a peculiar character on the anacreontic effusions of Melendez. Were it not that the picturesque descriptions sufficiently indicate the Spaniard,[1] his verses might sometimes be mistaken for translations from an English or German poet. Nothing can surpass some of his descriptions in the graceful colouring of tender sentiment.[2] It is only necessary to bestow a slight glance

[1] This will be obvious even from a fragment; as, for instance, the following passage, which occurs in the description of a rustic dance:—

Ay! que voluptuosos
Sus pasos! como animan
Al mas cobarde amante,
Y al mas helado irritan!
Al premio, al dulce premio
Parece que le brindan
De amor, quando le ostentan
Un seno que palpita.
Quan dócil en su planta!
Que acorde á la medida
Va del compas! las Gracias
Parece que la guian.
Y ella de frescas rosas
La blanca sien ceñida
Su ropa libra al viento,
Que un manso soplo agita,
Con timidez donosa
De Clóe simplecilla
Por los floridos labios
Vaga una afable risa.
A su zagal incauta
Con blandas carrerillas
Se llega, y vergonzosa
Al punto se retira; &c.

[2] For example, the following short idyl, as it may properly be denominated:—

Siendo yo niño tierno
Con la niña Dorila
Me andaba por la selva
Cogiendo florecillas,
De que alegres guirnaldas
Con gracia peregrina,
Para ambos coronarnos,
Su mano disponia.
Asi en niñeces tales
De juegas y delicias
Pasábamos felices
Las horas y los dias.

on the compositions of Melendez to feel the injustice of the reproach cast on Spanish poetry by a French traveller, who observes "that the Spaniard is so completely a citizen, that not even in his poetry does he manifest a taste for rural life." This reproach, which is probably only directed against the poetic writers of the present day, would be unworthy of notice were it intended to apply to the Spanish poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose numerous pastoral compositions abound in descriptions of rural scenery, and evince an intuitive perception of the poetic beauties of unsophisticated nature. Be this as it may, the Spanish academy thought proper, in the year 1780, to award a prize for the best poem in praise of rural life; and on this occasion Melendez gloriously competed with Yriarte.

Besides the anacreontic poems of Melendez, his lyric romances, his popular songs, in which the old national style is combined with modern elegance, his romantic odes, his elegies and his sonnets, must be numbered

Con ellos poco á poco
La edad corrió de prisa,
Y fué de la inocencia
Saltando la malicia.
Yo no sé: mas al verme
Dorila se reia,
Y á mi de solo hablarla
Tambien me daba risa.
Luego al darle las flores
El pecho me latia,
Y al ella coronarme
Quedábase embebida.
Una tarde tras esto
Vimos dos tortolillas,
Que con tremulos picos
Se halagaban amigas.
Alentónos su exemplo,
Y entre honestas caricias
Nos contamos turbados
Nuestras dulces fatigas.
Y en un punto, qual sombra
Voló de nuestra vista
La niñez; mas en torno
Nos dió el Amor sus dichas.

among the best productions in Spanish literature.[1] How admirably he succeeded in the composition of poetic epistles is proved by the classical dedication of his poems to his friend Jovellanos.[2] He has rendered service to the Spanish theatre by dramatizing the story of the rich Camacho from Don Quixote. He is also the author of several treatises on moral and philosophical subjects.

[1] As a specimen of the Spanish sonnets of this latter period, one from the pen of Melendez may with propriety be chosen in preference to many others:—

Qual suele abeja inquieta revolando
Por florido pensil entre mil rosas
Hasta venir a hallar las mas hermosas
Andar con dulce trompa susurrando.
Mas luego que las ve con vuelo blando
Baxa y bate las alas vagarosas,
Y en medio de sus venas olorosas
El delicado aroma está gozando.
Asi, mi bien, el pensamiento mio
Con dichosa zozobra por hallarte
Vagaba de amor libre por el suelo.
Pero te vi, rendime, y mi albedrio
Abrasado en tu luz goza al mirarte
Gracias que envidia de tu rostro el cielo.

[2] The numerous collection of specimens in this volume shall close with a fragment of this epistle, which deserves to rank among the productions that reflect honour on Spanish literature:—

—— Oh que de veces
Mi blando corazon has encendido,
Jovino, con él, y en lagrimas de gozo
Nuestras pláticas dulces fenecieron!
Que de veces tambien en el retiro
Pacífico las horas del silencio
A Minerva ofrecimos, y la Diosa
Nuestra vos escuchó! Las fugitivas
Horas se deslizaban, y embebidos
El Alba con el libro aun nos hallaba.
Pues que, si huyendo del bullicio insano
En el real jardin......Adónde, adónde
Habeis ido momentos deliciosos!
Disputas agradables, dó habeis ido!
Tu me llevaste de Minerva al templo:
Tu me llevaste, y mi pensar, mis luces,
Mi entusiasmo, mi lira, todo es tuyo.

BRIEF NOTICE OF SEVERAL MORE RECENT LITERARY PRODUCTIONS OF SPAIN.

If the above information respecting some of the latest Spanish poets be connected with the general observations and bibliographic notices in the preceding part of this history, it will plainly appear that the revival of polite literature in Spain must have been on the one hand accelerated, and on the other retarded, by the progress of modern science and philosophy, during the latter years of the eighteenth century. The period of the triumph of the Gallicists is doubtless past, however numerous the adherents of that party still may be. But in general the Spaniards of the educated and refined classes blush for their ancient prejudices, and observe, with regret, that Spanish literature is now only labouring to acquire what it long ago neglected. In order to raise the elegant literature of Spain to a level with that of other cultivated nations of modern Europe, it is deemed necessary to continue with persevering spirit to translate, adapt, and imitate every foreign work which attains any degree of celebrity. In this concurrence of the spirit of foreign literature with the ancient national spirit, which is by no means suffered to perish, more than one decennial period of the present century will probably elapse ere Spanish poetry resume its original independence.

Among their modern dramas, the Spaniards particularly esteem the regular tragedies of Nicolas Fernandez de Moratin, and the comedies of Ramon de la Cruz, who, previous to the year 1784, was computed to have written upwards of two hundred interludes in the old style. Spanish translations of the tragedies of Corneille and Voltaire, of the plays of Moliere, and other French comic writers, and of the sentimental dramas of Mercier, have also been received with approbation. Don Leandro Fernandez de Moratin, who must not be confounded with his namesake, travelled at the expense of the Spanish government to study the dramatic literature of the different nations of Europe; and since his return to Spain, a considerable pension has been granted to him as a reward for

one of his dramatic productions. He has rendered the tragedy of Hamlet into Spanish, and is expected to give to his countrymen a complete translation of Shakespeare. Don Luciano Francisco Comella, who is mentioned in literary journals as one of the rivals of Leandro de Moratin in comic poetry, appears to be a very prolific writer, and inclined to the old national style. Don Theodoro de la Calla has attempted to give Shakespeare's Othello in Spanish, from a French translation. Comella has also dramatized several recent historical events, among which are some points in the history of Peter the Great and Catherine II. of Russia.

The Count de Noroña has particularly distinguished himself as a writer of lyric poetry, and has also translated Dryden's Alexander's Feast into Spanish verse.

Joseph Vasquez Cadalso, and the younger Moratin, may be ranked among the most successful writers of satirical poetry which Spain has recently produced.

Diana, or the *Hunt*, by the elder Moratin; the *Happy Man*, by Almeida; and the *Happy Woman*, by Morino, are the latest productions in didactic poetry. A Spanish translation of *How to be always Merry*, from the German of Uz, also occurs in the notices of new Spanish poems.

The old ambition of the Spaniards to distinguish themselves by some production in epic art has again revived. A work of this class, entitled, *Mexico Conquistada*, by Don Juan de Escoiquiz, has excited some attention.

Spanish pastorals in the old national style are associated with translations from the German of Gessner.

The collision of the national and foreign styles is strikingly exemplified in the Spanish romance literature of the present period. The old romance of *Cassandra* has lately been re-printed; and a new one in the old style, entitled, *Leandra*, has also made its appearance. All the English and French novels which obtain any celebrity, are now translated into Spanish.

Elegant prose, which was earlier cultivated in Spain than in any other country in Europe, seems at length to have emancipated itself from the Gongorism which

threatened its destruction. The prevailing study of French prose in Spain has no doubt proved favourable to the revival of the pure eloquence of the writers of the sixteenth century. None, indeed, of the more recent works in Spanish prose is eminently distinguished for rhetorical composition; but on the other hand, among these publications it would be difficult to mention a single book of science, whether original or translated, which is not written with a certain degree of purity and elegance. An historical work in the Spanish language has been for some time announced, and is probably now before the public. It is a History of America, by D. Juan Bautista Muñoz, professor of philosophy at Valencia. The intention of the author is to exhibit the conduct of the Spaniards in America in a point of view different from that taken by Robertson; and the work is said to be remarkable for beauty of style.

The Art of Rhetoric,[1] by Don Antonio de Capmany, a member of the Spanish Academy of History, affords a new proof of the importance attached by the Spaniards to the cultivation of elegant prose. The preface to this work is particularly instructive. The book itself contains no new truths, but it presents the old ones well arranged and judiciously selected. Capmany's work, and particularly the preface, clearly shows that Spanish rhetoric is still, in some measure, divided against itself. The classic prose of the sixteenth century is again esteemed. But in any endeavour to restore this prose unchanged, it must be difficult to avoid the appearance of affectation; for, since the prevalence of the French taste, many Spanish words and phrases, which were formerly classical, have now become antiquated, while on the other hand, old words and phrases have been introduced from the French. The party of the *purists*, as the adherents of the old style are denominated, have the prevailing language of the polite world against them; while the polite world and the partisans of the French style can adduce no good reasons for rejecting the old style, which is acknowledged

[1] *Filosofia de la Eloquencia, por Don Antonio de Capmany*, Madrid, 1777, in 8vo.

to be pure Castilian. Capmany is decidedly favourable to the new style.[1] However, this conflict will not prove injurious to Spanish rhetoric, if each party be willing to make concessions, in order that the old style may be fundamentally preserved, and yet be so modified as to conform, without affectation, to the new ideas and forms of language introduced by modern thinking.

All these facts, considered in their connexion as a whole, leave no room to doubt that the polite literature of the Spaniards may again rise to its former glory, if favoured by the ancient national spirit, to whose genial influence it owes its existence. The two academies of polite literature, (*de buenas letras,*) at Barcelona and Seville, may likewise contribute to the fulfilment of this object, if they seriously devote attention to it. The talent of the Spanish improvisatori, who are said to be in no way inferior to those of Italy, may also be directed to the revival of the ancient popular poetry. Since the works of the poets and elegant prose writers of the golden age of Spanish literature have lately been republished in elegant editions, and universally circulated, and since the new demands of reason and science have promoted the development of the mental faculty in Spain, the best results may be expected from the union of elegant and philosophic literature.

CONCLUSION.

It is only after having duly studied the polite literature of Spain in all its parts, with the interest attached to literary investigation, that it is possible to characterize it as a whole, and to obtain possession of the results which such a characteristic judgment ought to present.

I. Spanish poetry is more decidedly national than any other branch of modern poetry in Europe. Even the Italians have only transferred their spirit and character into forms; which, though ennobled by a genial classic refinement of style, were originally derived from the Provençals. But the Spanish, or, to speak with more preci-

[1] He employs, without hesitation, the words *detalle* (from the French *détail,*) and *interesante* in the sense of the French *intéressant,* &c.

sion, the Castilian poetry, which arose in the neighbourhood of the Provençal, is a peculiar stream from the romantic Parnassus. When the Spaniards admitted the Italian forms into their poetry, they did not transfer the old Spanish character to those nationalized forms in the ne manner as the Italians, by classic improvement of style, and enlargement of the boundaries of romantic composition, converted the Provençal poetry into pure Italian poetry. The Spanish poets made the classic purity and polish of the Italian forms subservient in a new manner to the orientalism of their ancient national literature. A tendency to the old orientalism is indeed plainly perceptible even in the works of the few Spanish poets, who were the most disposed, like Luis de Leon, Cervantes, and the two Argensolas, to adopt the opinions of the ancients and the Italians with regard to the correctness of ideas and images. This orientalism of the Spanish character and poetry has long been disapproved, and is now decidedly pronounced bad taste, because the general idea of poetry, which is the same for all ages and all nations, is superseded by Greek, Italian, or French national ideas; and thus that beauty which is general, is made subject to particular and subordinate laws. But as long as the ideal creations of imagination are not entirely at variance with reason and nature, they may far overstep the boundaries of the Greek and other national forms, without violating the supreme laws of the beautiful. A true theory of taste should therefore induce us to look beyond all factitious limits of the creative and plastic powers of imagination for a critical point of view, which has only nature and reason for its bases. Considered from such a point of view, that orientalism, which is ridiculous and absurd, becomes at once distinguishable from that which belongs to the truly sublime and beautiful. Spanish poets, it is true, have often failed to observe this distinction. But owing to the usual mode of estimating Spanish literature in the mass, justice has not been done to that genuine beauty which it so conspicuously discloses even in the midst of absurdity.

II. This unjust system of criticism appears to account for the very slight attention paid to the high elegance and

classic purity of a considerable portion of the polite literature of Spain. In this respect Cervantes alone outweighs a whole host of the correct Gallicists, whose highest merit is to have written interesting prose in well constructed verse. Metrical elegance is indeed a distinguishing property in many of the most irregular productions of the Spanish poets; this is evident in their comedies, and more particularly in the comedies of Calderon, which present the highest charm of rhythmical harmony. On this occasion, the classic prose of the golden age of Spanish literature ought also to be brought to recollection. In the number of prose works distinguished for elegance of style, and intellectual energy of composition, the literature of Spain far surpasses that of Italy.

III. The deficiency of one kind of riches in Spanish literature is amply compensated by the abundance of another kind, which is in a great measure peculiar to that literature, and which has manifested itself in an inconceivable number of works. The portion of lyric poetry in which the Spaniards have imitated the Italian forms tolerably counterbalances the amount of Italian poetry in the same style. But if to that portion be added the whole store of lyric romances and songs in the old popular style, a multitude appears which sets calculation at defiance. Nothing, however, could be more absurd, than to estimate the poetic fertility of a nation according to the number of works called poems, which it may possess. From the sum of genuine poetry actually existing in any considerable number of such works, though it should be visible only in the seed or in the bud which has withered in the opening, the balance must be struck when the poetic riches of nations is the subject of comparison. If the mere number of productions were to decide, Italy would be as rich in dramatic literature as Spain. But in Italy, it unfortunately happened that scarcely any writers, except those of middling and even inferior talent, laboured to increase the stock of Italian dramas to infinity. In Spanish dramatic literature, on the contrary, the most fertile writers show themselves to be great poets, even amidst their faults. According to the same principle, the

multitude of nominal epic poems which have appeared in Spain, and in which scarcely a feeble spark of the true epopee is discernible, must not be taken into account in estimating the poetic treasures of Spanish literature. A single canto of Ariosto or Tasso is worth all the Spanish epic poetry that ever was written.

IV. Of all the poets of modern times, those of Spain can alone be regarded as the inventors of the poetry of catholic mysticism, which they have employed in a very ingenious, though, it must be confessed, not in an exemplary manner. Only those who are completely dazzled by the brilliant side of Spanish poetry can refuse to acknowledge that the character of the sacred comedy is monstrous, even as it appears in the Autos of the estimable Calderon. But, on the other hand, the affectation of philosophic criticism must have deadened all susceptibility for that bold style of spiritual poetry in him who denies to the Spanish Autos the possession of beauties, which deserve to be admired. What might not this poetry have become, had reason extended her influence over it in a more powerful degree, not, indeed, to reduce it to the level of prose, but to divest it of the mask of caricature, while soaring in the lofty regions of mystic invention!

INDEX.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 4, Chandos Street, Covent Garden.